Dec. 11, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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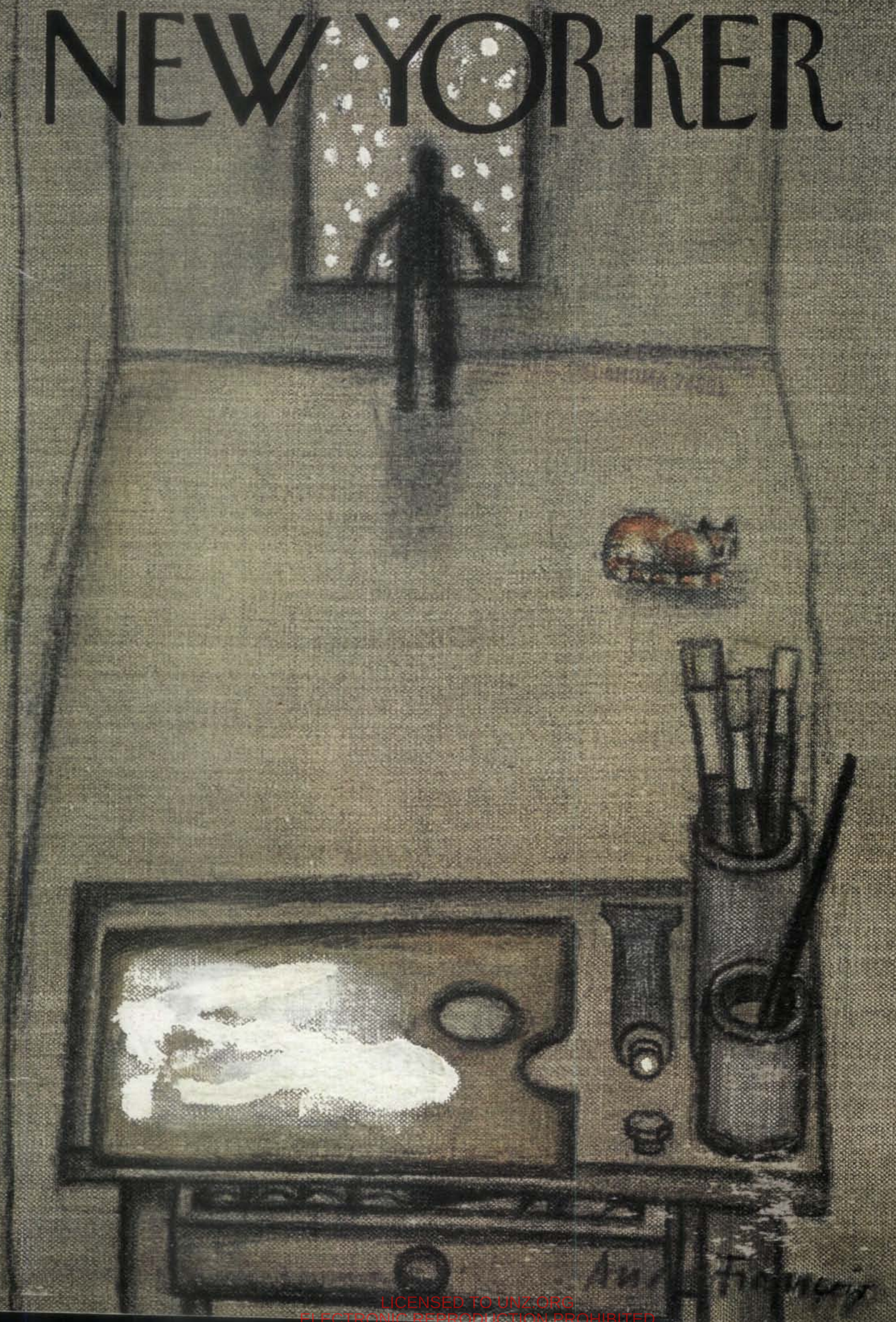

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Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die A Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Betty Comden and Adolph Green—In a benefit program of their songs and sketches. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St., at Broadway. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's **middle of the night.** Opens Thursday, Dec. 9, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Richard Fariña: Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone—A harmless (and endless) evening devoted to the poems and songs of the late Richard Fariña. They are recited and sung by three pleasant young men and three pleasant young women. With Jessica Harper. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 473-9698. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Fingernails Blue as Flowers and **Lake of the Woods**—These two plays, the first by Ronald Ribman (with Albert Paulsen) and the second by Steven Tesich (with Hal Holbrook), make up the opening bill in the American Place Theatre's new theatre. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Hajj Malik—A series of scenes that illustrate, in a non-literal way, the life and death of Malcolm X. They are performed with spirit and skill by the Afro-American Studio, a group of black singers and dancers, under the direction of Ernie McClintock. Many of the words are Malcolm's own. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap

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COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Leslie Starke, Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Perry Barlow, Alan Dunn, Syd Hoff, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, Robert Weber, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, William Hamilton, J. B. Handelsman, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Donald Reilly*

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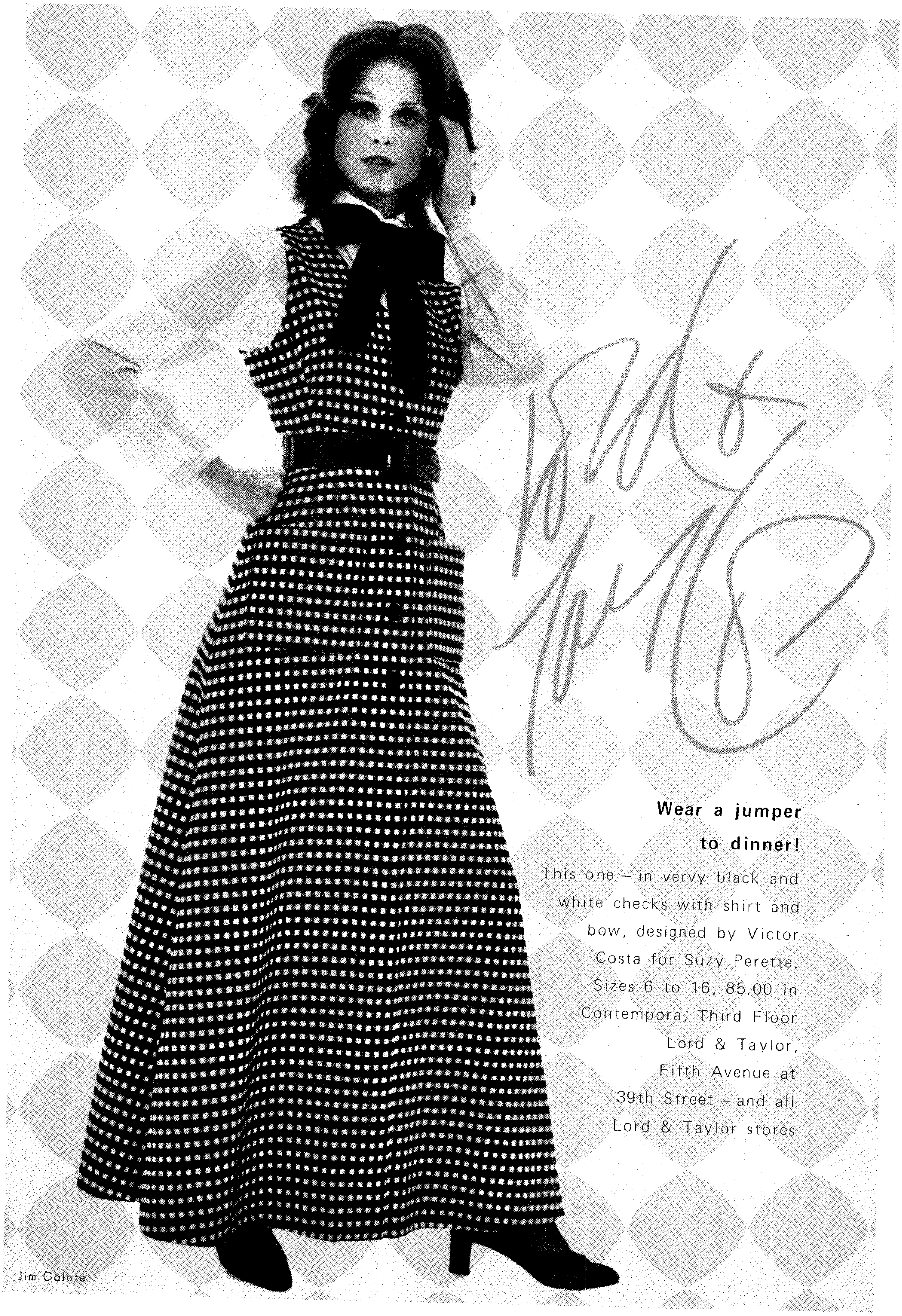

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and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Master Builder—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Nightride—A play by Lee Barton, with Lester Rawlins. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—An early critic of Ibsen complained of one of his plays that it was a series of conversations terminated by an accident. "Old Times," by Harold Pinter, is a single conversation terminated by the lights going up and then out—no accident—and it is fascinating. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Town—Little remains alive in this old musical except the Leonard Bernstein score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

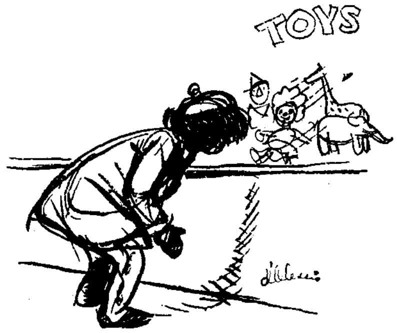
The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Schiller's **MARY STUART**, translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

The Screens—Julie Bovasso, Despo, Grayson Hall, and Robert Jackson in Jean Genet's play, translated and directed by Minos Volanakis. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Sty of the Blind Pig—The Negro Ensemble Company offers its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)



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To Live Another Summer—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia Plus Iphigenia in Concert—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

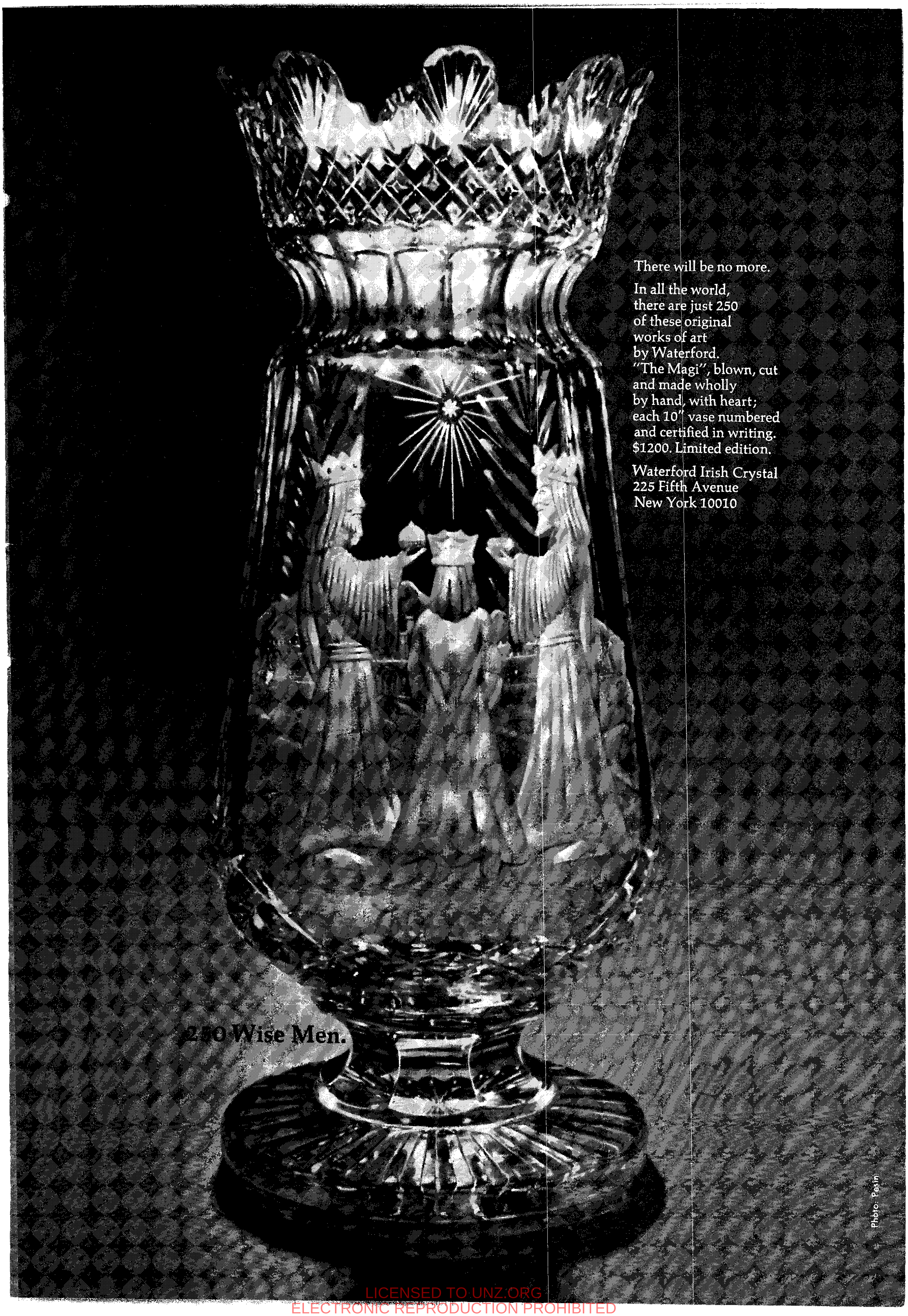
Wild and Wonderful—A musical with a score and lyrics by Bob Goodman, adapted from an original work by Bob Brotherton and Bob Miller. Phil (how did Phil get in here?) Phillips wrote the book. The cast, directed by Burry Fredrik, is headed by Walter Willison, Laura McDuffie, Robert Burr, Larry Small, and Ted Thurston. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Vivian Blaine, and Carol Richards. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,613 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,831 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,009 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,517 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,257 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Musical hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 14-17, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 8.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Time Out of Mind" (company première), "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Streams," "Mary Lou's Mass," (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Streams," "Mary Lou's Mass," and "Blues Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Mary Lou's Mass," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Choral Dances," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Suspension," "Hermit Songs," "Choral Dances," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Myth" (première), "Cry," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Suspension," "Cry," "Myth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Hermit Songs," "Choral Dances," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Flowers," "Cry," "Myth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Flowers," and "Reve-



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lations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia—Two final performances here, before leaving for Phnom Penh. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—A benefit program consisting of "Holberg Suite," "Forces of Rhythm" (première), "The Beloved" (première), and "Rhythmetron." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call MU 7-9005.)

Benefit Dance Program—Carmen de Lavallade, Gwen Verdon, Edward Villella, Peter Gennaro, and Geoffrey Holder. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 13, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. But for some of that down-home country flavor, played and sung by a modern-day expert, you can come hear Taj Mahal, formerly of Harlem and Amherst. He is here Thursday through Monday, Dec. 9-13. Then on Wednesday, Dec. 15, things get more urban with some strong and distinctive songs by Carly Simon, formerly of Sarah Lawrence and now approaching the so-called big time. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 8.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. The schedule: Through Sunday, Dec. 12, the Cedar Walton trio; Monday, Dec. 13, the Johnny Williams trio; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 14-15, pianist Ronnie Matthews and a bassist; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 16-19, the Bobby Timmons trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 11, guitarist Charlie Brown leads a trio. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 14-18, Joe Beck will play guitar with a bassist. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Before what may be the best-behaved audience in town, Marian McPartland demonstrates that letting the head rule the heart and, in turn, letting the heart rule the head makes a cozy indeed dual monarchy. Her implements are her own piano and a bassist. From eight until one every night but Sunday, when Sammy Price recalls, from seven to midnight, the wonders of boogie-woogie. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffeehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. Mitch Ryder and Detroit, who are not softies, rock and swing through Sunday, Dec. 12. Blues singer Albert Collins is on the same bill. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Al Hanlon and Sal Salvador play Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Sax man James Moody leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 12. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Eddie Jefferson will sing along. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Monday, Dec. 13.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Spunky and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Tuesdays through Thursdays. His bass-playing aide, Fridays through Sundays, is Dr. Lyn Christie. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, Sandi Hewitt will sing, backed by an outfit known as Station 3. Thursdays, from eight to two-thirty, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Soul-food dinners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. Through Sunday, Dec. 12, Irene Reid sings with a quartet. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 13-14, Clifford Jordan will lead a quartet. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 15-18, singer Novella Nelson will be here. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

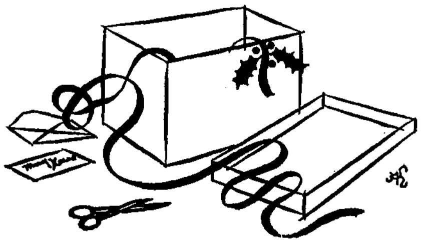
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, Dec. 12, pianist McCoy Tyner will head a fairly febrile quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 14, Larry Coryell, whose guitar is very versatile, arrives with a foursome. Closed Mondays.

Trude Heller's, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark is moving jazzward. Soulosify, a rock group, alternates with vocalist Joey Greco. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Bill Evans, as glassily proficient as ever, leads his trio six nights a week. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp has charms, alternates with the Evans group. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Without this little cellar, the history of jazz would have to be rewritten. Thelonious Monk, the less-is-more pianist, leads his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 12. On Tuesday, Dec. 14, autobiographer and bassist Charles Mingus will bring in his fivesome. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.



Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Dec. 12, Wild Bill Davison will drop in to play cornet. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch. Activity until three-thirty every night.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Transmogrification becomes the old Yellowfingers. Now great bunches of pseudo-grapes hang from the ceiling, and there is a groaning board of cheese and fruit and things. The drinks, the sound system, the discs, and the dancing are right in there where they always were. Open from three on Sundays, from five other days. Closed Mondays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A little of this, a little of that, a little peculiar. When the old Motown records aren't spinning, Dee Felice and the Mixed Feeling are up there playing and singing. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly Clint Holmes sings with the Bacchanal. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The ceaseless patter of tiny Castilian feet, all of them the lower extremities of La Zambra, a collection of flamenco buffs. The love-is-all tenor of Roberto Ledesma, served up solo, will be added on Thursday, Dec. 9. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Doc Severinsen, all dressed up like a pre-Christmas tree, has his orchestra and a garland of Dashers and Prancers (pre-Christmas, too) in tow. On Thursday, Dec. 16, this assem-

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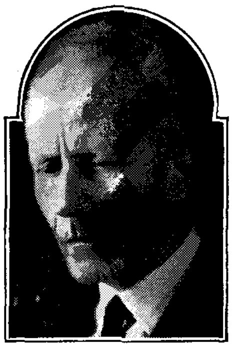

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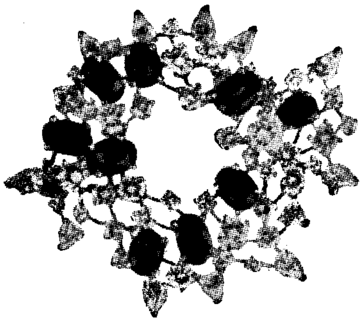

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

blage will be succeeded by yet another one from the air waves—the Golddiggers, a ten-strong girl glee club. Rick Daniels, who is young and new and pop, will arrive to sing on his own. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra. (The young maestro himself will be running it only as far as Thursday, Dec. 16.) Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise. But the **CAFÉ,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, the Roman tenor who deploys in the **PERSIAN ROOM,** erupts like a Roman candle as he nears the finish line of every ballad. The orchestras run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte do not let their joy be quite so unconfined. Mr. S. explodes at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, to the wonder of us all. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **PLAZA 9,** a revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday. Young though it is, it's old enough to have its own phone: PL 9-3933. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the grand rooftop, Helen O'Connell, an honor graduate of the Old School, sings the way she was brought up to sing, and sings well. She departs on Saturday, Dec. 11, and on Monday, Dec. 13, Duke Ellington brings in the All-America players of his varsity team. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and at the moment there is dancing, to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Next week, there'll be some Ellington dance tunes, too.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—The life style here is hardly the life of Riley, but let it be recorded that Sy Oliver has his taut, tense, tantalizing earlier-days orchestra on the deck. Music from six to two Mondays through Saturdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—If there were not a **MAISONETTE,** someone would have to invent it. The band run by George Cort provides the dance music, and Peter Nero (on piano) does solo sets during dinner and supper. The ambience has been there all along. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE,** across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, Anthony Newley, a singer, talker, performer who has what was once known as Style, ends his stay on Saturday, Dec. 11. No further activity hereabouts for some time.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The helmsman is Marvin Braverman, who puts out the sleight-of-hand humor that makes every listener think that he's on the inside looking in. Mr. B. departs on Saturday, Dec. 11; on Monday, Dec. 13, back comes Bette Midler, bringing along a less waspish inner-circle wit and a voice that can be both true-blue ballad and sly mockingbird. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIMELIGHT,** 91 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (OR 5-2212): Workmanlike, plain-spoken, earnest. The limelight is on the crew of musicians who met by chance on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean, and Yakov Uriel's trumpet is their eloquent leader. Song and dance, too, but no Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for

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life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). No Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F. B. I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Gone are the days of Southern comfort in Goldie's New York, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of the pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A show of paintings, some of them early ones, which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through Dec. 31. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

DOMINGO ALVAREZ—Illuminated glass and mirrored forms of architectural scale; through Jan. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ARMAN—Frozen garbage in plastic and accumulations in concrete; through Jan. 4. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDIO BRAVO—Magic Realist paintings of figures and objects; through Jan. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY CASH—*Small abstract glass sculptures;* starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Two photographic paintings of heads, each nine feet by eight; through Jan. 5. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Figurative Expressionist paintings by a founder of the Cobra group; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT CROWL—Figure studies in pencil; starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY—Oils, pastels, watercolors, and drawings from 1914 to the present by this eighty-two-year-old artist who was an early painter of abstractions in New York; through Dec. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JAMES DENMARK—Welded-steel sculptures, along with related paintings and drawings, by an Afro-American; starting Friday, Dec. 10. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent abstractions in the "Ocean Park" series by the prominent West Coast painter; through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOIS DODD—Paintings in which landscapes (mostly in Maine) are reflected in house windows, often along with the artist; through Dec. 19. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GABRIELLE DRAGO—Colorful beach scenes and abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

NANCY DROSD—Large stuffed figures made of painted vinyl and caricaturing contemporary types, some suspended from the ceiling; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JACOB EPSTEIN (1880-1959)—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, drawings, and one oil by this New Yorker knighted in England and renowned for his monuments and portrait sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract paintings in gouache by this well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; through Dec. 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TIBOR FREUND—More of this artist's paintings that seem to move; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—Three-dimensional landscapes and portraits, including Groomsian conceptions of Rembrandt and his wife; through Jan. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Thirty-three paintings, including ten in circular shape, featuring women and symbolic themes by a veteran American; through Friday, Dec. 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GARY HUDSON AND MICHAEL TODD—Floating areas of color against a background of squares by the first, and tall brushed-aluminum abstract sculptures by the second; through Dec. 24. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCEL JEAN—Small surreal compositions done between 1935 and 1948 by the historian of Surrealist painting; through Jan. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings composed of diagonal and horizontal structures; starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD LEWIS (1918-71)—Constructions in var-

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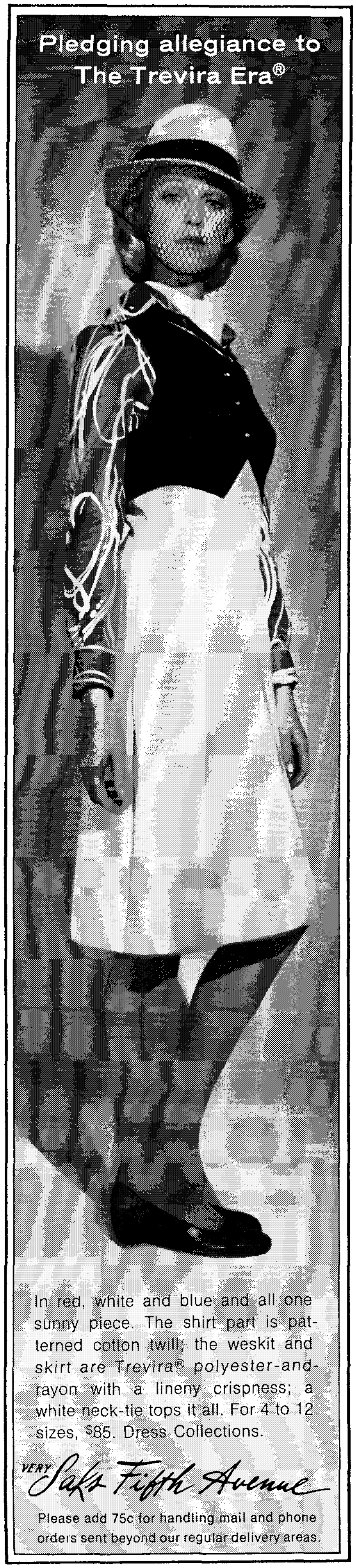

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ious materials, including wood, copper, and nails; starting Tuesday, Dec. 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Robert Mangold—A showing of monochromatic paintings based on a geometrical scheme and running concurrently with his show at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Merz—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of sculptures with neon lights; starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (Weber and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

George Mittendorf—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; through Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses—Her things; through Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Nauman—"Sundry partitions in two rooms;" through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Tetsuo Ochikubo—Abstract watercolors, color lithographs, and etchings; through Dec. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Porter—Geometric sculptures in steel, aluminum, and copper; through Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Robinson—Large abstract paintings with streaks of gold leaf; starting Tuesday, Dec. 14. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

Reuven Rubin—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and graphics by this popular Israeli artist; through Dec. 31. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures in bronze and steel; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Thon—Watercolors of Maine and European landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—More paintings of everyday objects with a comic-book slant; through Jan. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ossip Zadkine (1890-1967) **and Valentine Prax (Mrs. Ossip Zadkine)**—More than seventy sculptures and a number of drawings by the former, and thirty paintings by the latter; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian art and Navajo blankets, Sioux beadwork, and other art of Indians of the United States; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **Giudice**, 484 Broome St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain, Mark di Suvero, and Richard Serra, and paintings by Jo Baer and Jane Logemann; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **Hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center.... **Knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of the American Indian; through Dec. 31.... **Lerner-Misrachi**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Twentieth-century paintings by D'Arcangelo, Bellmer, Berman, Chagall, Dali, de Chirico, Ernst, Kandinsky and de Kooning (to name several); through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. Harris**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, photo-realist paintings by Robert Bechtle, enamel paintings on glass by Richard Roth, and cartoon drawings by John Fawcett; starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **Pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **Peridot-Washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of tinsel paintings, a folk art popular in the nineteenth century; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **Phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Sculptures in paper by Eleanore Lockspeiser, intaglio prints by Lore Riess, and a large figurative triptych and smaller paintings by Peter Chapin; through Saturday, Dec. 11.... **Roko**, 90 E. 10th St.: A homage to the Tanager Gallery, which occupied this address from 1952 to 1962. The works shown are by its artists, who included Perle Fine, E. de Kooning, Alfred Jensen, Lester Johnson, and Alex Katz; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **Sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by four contemporary Yugoslav primitives; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **Westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; through Dec. 24. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **Willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: American folk art consisting of carvings, decoys, trade signs, and weathervanes; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of small paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings: **Adam**, 21 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays, open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.... **Alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.; closed Mondays.... **Frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.... **Grand Central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.... **Meltzer**, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.... ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years.... ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, house about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools.... ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth.... ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10.... ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-two works, of which a hundred and seventeen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Sunday, Dec. 12.... ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Jan. 2. A com-

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plement to this exhibit is his show of paintings at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Sunday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Fourteen sprayed canvases and eleven color studies by Jane Kaufman, a participant in the Whitney's recent "Structure of Color" exhibition; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; starting Thursday, Dec. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and incorporates a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Forst, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, James King, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Mignon Dunn, Adriana Maliponte, Ion Buzea, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Robert Nagy, Mario Sereni, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, James King, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. Staged by George London, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Theodore Bloomfield. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St., at Broadway. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 14-16, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Brahms-Barber program on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 13, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano); and a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony on Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30 (with Miss Arroyo; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; and the Camerata Singers). After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 29.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Istvan Kertesz conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:15.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a series of four-and-a-half-hour concerts, this one an all-Bach program including the six Brandenburg Concertos, chorales, and motets, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 6.)

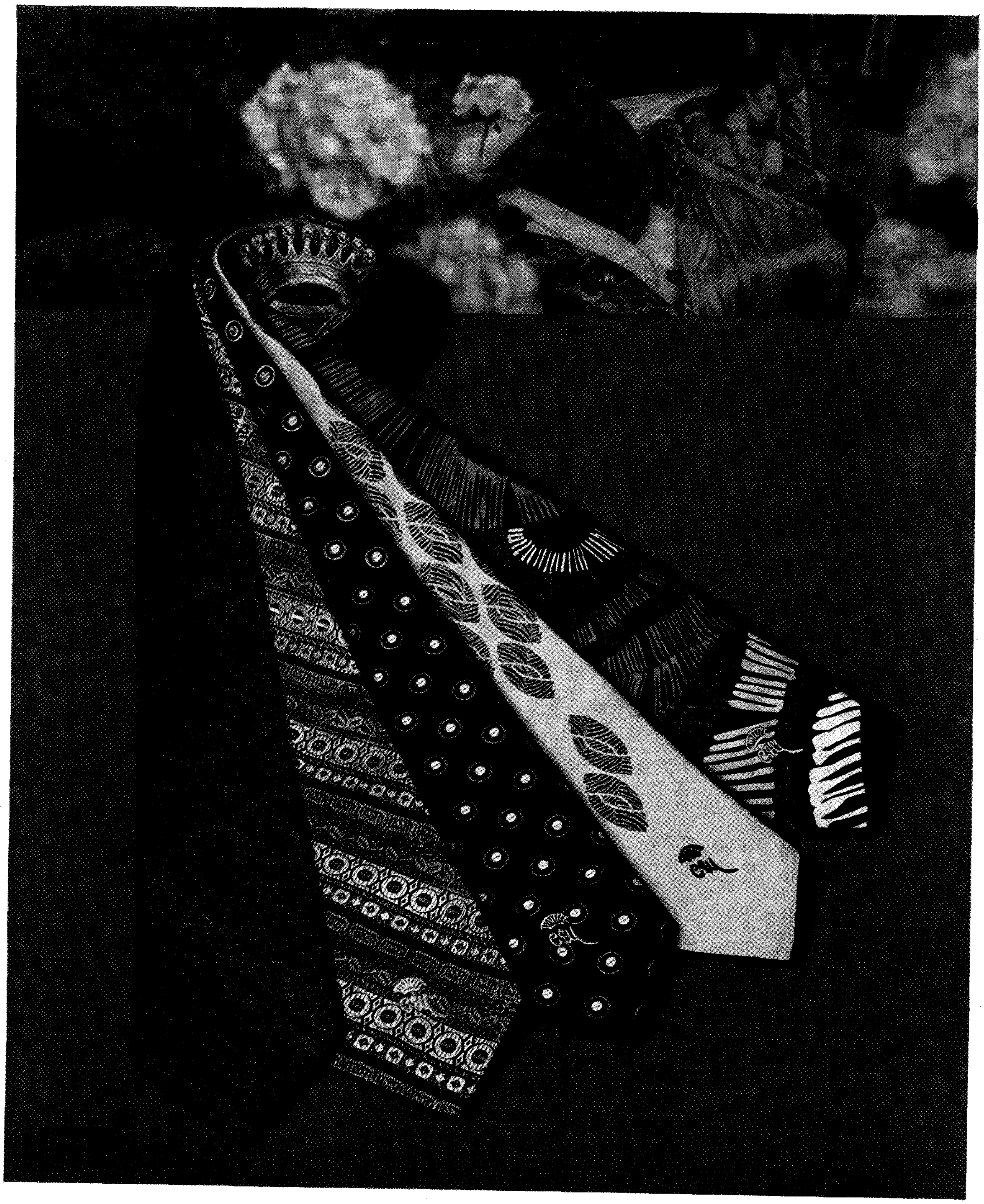
American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Giorgio Ricci, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Empire Sinfonietta—Aaron Copland conducting, with James Richard Smith, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Daniel Shulman conducting, with Theodore Edel, piano. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Ran-



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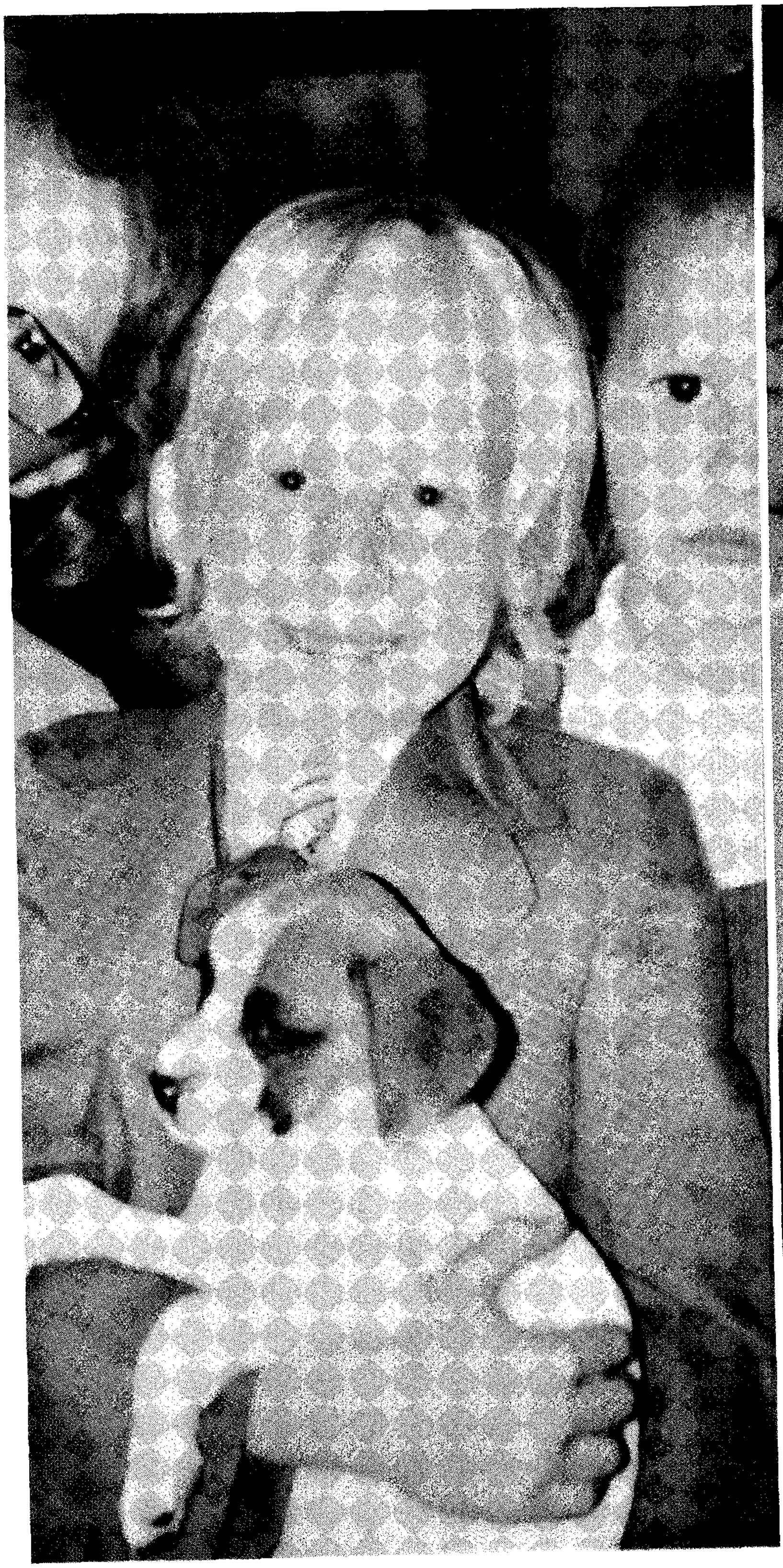

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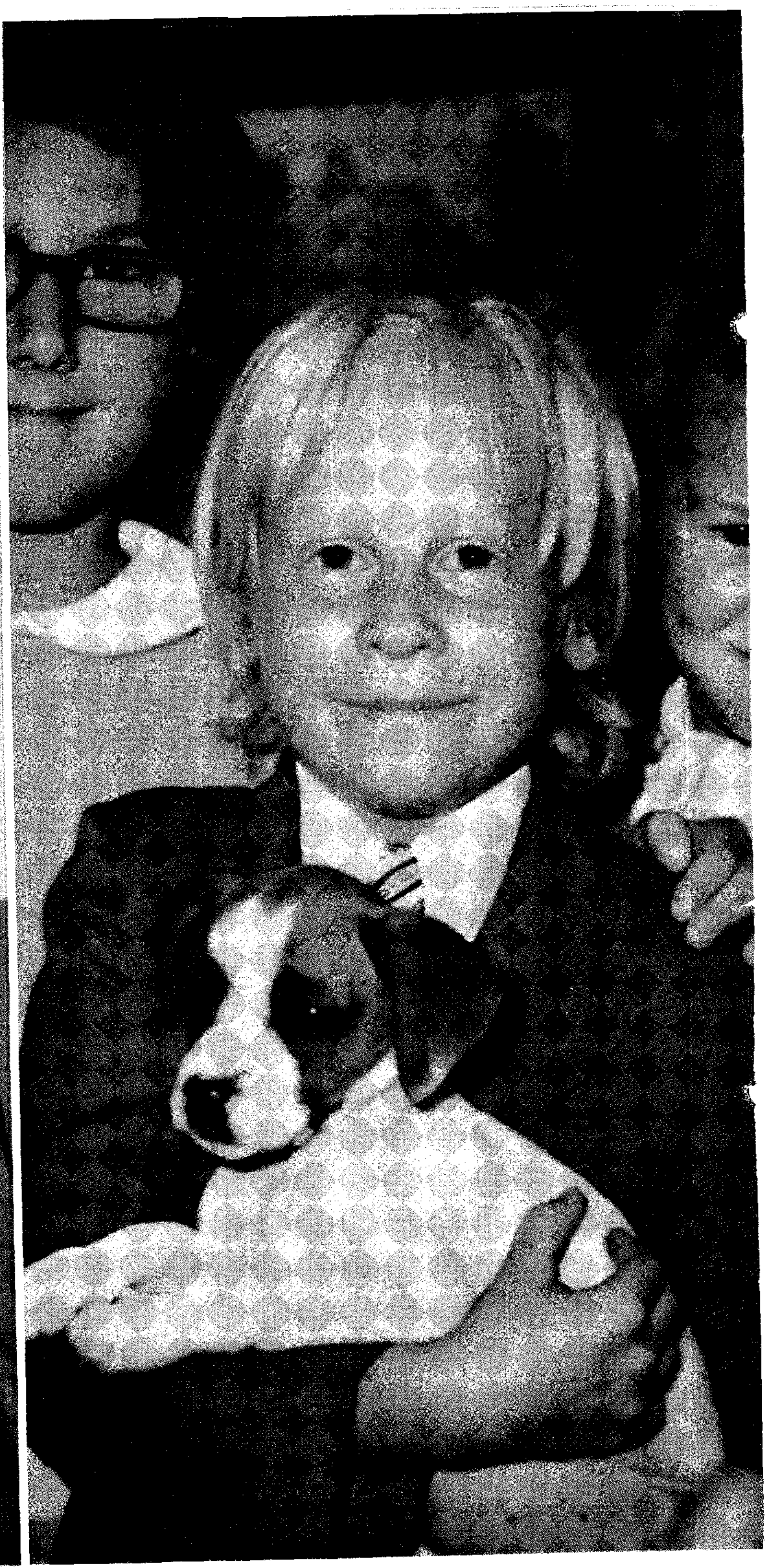

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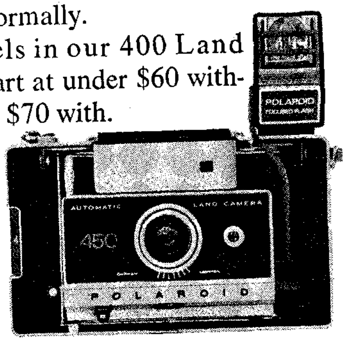

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dolph directing the second and third in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7:30.)

New York University Chorale Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with an orchestra, two brass choirs, and an organ. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Chorus and Orchestra—Robert Hickok directing an all-Haydn program, with soloists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

United Nations Singers—Donald Read directing three concerts of Christmas carols. (General Assembly Building Lobby, First Ave. at 45th St. Friday, Dec. 17, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20-21, at 12:30.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Joanna Simon, alto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and David Wilder, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Eastman Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker and György Sebok—The second in a series of recitals of sonatas for cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin concert. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With William Masselos, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir—Piano, in an all-Mozart program, some of it for four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Paulette Hios—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

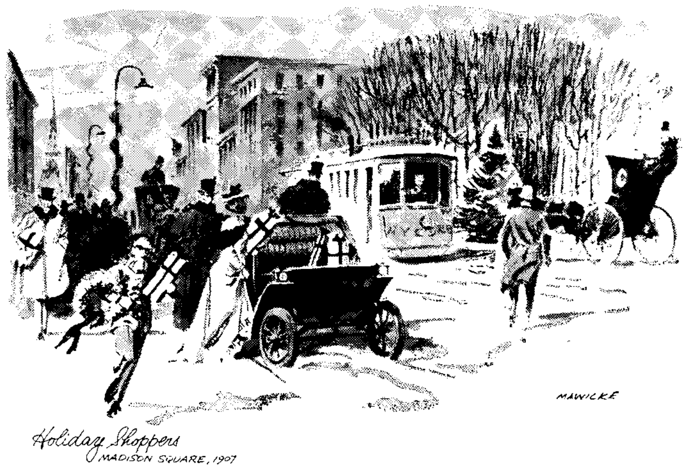
Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:15.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; Itzhak Perlman, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Goode, piano; and others. . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 9: Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Miss Robison; Mr. Goode; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord.

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by Ursula Mamlok, Fedor Kabalin, Edward Jay Miller, and Harold Farberman, performed by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble (conducted by Paul Price) and Judith De Rosa, soprano. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 13, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Joseph Silverstein—A program of music for un-



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accompanied violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Leonard Shure—Violin, cello, and piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sly and the Family Stone, Genya Ravan, and the Quin Aimes Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Poco—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30.

The Pentangle—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Alan Jay Lerner) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Charles Sullivan Jazz Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.

Clem DeRosa and the College All-Star Band with Marian McPartland—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears—Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 8.

Johnny Mathis, Vikki Carr, Peter Nero, and Percy Faith and His Orchestra—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.

Seatrain—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.

Archie Shepp's Quartet—In a program of his recent works. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: Knicks vs. Portland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: Knicks vs. Cleveland.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Danny McAloon, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 11.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. . . . **Liberty Bell**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. The Heritage, Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **Laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—"Gianni Schicchi," in English, performed by the Metropolitan Opera Studio and the Orchestra da Camera. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 8-10, at 10:30 and noon. For tickets, call 582-7500, Ext. 222.) . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in Holst's "The Planets." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **Bil Baird Marionettes**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Salvatore Guida**: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **King's Players**: "Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **Meri Mini Players**: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **New York Children's Theatre Center**: "Young Mark Twain." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1.) . . . **Young World Productions**: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)

Festival of Films for Children—Wednesday, Dec. 8: "Return to Oz." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10: "The Littlest Warrior." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12: "The Daydreamer." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16: "Alakazam the Great." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18: "Cinderella." (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Why I Want Peace," a showing of fifty-four paintings, chosen from entries in an international children's contest. Starts Friday, Dec. 10. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

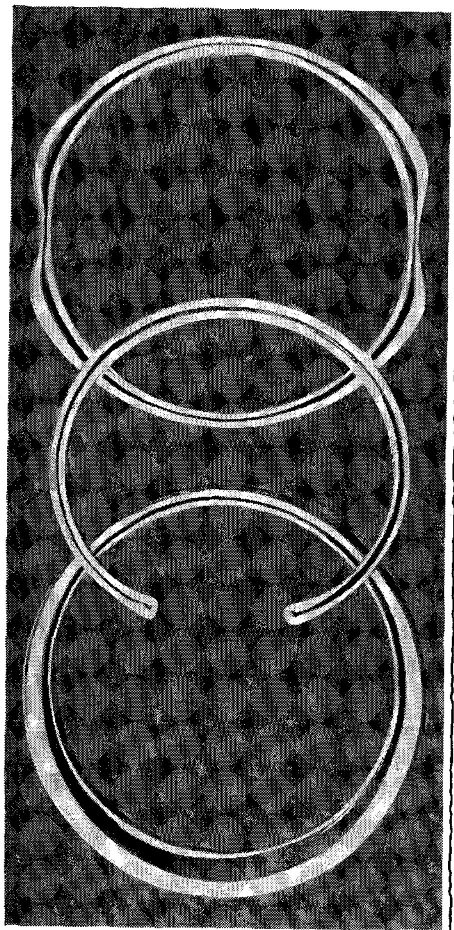
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Kenneth Koch and John Ashbery reading from the works of Frank O'Hara. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the readings.) . . . ¶ Stephen Elliott, Aline MacMahon, and Paul Shyre in a program called "New York, New York." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Lecture—Miloš Forman speaking, in English, about film direction. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Flower Show will

BANGLES



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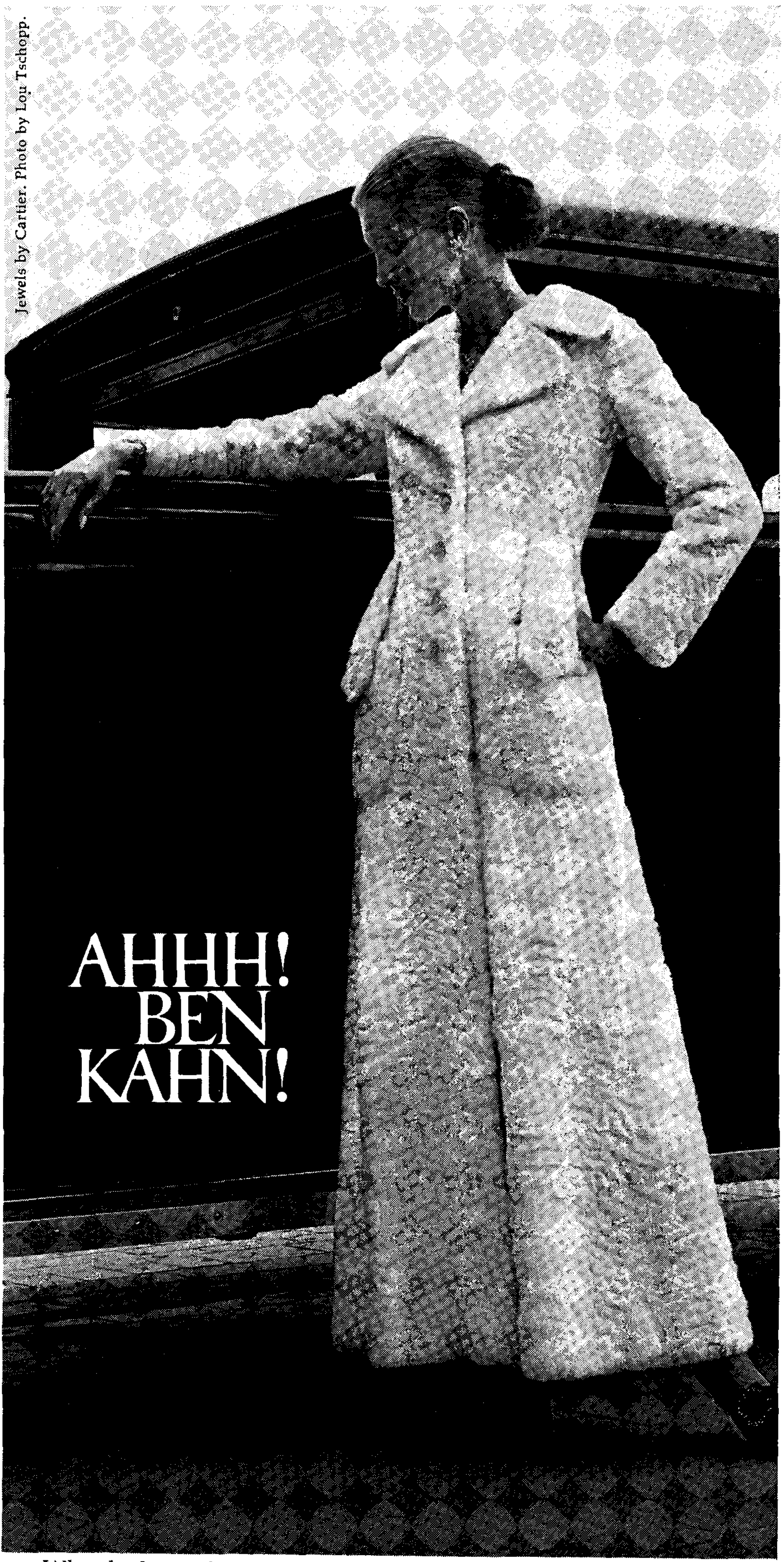
be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Dec. 15, from 12 to 4.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 2: English, Irish, and Continental silver; from the estate of Cornelius C. Moore and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: Twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures, from many collections.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 2: Continental porcelain, including Meissen, Vienna, Copenhagen, and Augsburg pieces; from the Harbeson Collection of Continental Porcelain.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 10:15, and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Old French treasure, including gold and silver coins, a Chevalier's cross of the Order of St. Louis, an emerald ring, and artifacts, recovered from the ship Le Chameau wrecked off Cape Breton in 1725.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 2: Americana, including books on Western America, Maryland, and New England, as well as books with maps and a collection of editions of Ptolemy; from a number of sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: Modern drawings and watercolors, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 10.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Miniatures, *objets de vertu*, and watches; from various collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Fourteen programs in a series of films directed by Otto Preminger. Dec. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "River of No Return" (1954), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.... Dec. 9 at 2: "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell" (1955), with Gary Cooper and Ralph Bellamy.... Dec. 9 at 5:30: "Carmen Jones" (1954), with Harry Belafonte and Pearl Bailey.... Dec. 9 at 8: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), with Liza Minnelli.... Dec. 10 at 2: "Saint Joan" (1957), with Jean Seberg and John Gielgud.... Dec. 10 at 5:30: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), with James Stewart and Lee Remick.... Dec. 11 at 3 and 5:30: "Bonjour Tristesse" (1957), with Deborah Kerr and David Niven.... Dec. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955), with Frank Sinatra and Eleanor Parker.... Dec. 13 at 1: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), with Carol Lynley and Laurence Olivier.... Dec. 14 at 5:30: "Forever Amber" (1947), with Linda Darnell and Cornel Wilde.... Dec. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Advise and Consent" (1962), with Henry Fonda and Charles Laughton.... Dec. 16 at 2: "The Cardinal" (1963), with Tom Tryon.... Dec. 16 at 5:30: "Saint Joan" (1957).... Dec. 16 at 8: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959).... ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "A Propos de Nice" (1930), a French film, directed by Jean Vigo; "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, no English titles; and "Land Without Bread" (1932), directed by Luis Buñuel, with an English narration.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 6 and Dec. 14 at 2: "The Red Dance" (1928), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Dolores Del Rio and Charles Farrell. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Belson, Baillie, Anger, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on Dec. 11). No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmaker" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

Christmas Trees and Healthful Outdoor Living—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand green, red, and blue lights, and ready to be turned on at 5:30 on Thursday, Dec. 9.... ¶ An eighteen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, from 8 to 9, with twenty different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue from 68th Street to 86th Street.... ¶ Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 14: "La Femme Infidèle" and "This Man Must Die."
From Dec. 15: "200 Motels."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 8: "Everybody Sing" and "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."
Dec. 9-11: "Wake Up and Live" and "King of Burlesque."
Dec. 12-15: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" and "Shall We Dance?"
From Dec. 16: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Lili."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 9: "Performance" and "Burn!"
Dec. 10-14: "Performance" and "Night of the Living Dead."
From Dec. 15: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" and "Gimme Shelter."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 9: "Cry Uncle."
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 14 (tentative): "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" and "The Grasshopper."
From Dec. 15 (tentative): "Henry V."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gang's All Here."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 13: "Fellini Satyricon." (No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 9.)
From Dec. 14: "The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 14: "200 Motels." (No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 9.)
From Dec. 15: Theatre closed.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 15: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
From Dec. 16: "The Boy Friend."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 9: "Cry Uncle."
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 14, and Thursday, Dec. 16.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Is There Sex After Death?"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Dec. 8: "A Safe Place."
From Dec. 9: "Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 11: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."
From Dec. 12: "Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 14: "T. R. Baskin."
From Dec. 15: "$."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 14: "Beach Red."
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 14: "Ginger."
From Dec. 15 (tentative): "The Lion in Winter."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 14: "Summer of '42."
From Dec. 15: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 14: "Friends" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From Dec. 15: "Bless the Beasts & Children" and "Cactus Flower."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 14: "Man in the Wilderness."
From Dec. 15: "$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"West Side Story."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Dec. 8: "Prism" and "The Loves of Isadora."
Dec. 9-15: "Prism" and "Topaz."
From Dec. 16: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Dec. 8: "Alphaville."
Dec. 9: "Breathless."
Dec. 10: "The Cousins."
Dec. 11: "Zazie."
Dec. 12: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Dec. 13: "Chronicle of a Summer."
Dec. 14: "Le Départ."
Dec. 15: "The Bride Wore Black."
Dec. 16: "Live for Life."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 16: A program of Otto Preminger films.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 14: "The Devils" and "The Priest's Wife."
From Dec. 15: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 14: To be announced.
From Dec. 15: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 9: "La Dolce Vita."
Dec. 10-12: "The Clowns" and "La Strada."
Dec. 13-14: "The White Sheik," "Variety Lights," and "I Vitelloni."
From Dec. 15: "Fellini Satyricon" and "8½."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 14: "Riot" and "Up Tight."
From Dec. 15: "The Peace Killers" and "The Dirty Outlaws."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (246-4565)
Through Dec. 12: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 13, at 7:30: "Nicholas and Alexandra." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Gone with the Wind."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 11: "Far from the Madding Crowd."
From Dec. 12: "The Decameron."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 9: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Dec. 10: Theatre closed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 16 (tentative): "Raga."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 16 (tentative): "Kotch" and "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 11: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
From Dec. 12: "Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Believe in Me" and "Villain."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 14: "Klute" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
From Dec. 15: "Hello, Dolly!"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 14: "The Devils" and "The Priest's Wife."
From Dec. 15: "The Anderson Tapes" and "See No Evil."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 8: "The Servant" and "Accident."
Dec. 9-15: "Z" and "Senso."
From Dec. 16: "Calcutta," "The Fire Within," "Zazie," and "Viva Maria!"

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 14: "Where's Poppa" and "The Landlord."
From Dec. 15: "Bananas" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 9: "My Uncle" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."
Dec. 10-12: "Ikiru" and "Viridiana."
Dec. 13-14: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "To Die in Madrid."
Dec. 15-16: "Bizarre, Bizarre" and "Carnival in Flanders."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 14: "Johnny Got His Gun" and "Stolen Kisses."
From Dec. 15: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Dec. 8: "Singin' in the Rain" and "On the Town."
Dec. 9-11: "On the Town" and "An American in Paris."
Dec. 12-15: "An American in Paris" and "The Band Wagon."
From Dec. 16: "The Band Wagon" and "Easter Parade."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (New Yorker; Dec. 8.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 8.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Olympia; Dec. 9-15.)

The Anderson Tapes—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 15.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a

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banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Symphony; starting Dec. 15.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Olympia; starting Dec. 12.)

Beach Red (1967)—Sincere to a fault; the worst speeches always seem to be underlined. Cornel Wilde directed, and stars in, this anti-war Second World War movie about a battalion of Marines on a Japanese-held island off the Philippines. Rip Torn plays a sadistic sergeant who gratuitously murders a wounded Japanese soldier. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 14.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly live action. (Music Hall.)

Believe in Me—With Michael Sarrizan and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Stuart Hagmann. (Cinema Studio.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 15-16.)

Bless the Beasts & Children—The indefatigable Stanley Kramer. (U. A. East; starting Dec. 15.)

The Boy Friend—With Twiggy and Christopher Gable, directed by Ken Russell. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 16.)

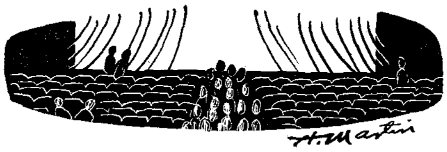
Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 9.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 15.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

Cactus Flower (1969)—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (U. A. East; starting Dec. 15.)

Calcutta—The famous documentary film, directed and narrated by Louis Malle. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 16.)



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Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I. No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 14, and Thursday, Dec. 16.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 15-16.)

Chronicle of a Summer (1960)—A pioneer work of *cinéma vérité* on which anthropologist-filmmaker Jean Rouch and sociologist-film critic Edgar Morin collaborated. A Negro student, a factory worker, a girl survivor of the concentration camps, and others are interviewed; later they discuss whether they "acted." Some revealing moments, though the confessional atmosphere gets a bit thick. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 13.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 10-12.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 10.)

The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy (1967)—A film made up of excerpts from their old movies. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; starting Dec. 15.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Thalia; through Dec. 9.)

Cry Uncle—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu; through Dec. 9.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival; starting Dec. 12.)

Le Départ (1967)—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. In fine old-fashioned black and white. The film is technically a very brilliant exercise, though it doesn't expand much as a created work. (Garrick; Dec. 14.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14.)

The Dirty Outlaws—With Chip Corman, directed by Franco Rossetti. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Dec. 9.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Elgin; through Dec. 9.)

$—With Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn, directed by Richard Brooks. (Tower East and Loew's Ciné; starting Dec. 15.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but all is forgiven when Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Olympia; starting Dec. 16.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Dec. 15.)

Even Dwarfs Started Small—With Helmut Döring, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Everybody Sing (1938)—Not very bright (to put it generously) M-G-M musical, though the cast includes Fanny Brice and Judy Garland, as well as Allan Jones and Billie Burke. Edwin L. Marin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Festival; through Dec. 11.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Sutton; through Dec. 13. No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Dec. 15.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Art; through Dec. 14.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; starting Dec. 15.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 16.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (U. A. East; through Dec. 14.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Murray Hill.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Ginger—With Cheri Caffaro, directed by Don Schain. (Juliet 1; through Dec. 14.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Guild.)

The Grasshopper (1970)—With Jacqueline Bisset and Jim Brown, directed by Jerry Paris. (Gramercy; through Dec. 14, tentative.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 13-14.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—With Rod Steiger, Susannah York, and George Grizzard, directed by Mark Robson. (Columbia II; starting Dec. 9.)

Hello, Dolly! (1969)—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Regency; starting Dec. 15.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 15, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 12.)

The Hospital—With George C. Scott and Diana Rigg, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Sutton; starting Dec. 14.)

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Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; Dec. 10-12.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Regency; through Dec. 14.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema II.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (Midtown; through Dec. 14.)

King Lear—Paul Scofield in the title role. Directed by Peter Brook. (Paris.)

King of Burlesque (1935)—Not bad musical—trite story but lively performers. With Fats Waller as well as that entertaining comic Jack Oakie, and Alice Faye, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, and Warner Baxter. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-11.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Regency; through Dec. 14.)

Kotch—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

The Landlord (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Symphony; through Dec. 14.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Lili (1953)—"The Sound of Music" of the early fifties: millions of schoolchildren chirruped "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" when this M-G-M movie, from a Paul Gallico confection, was released. Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the little orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. She's much too good for him, but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters directed. Bronislau Kaper was given an Academy Award for that infernal score; Hollywood is shameless. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 16.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Juliet 1; starting Dec. 15, tentative.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 16.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman; through Dec. 11.)

Lovers and Other Strangers (1970)—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan, played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Made for Each Other—With Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, directed by Robert B. Bean. (Beekman and Paramount; starting Dec. 12.)

Man in the Wilderness—With Richard Harris, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Loew's Ciné; through Dec. 14.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Paramount; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 15.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; through Dec. 9.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—With Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman in the title roles. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion; starting Dec. 13, at 7:30. Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 10-14.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Olympia; Dec. 8-11.)

The Peace Killers—With Clint Ritchie and Jess Walton, directed by Douglas Schwartz. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14.)

Prism—Directed by Anitra Pivnick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, di-

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rected by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

Riot (1969)—Though made by whites, this is one of the first of the films shaped to exploit the anger of the black audience. Based on Frank Elli's book and partly shot in the State Penitentiary in Florence, Arizona, with the warden and the inmates in many of the roles, it stars Jim Brown (his character is virtue incarnate), who is in almost every scene, outwitting the weak and/or sadistic whites. The plotting of the action is poor, but Brown's easy manner has its humorous charm. With Gene Hackman, and Ben Carruthers as a psychotic Indian. Buzz Kulik directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A Safe Place—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II; Dec. 8.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 15.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (New Yorker; Dec. 9-15.)

The Servant (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (New Yorker; Dec. 8.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, which is marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness (the Americana gets rather thick), but which is, nevertheless, spirited. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him; the picture is unusual in featuring male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 16.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12-15.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia; Dec. 8.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 15.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (U. A. East; through Dec. 14.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Midtown; through Dec. 14.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers pictures. The recreations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, Lew Fields, and Etienne Girardot. H. C. Potter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12-15.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 10-12.)

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Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 14.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Art; through Dec. 14.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Symphony; starting Dec. 15.)

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (1937)—Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and Sophie Tucker in an oddball M-G-M film, directed by Alfred E. Green. There's a good song—"Got a Pair of New Shoes." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Thalia; Dec. 13-14.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 9-15.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

T. R. Baskin—Baroque in its stupidity. Candice Bergen, looking like a million dollars, as an alienated, friendless typist in Chicago. The movie feminizes alienation by turning it into whimsy. Herbert Ross directed. (Tower East; through Dec. 14.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza; through Dec. 14. No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 15.)

Up Tight (1968)—An updated version of "The Informer," set in the black community of Cleveland, in the days following the death of Martin Luther King. Everybody tries hard, but the material doesn't transfer successfully, and the movie lacks spirit. With Julian Mayfield, Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee, and Roscoe Lee Browne. Jules Dassin directed, in a forties melodrama style. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, a poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 13-14.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. Worn-out. (Cinema Studio.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia; Dec. 10-12.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 13-14.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 16.)

Wake Up and Live (1937)—Alice Faye in a tuneful B picture from 20th Century-Fox (not pretentious and heavy, like the South American and "period" follies, in which she usually looked numb). With Patsy Kelly, Walter Winchell, and Ben Bernie. Sidney Lanfield directed; the songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel include "There's a Lull in My Life." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-11.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (86th St. East.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Symphony; through Dec. 14.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 13-14.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Gramercy; through Dec. 14, tentative.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Paramount; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 15.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 9-15.)

Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo—With Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune in the title roles, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 11. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Dec. 16.)

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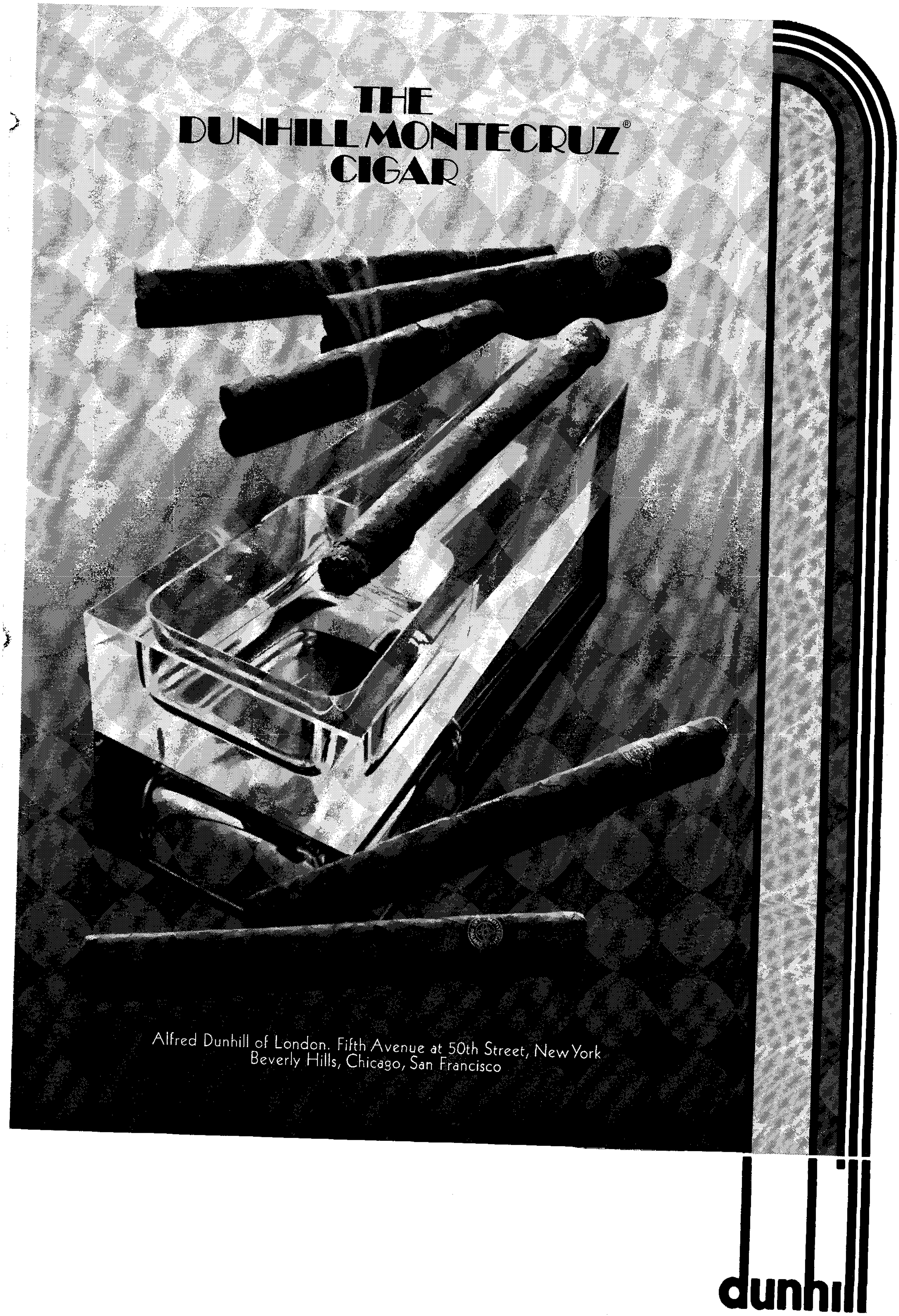

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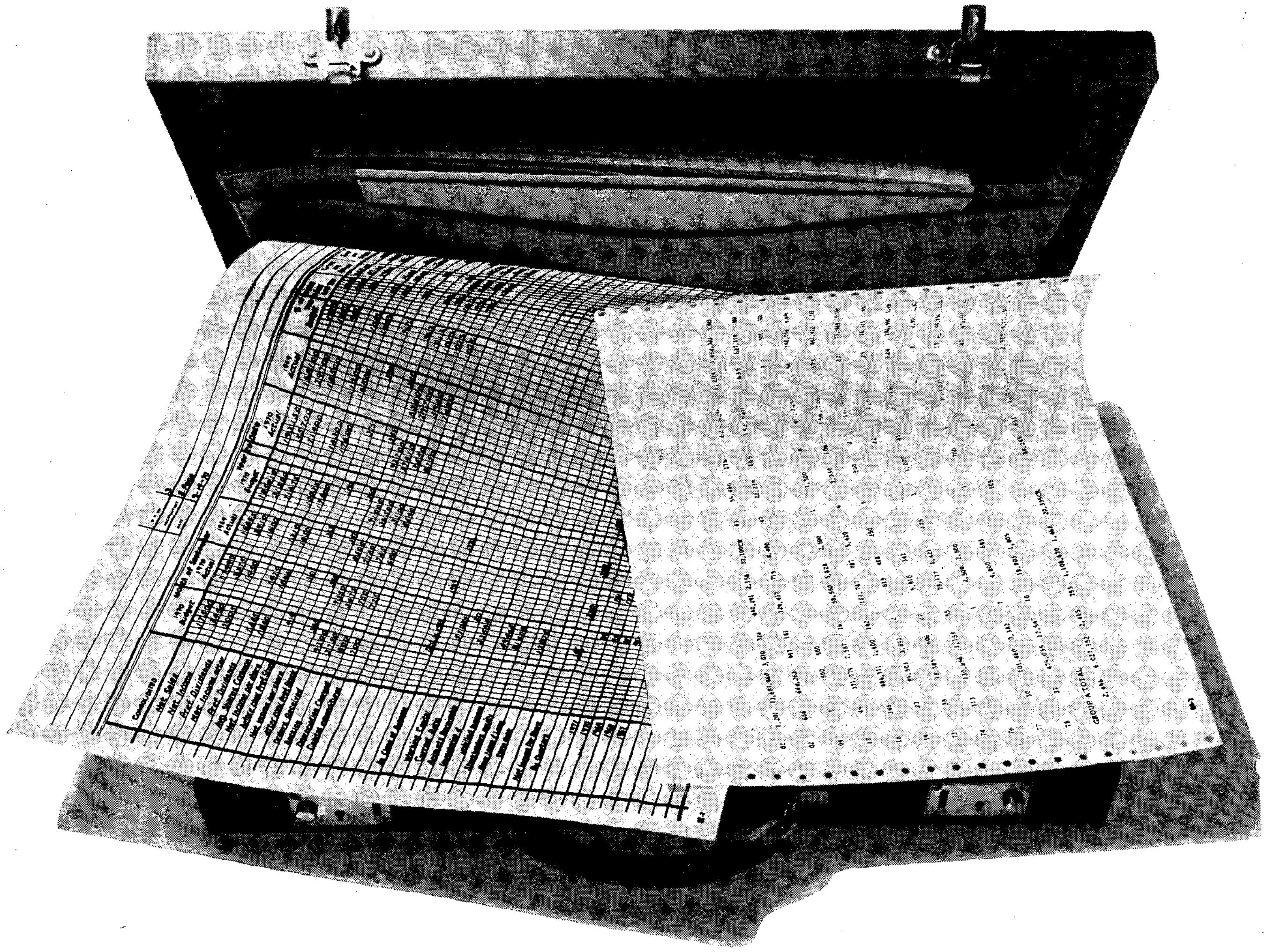

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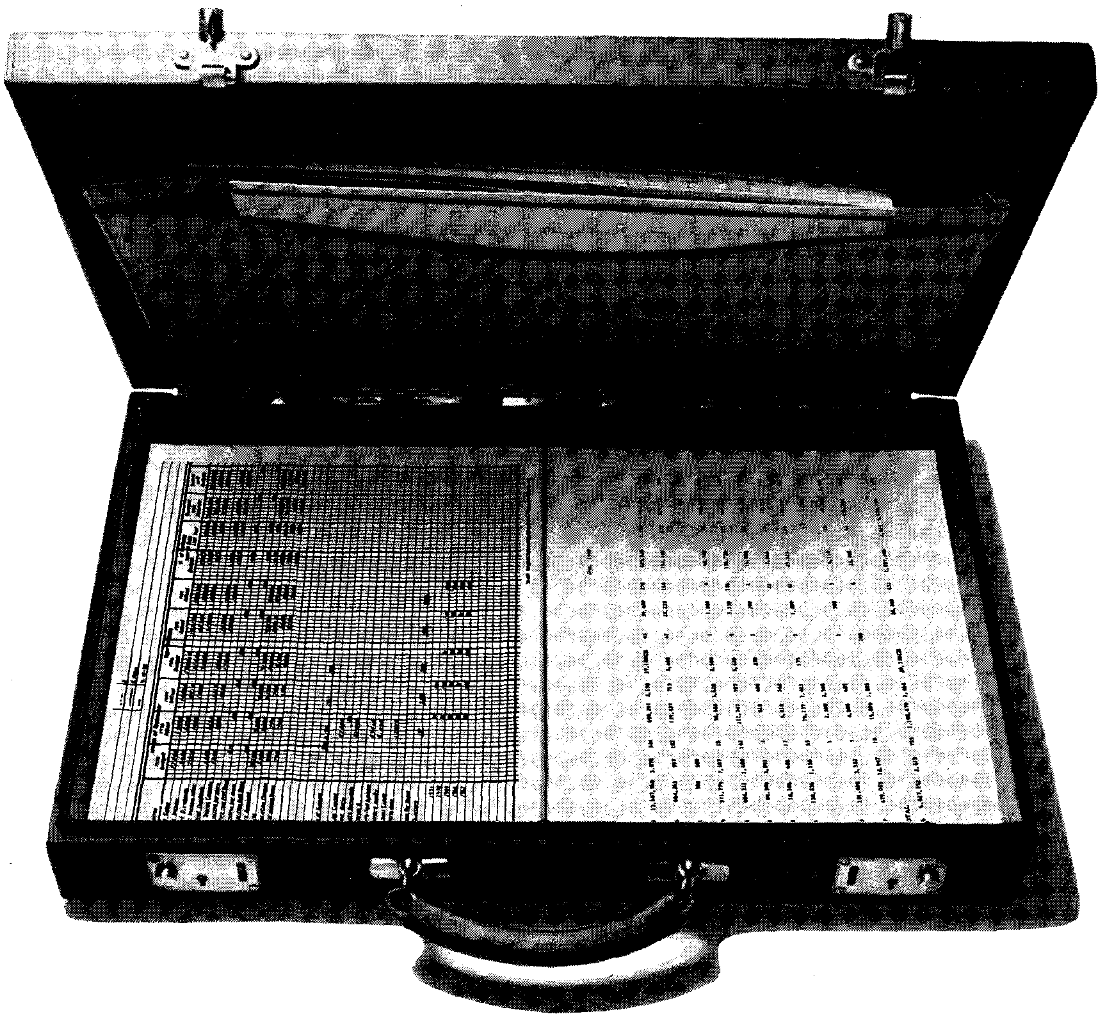

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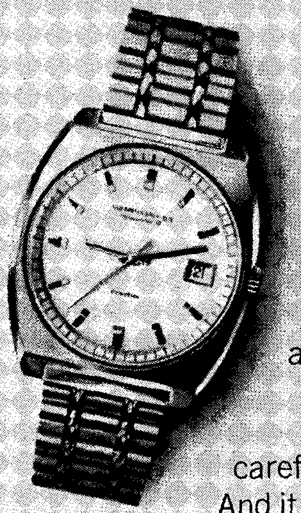

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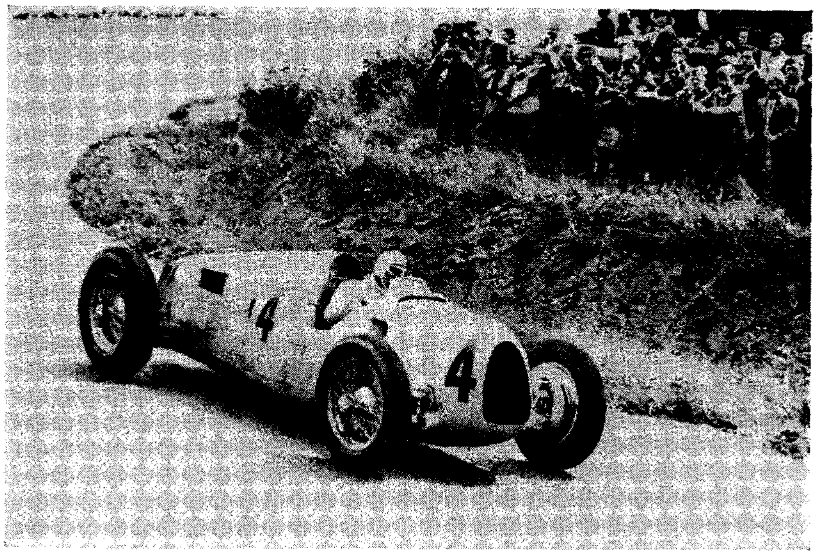

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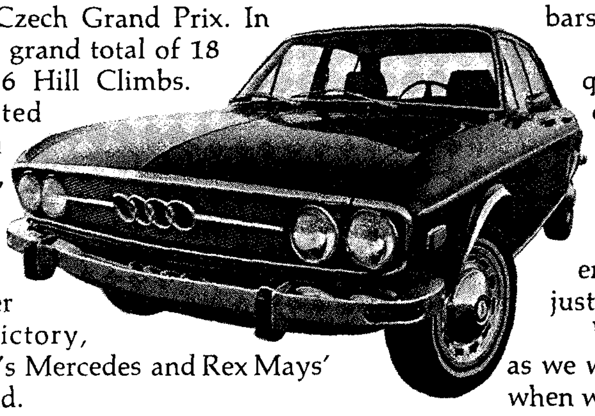

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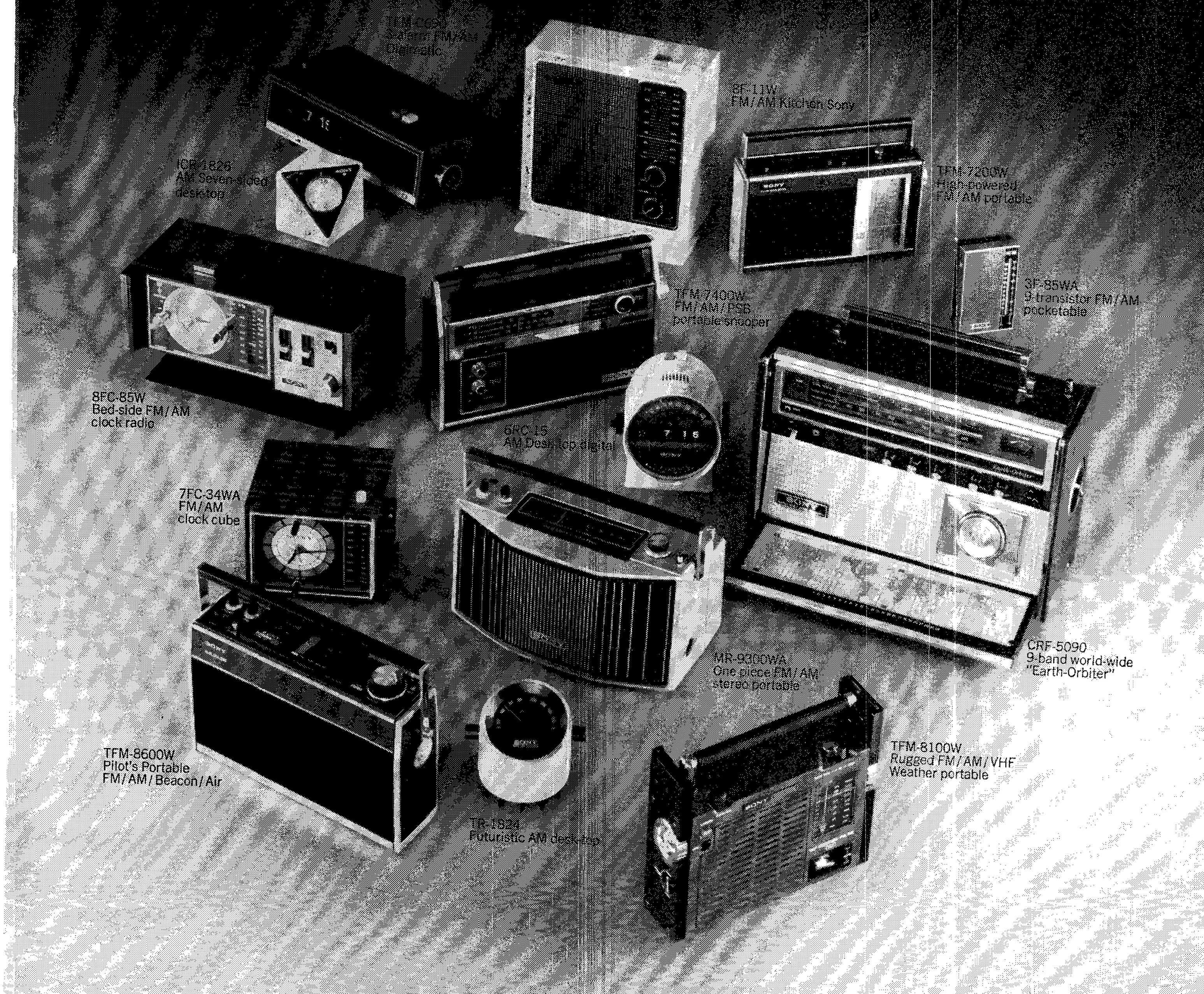
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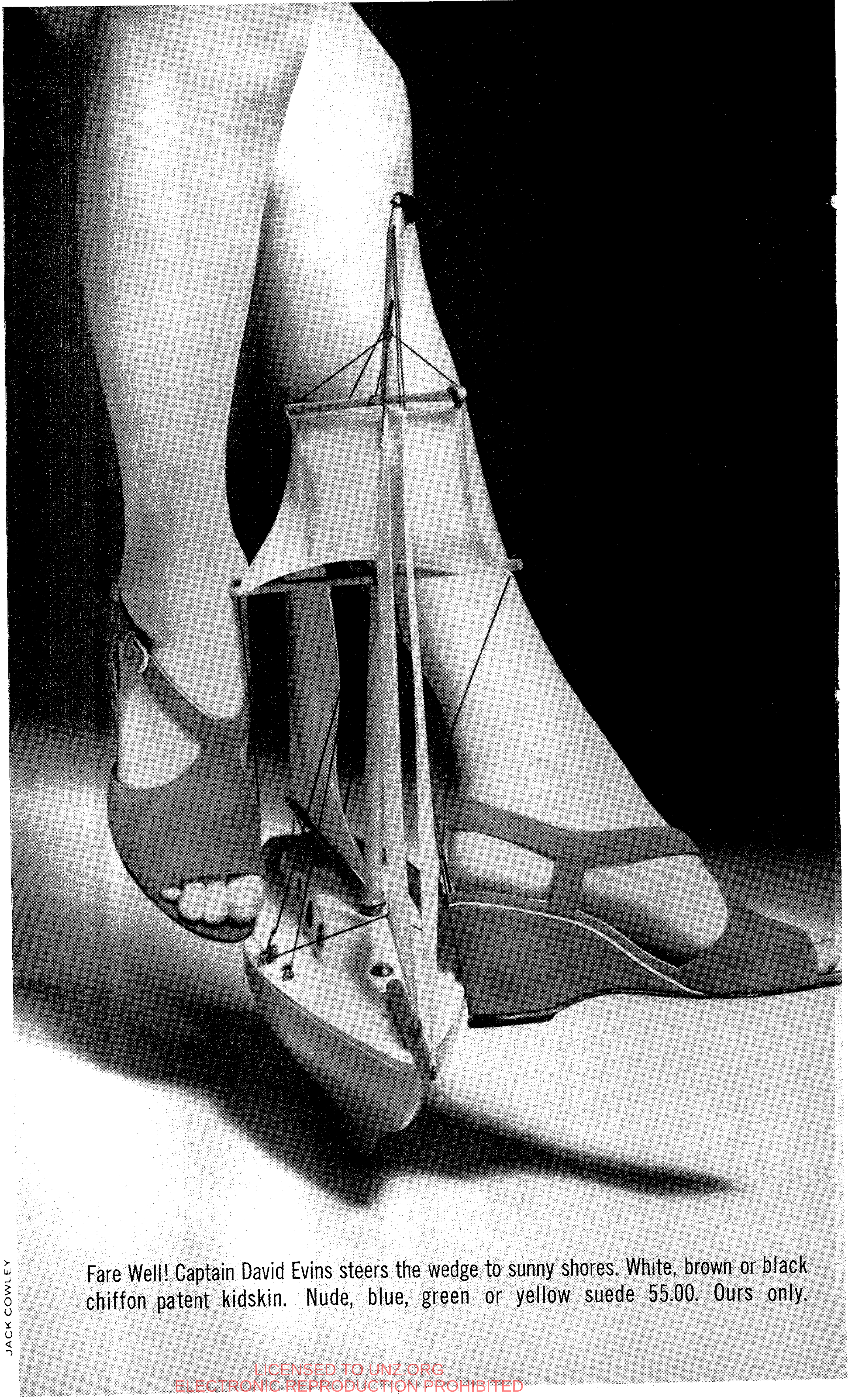

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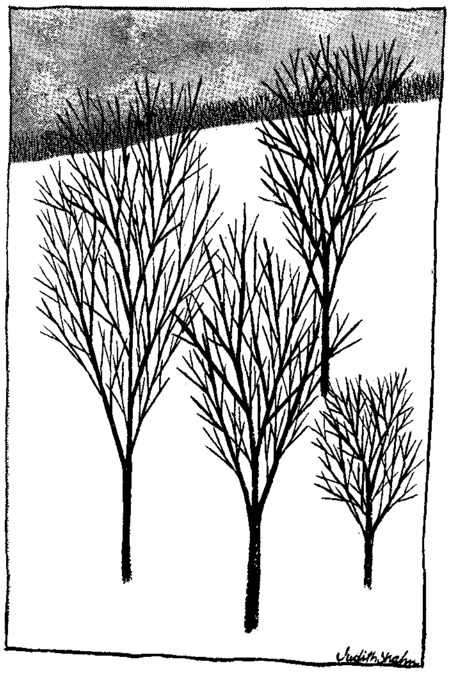
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, when we learned that war had broken out in South Asia, our thoughts began to race over the entire globe, as they do now whenever a war breaks out, or expands, anywhere. We found ourself trying, in our uneasiness, to take an inventory of the enmities and the alliances that are supposed to keep local wars from growing into general wars. It was clear immediately that the standard Cold War thinking would provide a poor guide. Here was China, once widely considered the headquarters for revolution in Asia, backing a murderous, reactionary regime in its efforts to suppress a promising revolutionary force on China's own border, and here was the United States joining the Chinese in ingratiating itself with that same regime while thoroughly antagonizing its old ally India, whom it used to refer to regularly as "the world's largest democracy." A vague American-Chinese-Pakistani axis and a somewhat less vague Russian-Indian axis seemed to have emerged in South Asia. But only in South Asia. Next door, in Southeast Asia, the Russians and the Chinese were still allied against the United States while remaining the bitterest enemies in almost every other matter. And, to confuse the picture still further, our President was planning a friendly visit to China even as Americans and Vietnamese continued to die in a war whose aim was to "contain" China. As our thoughts raced on, trying to follow the chains of possible consequences to their conclusions, it seemed to us at first that the greatest danger lay in the possibility that, just as the Indians had attacked Pakistan when it was in trouble militarily, the Chinese might attack India while it was preoccupied militarily, and the Russians might then take the opportunity to attack China, perhaps with the aim of destroying China's nuclear installations.

In the end, though, none of this looked probable to us. One set of rules applied to South Asia, and a completely different set to Southeast Asia, and perhaps there were grounds for reassurance in this very confusion. None of the great powers had staked their prestige unreservedly on the victory of one warring side or the other, and the ladders of escalation that have for so long seemed to stretch directly up from the Indo-China war and the Arab-Israel war toward general nuclear war seemed to be missing here. Still, the entire world had been given a severe jolt. We were reminded of something we had heard a scientist say on the radio just before the underground nuclear blast at Amchitka. He said that the blast would send out a shock wave across the surface of the earth that could be measured on a seismograph in New York several minutes later. Then the wave would circle the earth a second time and could be measured a second time. "The earth's thin crust is just like a bell. When you strike it, the entire earth reverberates," he explained.

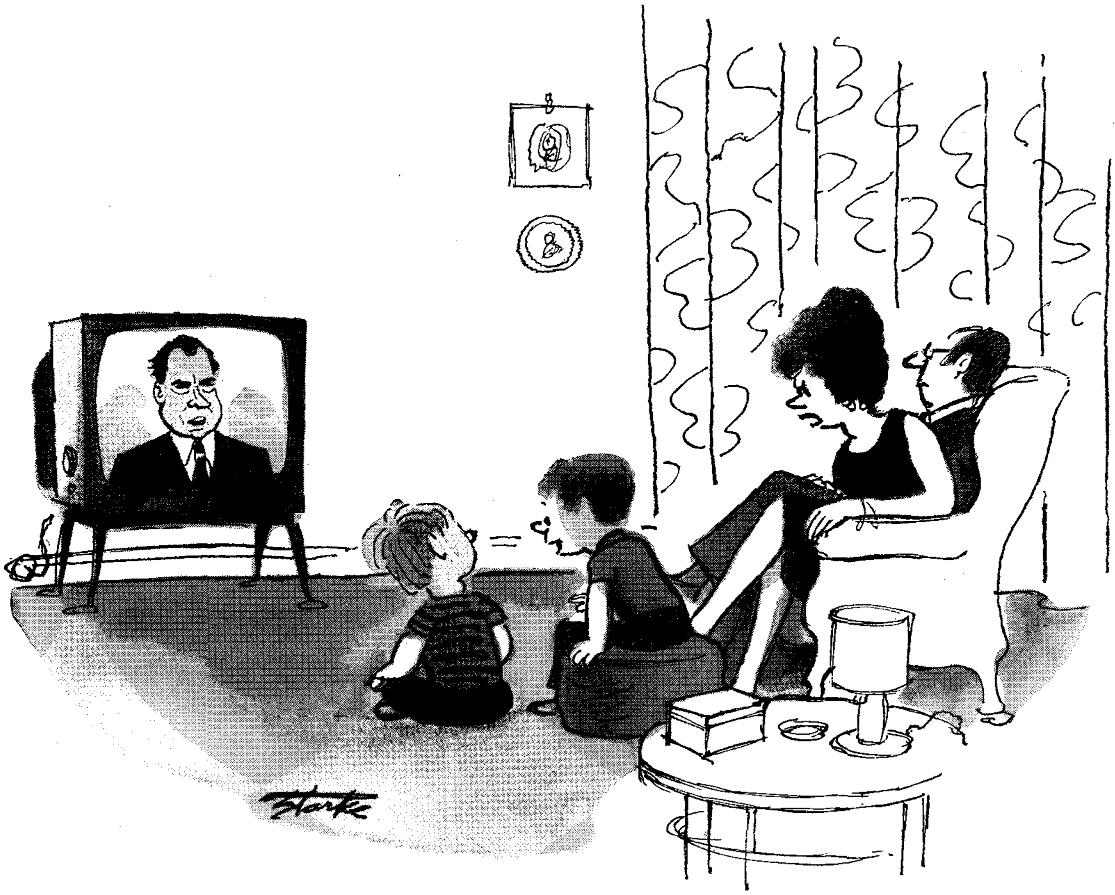


Now the bell has been struck again, and again we have felt the entire earth reverberate.

On the Threshold

AUGUST EVERDING, the energetic and talented German director whose new production of "Tristan und Isolde" opened at the Metropolitan Opera a couple of weeks ago, is a Central European version of Orson Welles. For the past eight years, Mr. Everding has been manager and principal director of the Munich Kammerspiele, a municipally financed repertory company that plays everything from Shakespeare to far-out modern drama. He has directed only a handful of operas—a "Traviata" in San Francisco, a "Flying Dutchman" at Bayreuth, a "Tristan" in Vienna, a "Salome" at Covent Garden—but all of them have stirred up the kind of artistic turmoil that draws crowds to the box office. In 1973, he will take over as chief of the Hamburg Opera, a company that is noted for its adventurous repertoire and excellent ensemble work. We made an appointment to meet Mr. Everding during one of his "Tristan" rehearsals and, by chance, arrived in the Metropolitan auditorium during a moment of crisis.

Some complicated first-act lighting, which transports the lovers from the deck of their ship into a Surrealistic dream world of air and space, was not working properly. Mr. Everding—a short, broad-shouldered man with a large, Wagnerian head, a craggy profile, and longish light-brown hair—was onstage trying to figure out what had gone wrong. He checked the trim of a gauze curtain that hung between the singers and the orchestra pit, adjusted several enormous white sails that billowed into the air at the back of the set, and positioned two follow spots on Tristan (Jess Thomas) and Isolde (Birgit Nilsson) as they stood patiently



"Please, children! Someone else is talking."

at the center of the stage. "When she snatches the cup to drink and he raises his arm to stop her, you go from his face to his hand," said Mr. Everding, squinting up at an electrician on the lighting bridge behind the gold curtain. "And when she throws the cup away, her spot moves down on *her* hand, too. Then you go back to the faces when they kiss." Miss Nilsson and Mr. Thomas tried several experimental embraces as Mr. Everding dashed back to the auditorium and asked his staff to run through the entire change once more. We watched as the enormous ship suddenly dissolved into a swirling vortex of blue and gray clouds. The lovers, who clung together in the light of their follow spots, appeared to be suspended in midair during their passionate duet. "Oh, my goodness gracious!" said Mr. Everding, chewing the end of his tie in agonized concentration. "I don't like the way that scrim comes down at all, because I see the edge. And perhaps the lift is too high." An assistant explained to us that the effect was achieved by projecting one group of hand-painted slides on the transparent sails at the back of the stage and a second group of slides on the scrim at the front, and that Tristan and Isolde were embracing a bit more ardently than usual because they stood on a narrow platform that rose six feet three inches above the floor.

"Now we cross-fade back to the ship and stop for a break," Mr. Everding said. The lovers returned to ground level, the ship reappeared, and a chorus of sailors moved in uncertainly from the wings.

"*Nein, nein, nein!*" yelled Mr. Everding, charging down the aisle at a dead run. He danced across the stage, re-choreographing the sailors' entrance with a few deft movements, and asked the leader of the group who was giving them musical cues.

"We'll have somebody for that next week," said a harried-looking assistant maestro.

"Next *week*?" said Mr. Everding, looking as if he were ready to explode. "I want someone NOW! IMMEDIATELY!"

The assistant maestro took a deep breath and said he would cancel his other rehearsal.

"*Ach, so*," said Mr. Everding, removing his glasses and beaming at the chorus like a cheerful cherub. "*Das ist besser*."

He hurtled across the deck and informed Mr. Thomas and Miss Nilsson that he was still debating about their lift. "Perhaps it goes too far up," he said. "But I must wait until I see the whole consequence."

"I think you mean 'sequence,'" Mr. Thomas said gently.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Everding, reaching up to pat his tenor on the shoulder. "Now I must give the handstages their fifteen-minute break."

During the interval, we introduced ourself to Mr. Everding and asked him to outline his approach to "Tristan."

"I start every act in the real world, and then when the lovers come together this reality is transformed into a kind of superreality that reflects how they feel about each other," he said. "These two people are so overwhelmed by passion that they can't breathe our air, they can't exist in the rational world. They come alive only at night, and they are possessed, obsessed by the idea of death. So I use light to tell the audience that there are no walls between the outward reality of events and the inward emotions of the lovers. Beckett and Ionesco have done this in the theatre. Now we try it in opera."

"How did you get interested in opera?" we asked.

"I came to it through theatre, although my father is a musician and I grew up playing the organ and the flute," Mr. Everding replied. "When I was studying philosophy and theatre arts at the University of Munich, I did my thesis on the personification of death in drama. My professor said, 'You should go into the theatre,' and he sent me to Fritz Kortner, a fine actor and manager who was working at the Kammerspiele. I became his assistant and then a stage director, and in 1963 I was appointed theatre chief. The Kammerspiele was founded in 1900, and it has always been considered rather advanced. We did the first Strindberg in Germany, and many Dürrenmatt premières. Our basic repertoire is contemporary drama, plus one or two classics a year. The day after I finish 'Tristan,' for example, I fly back to Munich and begin work on Albee's 'All Over.' I know it was a flop here, but there's a tradition in my theatre that we like anything he writes. Since we get a substantial grant from the city, we can *afford* flops. Let them whistle! We say 'Come to our theatre and see the problems. Be happy sometimes. Be distracted sometimes. Hate us sometimes. Agree with us sometimes. But try to understand man as he is, and not as you think he should be.' "

"How is directing an opera different from directing a play?" we asked.

"Music adds another dimension, but it imposes certain limitations on purely dramatic action," Mr. Everding said. "From the technical standpoint, there is, too, a big difference between directing a singer, who usually comes to a production with definite ideas about his role, because he has sung it twenty or thirty times, and directing an actor, who is a kind of *tabula rasa*, with whom you can build up a character from the absolute foundation. But I must add that opera is becoming increasingly attractive to me, because of the polarization that has taken place in the theatre. Our plays have become too intellectual and too political, on the one hand, or completely sensual and mindless, on the other. But opera, when it combines the mind, the heart, *and* sex, can involve the whole human being in an experience that is not duplicated in any other medium. I suspect we are on the threshold of a new romantic era, in which opera will play an increasingly important part."

Vera

AS we were passing the Bethesda Fountain, in Central Park, one recent brisk afternoon, we began to experience the unsettling feeling that something was missing. We looked around the Terrace for a moment or two to determine what the absent element was, and it occurred to us that age—or the appearance of it, anyway—was what we missed. The gray stone base of the fountain, the granite staircases leading up to the Seventy-second Street transverse, and even the stone carvings on the landings had been rejuvenated; they sparkled in the sunlight, if not precisely as they must have when they were completed, in 1864, then at least as we remembered them before they were covered with the patina of the last twenty years or so.

At the southeast corner of the Terrace, we spotted a group of men whom we took to be responsible for this transformation. One held a gunlike object that directed a fine but forceful spray of water at the last few dingy inches of Terrace surface while most of the others were loading hoses and portable gasoline engines into a yellow van. A bushy-haired, mustached man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and work clothes appeared to be in charge of the operation, and when we went over and spoke to him, he told us that his name was Peter Seitchik, that he was a program planner for the Fund for the City of New York, and that he was supervising the work on this particular project—a demonstration experiment, sponsored by the Fund, to prove the feasibility of employing former convicts and rehabilitated drug addicts on public and private work projects.

We asked Mr. Seitchik whether he considered the experiment a success.

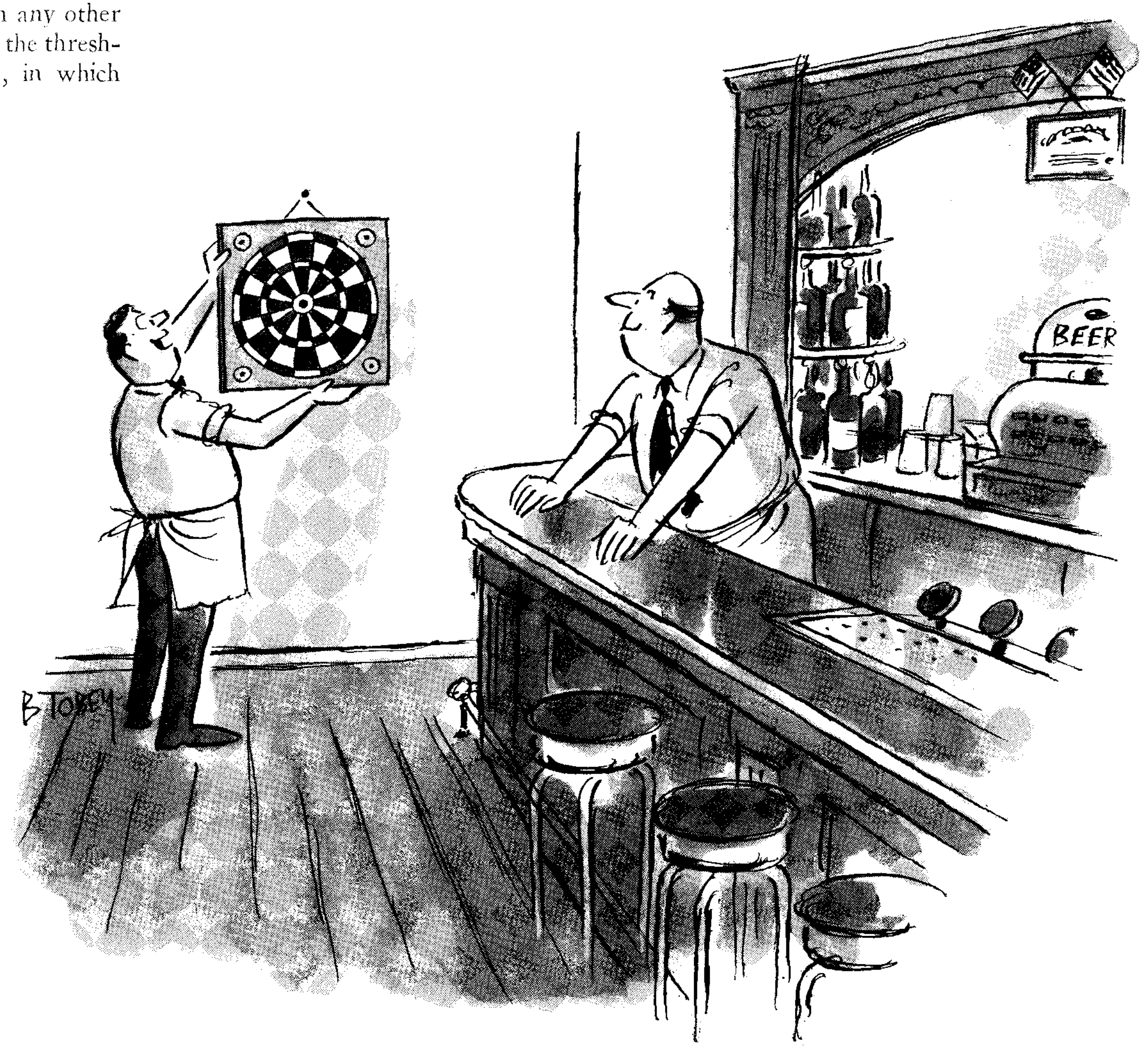
"Look around you," Mr. Seitchik said. "I have just five men, but we've covered the Terrace—ninety thousand square feet—in only seventeen days. The results here may not be as dramatic as they were on our first demonstration job, which was cleaning up the arcade of the Municipal Building, downtown, but let me ask you: Have you ever seen the Terrace so bright?"

We said we hadn't, and Mr. Seitchik went on to tell us that his workers were experimenting with a new cleaning process—brushing strong liquid masonry detergents on the surface to be cleaned, allowing them to soak in for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then cleaning them off, and the dirt along with them, by means of jets of water with a pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch. "On a good day, a man can cover about four thousand square feet of a horizontal surface and about fifteen hundred of a vertical one," he said.

We asked the man with the water gun how he liked the work.

"It's not too hard physically," he said. "But you do get pretty wet doing it, and if you hit a corner, the dirt and the detergent splash back on you and you can get burned unless you wash yourself off right away."

The men on the cleaning project, Mr. Seitchik explained, had been drawn



"There you are, Mike. Now we're a pub!"

from one of the rehabilitation projects of the Vera Institute of Justice—the Pioneer Messenger Service, which was established last April, at 206 East Fifty-second Street, to employ men who had criminal records or a history of drug or alcohol abuse and were considered unemployable elsewhere. "Most of the men seem to like this kind of work better," Mr. Seitchik said, "not only because of the pay—these guys make three dollars an hour minimum, compared to a two-dollar-and-sixty-cent top as a messenger—but because of the more varied nature of the work."

We asked whether the presence of the Pioneer crew had caused any uneasiness among the police at the Central Park Station.

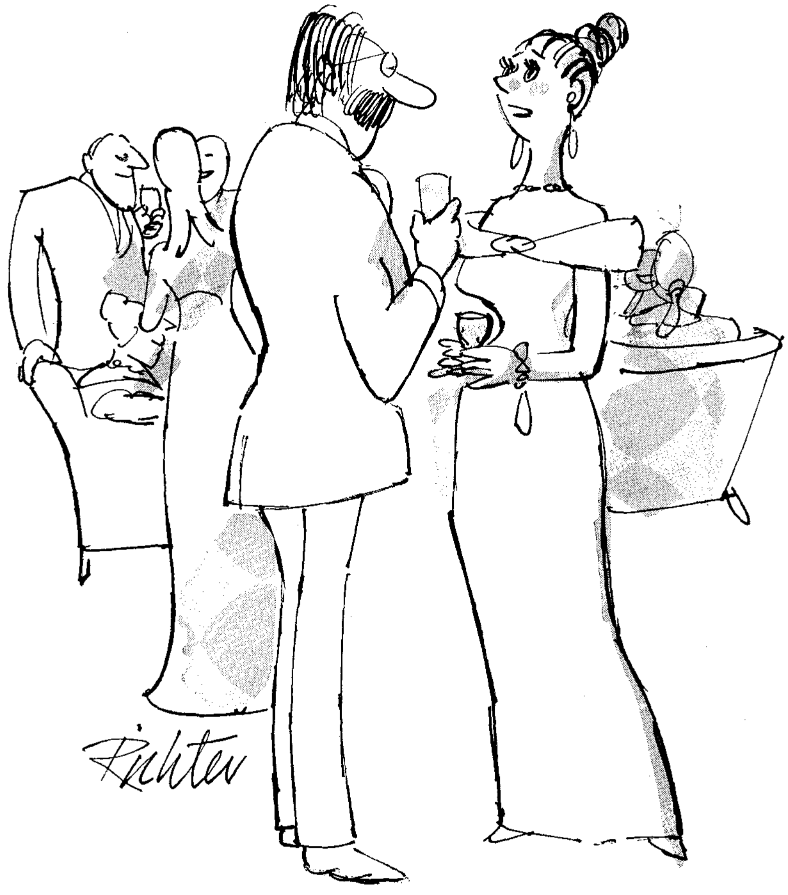
"Oh, no," Mr. Seitchik said. "The cops have been swell, especially since one of our guys found a policeman's wallet in the locker rooms at the Ramble and returned it. Of course, the police are a little more pessimistic than we are about the long-range effects of our program—on the fountain, if not on the men. One cop came by the other day and remarked that all we were doing was getting the place ready for next year's crop of slogans." On the whole, he continued, the Pioneer workers preferred the skeptical supervision of the police officers to the attentions of some of the youngsters who have given the Bethesda Fountain a reputation as a meeting place for people who are involved with drugs. "We've had a few of them try fooling with our equipment, and we've had to run them off," Mr. Seitchik said. "The men really get a visceral reaction to these kids. They see them all as middle-class hippies, a different, and lower, form of the drug culture. After all, the kids don't seem to have to get out and hustle for their next shot, the way my men used to."

Behind Mr. Seitchik, his men finished stowing away their equipment, and we asked him what his next project would be.

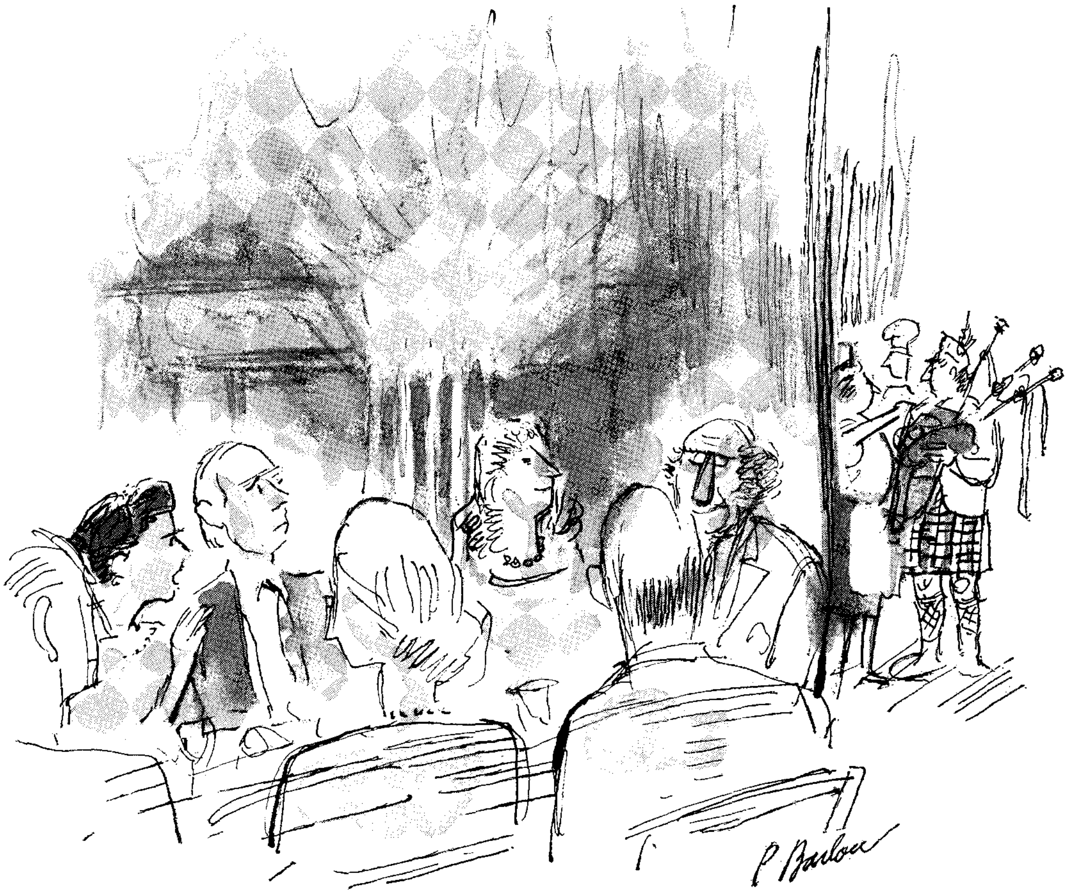
"We don't have one right now," Mr. Seitchik said. "The men will go back into the messenger service until something comes along."

A day or so later, to inquire whether something would be coming along as a result of the Pioneer demonstration projects, we went down to Vera's headquarters, at 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, for a talk with Kenneth Marion, who holds the title of associate director for supported work projects, and who operates in a third-floor office ornamented with blown-glass sculptures created by Vera planners now at work in an Oklahoma factory, which is investigating the feasibility of establishing a similar enterprise here. We told Mr. Marion that we had been aware of Vera's work in the courts—the Institute established and operated the nation's first successful release-on-recognizance project for indigent defendants—but hadn't known that it was also working on post-release programs.

"It's a natural development, though, isn't it?" Mr. Marion replied. "We had begun to feel that if we were ever going to do more than cycle people into bigger loops in and out of jail, we'd have to look into the problems of employing them—both from the standpoint of the employers and from that of the people we were interested in placing. In the current state of the economy, it's been a problem—engineers are out looking for work, and here we are trying to place addicts and men with records—so we decided the best approach was to set up experimental businesses of our own and support them with Vera's counselling and social services. Last April, after we'd received seed money from the Labor Department, we set up the Pioneer Messenger Service, with ten men—all of whom had been referred from methadone programs—and twenty customers, who gave us their business because they were interested in helping solve the social problem. We lured Gary Walker, a young Yale Law School graduate, out of a Wall Street firm to run Pioneer for us, and before we knew it he had signed up over two hundred customers and was employing thirty-five messengers. For many of the men, this is the first success they've ever had at anything, and whenever something good happens at Pioneer—a new client or a new peak in message volume—each of the guys takes pride in it. And out of more than ten thousand messages Pioneer has delivered so far not one has been lost. Still, the point was not to run a big messenger service but to develop techniques for employing people with criminal and addiction records, so we began looking around for work we could do in the public sector. First, we set up the cleaning program, and although that was an experiment, it isn't really over. The city is now developing its own program to hire men with federal funds under the Emergency Employment Act, and we've been promised some slots in that for our people, and we're also hoping to pick up some water-blasting work on private buildings soon. When I go around town now, all I ever notice is how dirty the buildings look. We're even more excited, though, about something we started last week with the Off-Track Betting Corporation, which has staffed the sellers' and cashiers' windows in its offices at Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue with twenty-four people we've screened who have passed OTB's examina-



"How old were you when you first realized you were an intellectual?"



"Oh, for Pete's sake—not haggis again!"

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tions for clerical and manual skills."

We remarked that Vera seemed to have made an effective beginning on its post-release work.

"Yes, but a beginning is all it is," Mr. Marion said. "We've been able to place only a small percentage of the thousands of former convicts and treated addicts who are seeking honest employment. We've got to do better than that. We've got to prove to both public and private employers that these men can do the work that's out there waiting to be done."

Armadillo Man

A COUPLE of Sundays ago, on an inside page, the *Times* carried a brief dispatch from Austin reporting that the student senate of the University of Texas had passed a resolution to change the university's mascot from the Texas longhorn to the armadillo. University officials, the dispatch went on to relate, were at a loss to explain this turn of events. We had a long talk with an Austin man named Jim Franklin last week, and perhaps we can help.

Mr. Franklin, who is twenty-eight and was born in La Marque, Texas, is a painter (he is represented in the Whitney's current oversized-prints show, and that's why he was in town), but back in Austin he is better known as an underground cartoonist. For the past three years, in posters, handbills, and underground newspapers, he has been publishing drawings of armadillos. Franklin's armadillos are perfectly straightforward-looking creatures, but they go through some peculiar transformations. They metamorphose into footballs or police helmets or question marks, or they are extraordinarily large or extraordinarily small, or they turn up in odd places, such as outer space. The result, predictably, was a slow but steady growth of Armadillo Consciousness among the long-haired young of Austin, and it culminated, shortly after Mr. Franklin published the second issue of a magazine of his own, called *Armadillo Comics*, in the student senate's vote.

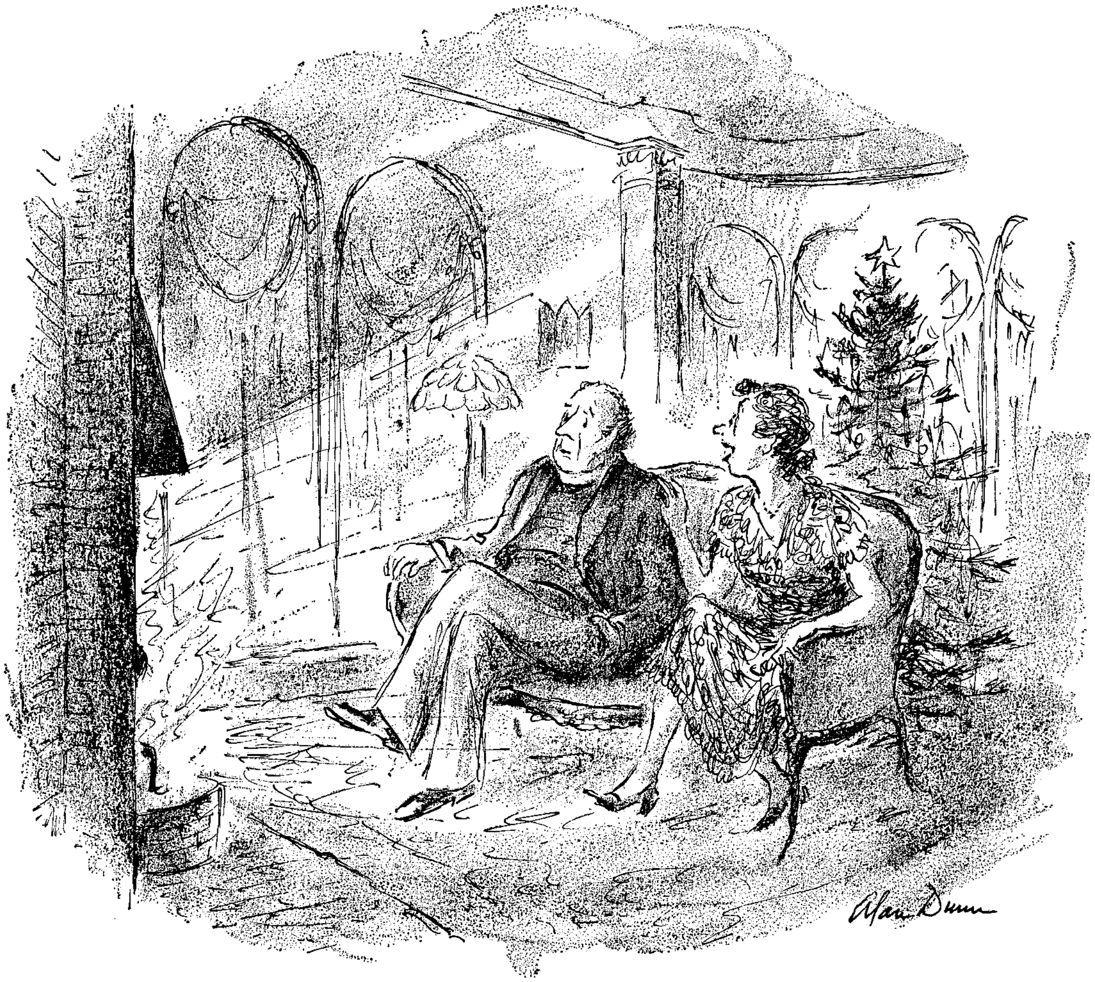
Our ignorance of armadillos was limitless, so when we met Mr. Franklin we elected to begin at the beginning.

"What sort of animal is the armadillo?" we asked.

"The armadillo is an animal that is so utterly devoted to finding worms that it doesn't have time to bother anybody," drawled Mr. Franklin, who is bearded and partly bald, and who was wearing a pair of black corduroys and a double-breasted black dinner jacket with a United States Army General Staff pin on each lapel. "They're true underground animals. They dig holes and they make a nest, and if the leaves in the nest get wet they have to replace them, which they do by grabbing up a bunch of leaves in their front legs and hopping backward to the hole. Each hop puts them off course, so they have to look around and realign with the hole. They're tidy housekeepers. They're in the same family group as the anteater. They're one of the oldest mammals in Texas. The old theory had it that the nine-banded armadillo originated in Central America and migrated north to Texas, but about a year and a half ago a friend of mine who is the curator of geology at the Texas Memorial Museum, in Austin, told me he'd read that in Lubbock some guy had come across a fossil with a fragment of an armadillo shell and a fragment of an alligator. It dated out to be the oldest known fossil of the nine-banded armadillo. Lubbock is in the middle of the desert now, but way back then it was a swamp, and the armadillo was able to survive with alligators and other reptiles. In fact, the armadillo looks a little like a reptile. If you covered up the whole armadillo except the tail, you'd think you were looking at a snake. I like to think that that's its natural defense—looking like a watermelon with a snake under it. Now, who the hell's going to bother a watermelon with a snake under it?"

"How did you happen to start drawing armadillos?" we asked.

"Someone wanted a handbill for a love-in back in September of 1968," he said. "I'd been aware of the armadillo as a Texas joke—it was a joke animal. So I just drew this funky ol' armadillo smoking a joint. The people that this thing was handed out to identified with it, and immediately the armadillo became a symbol for the underground. I didn't draw another armadillo for about a month, and then *The Rag*, the local underground paper, wanted a kind of map showing points of interest in Austin. So I drew an aerial view of Austin with these gigantic armadillos wandering around looking for objects that were floating above their heads. Since



"Oh, please! Two tickets for 'Jesus Christ Superstar,' just to help make Christmas Christmas."

they keep their noses to the ground looking for worms, they never find the objects, and the name of the drawing is 'Looking for Something?' That just popped into my mind. I had no intention of drawing any more armadillos. I had even rejected the armadillo, as a potential Walt Disney animal. I can't quite forgive Walt Disney for what he did to mice. He turned them into little humanoids. But the armadillo kept cropping up in non-Mickey Mouse situations."

"For instance?" we said.

"For instance—this was two years before I ever drew an armadillo—I had this concept that they should remodel the capitol in Austin and make it look like an armadillo. You'd go in through the mouth, with the tongue like a big red carpet, and walk into the rotunda, which would be a big oval shape, like an armadillo shell. Then you'd walk out through the tail, which would be a tapering hallway. The tip end of it would be the height of the door. That thought was still on my mind about the time I did my next drawing for *The Rag*. I was still playing with this notion of a giant armadillo wandering around Austin, completely oblivious of the city. I thought, If it sees the capitol, it's so nearsighted that it may mistake it for a mate and start something. So that's what I drew. That's probably the most popular of the cartoons I've done."

"Did you use to see armadillos when you were a kid?" we asked.

"That love-in poster was the first time I'd drawn an armadillo, but I'd thought about them for a long time," he said. "I used to go on hunting trips with my father up in central Texas when I was twelve and thirteen, and he'd be creeping around trying to find a deer to shoot. I followed him a couple of times, and it was very boring, because he was serious—very serious—about finding a deer. One time, we heard this noise around the corner. The noise kept going on—crackling leaves and snapping twigs and rustling in the bushes. We finally got up to where we could see, and it was a damn armadillo. It was making all kinds of noise. They're the noisiest animal in the woods. It's no wonder they have a hard back. I left my father then and went around trying to find armadillos. They're as timid as rabbits, but they're so involved with finding worms that you can sneak up on them and reach down and grab them. No other animal is like that. You have to get the other animals with a gun. I don't know why people want to shoot a deer when it's so much more fun just to sneak up on an armadillo."

Mr. Franklin lives and works in a building in Austin that was once a National Guard armory, served briefly as a club for the deaf, and is now a rock dance hall and community center called the Armadillo World Headquarters. He gets a studio rent free in exchange for drawing posters and acting as m.c. for the dances. People give him armadillos from time to time, and he keeps them in his studio for a week or two and then lets them go. "One time, I had this baby armadillo that was about a foot long and still had a soft shell," he told us. "I have this sink with a round bottom, and at least once a day I'd take the armadillo and put it in the sink, and put some water in there, so that it would have something to drink. It would drink water for a while and then decide to go off looking for worms. But there was no traction on the sides of the sink, so its feet just slipped. It kept walking and walking. It walked for twenty minutes. Every now and then, it would stop and look back and have another drink of water, and then just keep walking. The expression on its face was not one of frustration. It wasn't getting anywhere, but it didn't know that."

We asked Mr. Franklin if he had any plans for the future of Armadillo Art, and he told us about a grandiose scheme. "I'm trying to talk some museum into letting me fill a room with four to six inches of dirt, stock it with worms, and bring an armadillo up from Texas and let it crawl around in the dirt for a week or two and draw lines with its tail. It would make an endless, erratic, patternless line. It would work similar to the way Jackson Pollock worked. The same thing is involved—random motion with a very distinct, coherent motivation. Of course, I'd take it back to Texas just as soon as it was finished with its show."

TRASTEVERE

THE lights were changing at the corner of Madison and Sixty-ninth. To get across in time, Mrs. Traske walked fast. Then, just as she reached the other side, she heard her name called. How nice to be hailed in the street like that on her first day back in New York! She turned expectantly. But the young man who called out had missed the light, and a river of cars now flowed between them. From the far bank he was waving frantically, and although she could not quite place him, Mrs. Traske stood and waited, smiling reassurance.

Who was he? His face was certainly familiar, so she kept smiling. He was pleasant, eager, and intelligent-looking. When the lights changed again, he bounded across.

"Mrs. Traske! You remember me? Paul Martin. We met in Rome."

Given an instant more, she'd have placed him. He was one of the young poets she'd met this summer. Rome was full of them, but this one was much the nicest.

"Of course!" she said. "You took me to Trastevere—myself and my daughter."

She'd been particularly grateful that he'd included Gloria; pretty young daughters were sometimes harder to entertain than people were aware. On the other hand, it must have been easier for him to be nice to Gloria than to a middle-aged novelist! Most of the poets in Rome were a bit contemptuous of Mrs. Traske, especially when they heard she was staying on the Via Veneto. Fortunately, she had reached an age at which she was able to absolve herself for putting comfort before atmosphere. Their stay in Rome had been nearing an end when they met Paul. Hearing that they had never been across the river to Trastevere, he promptly offered to escort them. He planned an interesting afternoon, and—what they appreciated most—suggested they end the day with a visit to friends of his who had an apartment in a magnificent old medieval palazzo in the quarter.

"I thought you were still in Rome, Mr. Martin," she said, and, assuming that they were both going the same way, she started to walk on. But he did not move and did not let go of her hand. In fact, he gripped it tighter, and she realized that he was upset. The odd thing was that he seemed to connect her in some way with his distress.

"Oh, Mrs. Traske, you don't know how good it was to look up and see you. I was in a telephone booth across the street. You of all people, I thought. I didn't know you were in New York. I just *had* to call out to you. You remember those friends of mine in Trastevere, the ones we had dinner with that evening—Simon Carr and Della?"

He was really very disturbed. He kept wiping his forehead.

"To look up like that and see you!" he cried. "Someone who knew them! I'd only just heard, you see—just a minute before. I don't know any details yet, but oh God, Mrs. Traske, she killed herself—Della did—last night!"

"Oh, no!" Now she gripped *his* hand. "How terrible. I can't tell you how sorry I am." Sorry for him, she meant; he was so upset—the young woman she'd only met on that one occasion. Naturally, she was sorry for her, too, and for her poor husband. Yet her immediate sympathy went out to the young man in front of her. He was so *very* young in his grief. "What happened?" she asked. "Was there another woman?"

Paul was shocked. He threw up his hands in protest. "He was hers, body and soul!" he cried.

"What was it, then?"

"That's what's so awful!" the young man cried. "I don't know. I only heard she was dead. I was just going to put in a call to Rome—over there," he said, nodding back, "when I saw you. Oh, God, isn't it hard to believe? They were insanely in love. You must have seen that for yourself the evening in Trastevere." With both hands now, he held on to her. "What frightens me is that Simon may kill himself. He won't be able to live without her." A wild look came into his eyes. "And Della won't rest in the grave without him. She'll—"

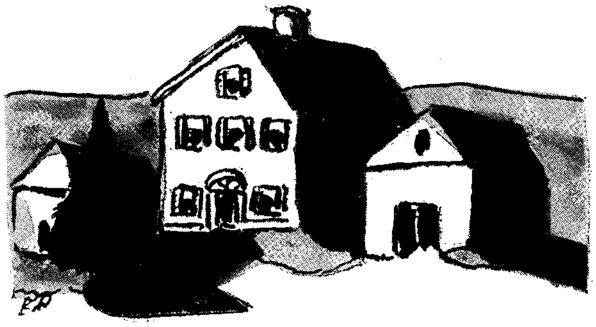
But at this point Mrs. Traske disengaged her hands. "Now, don't talk rubbish," she said. She was suddenly impatient with him. "Let's walk on," she said. "Better still, come along to my hotel and have some lunch. It's quite near. You'll feel different when you've eaten something. We can talk."

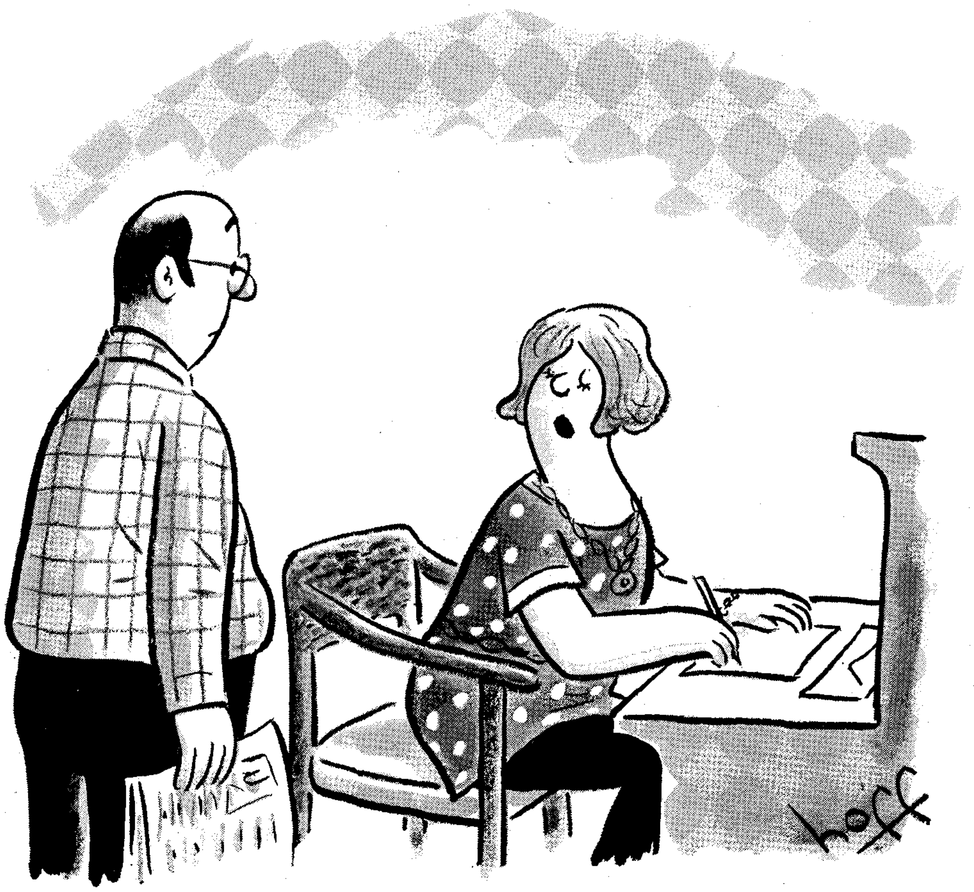
But Paul sprang away. "I can't," he cried. "I've got to put in that call to Rome. I may have to go back there at once." For another instant, he stood in front of her. "Thank you again just for being here!" he cried. Then he was gone.

Shaken, Mrs. Traske walked on alone. The poor girl, she thought—young woman, rather, for surely Della was a little older than her husband. Or was she? It may only have been his dependence on her that gave that impression. No matter, it was all very sad. As to Mr. Martin's fears of a double suicide, however, she would not, quite frankly, give a fig for them. Widowed young herself, and having enough good sense not to make public by marriage a second, late but deeply satisfying relationship, she had her own concept of love.

What *had* happened, though? All she could recall of Della was that she was beautiful, with fine eyes and shining black hair. The evening Gloria and she had spent with the three young people ought to have been entirely enjoyable, but somehow it was not. Once or twice, it had seemed that Della was too dominating, but since the young men didn't seem to mind—quite the contrary—Mrs. Traske had seen no reason to let it worry *her*.

Walking along Madison Avenue, she began to wonder. No more than Paul did she feel like lunch. She had an impulse to ring Mack, but she resisted it. He'd barely be back in his office, having met her at the boat and stayed to settle her in at the hotel. Anyway, she'd be seeing him for dinner. She stopped. She must be near Central Park. Ah, yes, she could see the tops of the trees. Perhaps she'd walk for a while in the sun there. According to her New York friends, Central Park was dangerous, but surely not in broad daylight? If one was to believe Mr. Martin, not as dangerous as love! For although she'd snubbed him, Paul had made her think, with his fanciful notions of love. Crossing the avenue, Mrs. Traske went in the direction of the Park. She'd miss out lunch altogether. After forty, it did no harm to skip a meal. She'd never been able to do that in Rome. There, she was hungry all the time. It made her ravenous just to walk down some of those narrow streets dedicated entirely to





"Do you address your congressman as 'Honorable' even if you know he's a crook?"

food—whole shops given over to one commodity: cheese, pasta, salami; stalls of fruit and vegetables arranged with as much regard to color, shape, and size as the mosaics in the Vatican workshop. Passing those, her fingers used to itch to press a fleshy fig or a fat peach to see if it was as prime as it looked. But she was scared she'd set off an avalanche that would bury her up to the neck in apples and pears, figs, tomatoes, pomegranates, melons, aubergines. . . .

THE day in Trastevere, they had eaten an excellent luncheon at her hotel, and yet they had no sooner crossed the Ponte Palatino than she was famished again, tantalized by the smells that came streaming out of apartment windows—the smell of hot cooking oil, garlic, oregano. All the walking they did made her twice as hungry. Paul had shown them everything—basilicas, crypts, palaces, fountains, piazzas. He was tireless. What they loved best were the narrow streets, like the Via dell' Atleta, that plunged them into the atmosphere of Trastevere, with orange peel underfoot and overhead gaily colored washing strung across like bunting.

Thinking of what happened to her in one of those little streets, Mrs. Traske had to smile. It was intensely hot and they were all perspiring, and so, although she was wearing only a light silk dress, she was relieved, really, when out of the sky a few drops of rain fell on her bare arm. She turned her face upward to receive them, "As if," Gloria said afterward, laughing, "as if you were a flower, Mother!" Only it wasn't rain! Overhead, high above, when she looked up she saw the bare bottom of a man-child, held out by his mother in her strong brown arms.

How they laughed. Then Paul tactfully suggested that perhaps they ought to be getting on, as Della would be expecting them. She liked to eat early, because she had a job, he explained; she was always ready to eat the minute she got home from the office.

"Oh, we mustn't keep her waiting," Mrs. Traske said, for from the first she had assumed they were going to eat in the apartment. That seemed the whole point of the visit. They had seen the outside of enough old palazzos.

"Wait till you see their apartment!" Paul cried. "I told you, didn't I, it's in one of the oldest palazzos in Rome, with balconied windows and studded doors—and they have a terrace garden on the roof. There it is!" he announced as they entered a *piazzale* off which ran a street as narrow as a gully.

Impressed, they stood and stared at the massive ornamented façade that projected over the thoroughfare.

"There are disadvantages, of course, as you can see," Paul said when they got nearer and an acrid odor assailed them from the brimming garbage bins that had not yet been emptied. Like cornucopias, the bins spilled out a largesse of lobster claws, fish heads, eggshells, decayed flowers, and the pulp of rotted fruit. And from the lavish heap, as they went past, a swarm of flies rose into the air with an iridescent glitter, hissing like geese.

"Sorry for that," Paul said easily. "It's the price for living in the quarter. But look at that carving!" He pointed up at the magnificent portico.

They were having trouble, however, getting past the garbage bins, and in the hallway itself they had to push their way through a horde of small children playing on the marble floor and the lower steps of the great marble staircase. The hallway was infested with children. They were very sweet, very appealing, but when at last they reached the stairway Mrs. Traske had to hold her skirt clear of grubby fingers.

Gloria lifted a fat infant who was trying to get up the steps to one side, although the balustraded staircase was so broad they could easily have got past him. All three of them could have gone up abreast. A magnificent staircase. And on the wall, set in plaster, there were wonderful ceramic medallions, although elsewhere on the plaster, up as high as they could reach, the children had been busy with chalk and crayon.

"I don't advise looking too closely," Paul cautioned.

And, indeed, Mrs. Traske had just seen a very crude drawing. It wasn't all the work of children, not by any means. Not wishing to embarrass the young man, she launched into a generality. "Graffiti fascinate me," she said. "I read a most interesting article on the subject recently."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when a door opened overhead and a voice called down. "What kept you? We're starving."

Such familiarity was warming, and the Traskes hurried up, but when Mrs. Traske got to the landing she couldn't help stopping again and exclaiming at the rich Venetian red of the walls that was so well set off by the pure white of the door and the pedimented architrave. "What glorious color!" she cried to the young man standing on the landing—Simon?

He smiled. "It was extravagant of us to decorate the landing, because it doesn't belong to us legally. It's supposed to be communal, but as we're at the top we took a chance and did the landing, too, when we were doing up the rest."

Gloria and Paul had joined them.

"I always say," said Paul, "that this landing sounds a trumpet for what is to come!" Stepping past Simon, he threw the door of the apartment fully open.

At the sight of the room within, Mrs. Traske gasped and gave another rapturous exclamation.

"You sound surprised, Mother," Gloria said sharply. "Mr. Martin did try to prepare us."

"But how could anyone be prepared for such dramatic colors?" Mrs. Traske said quickly. "That glowing ruby, and now this green. It's as green as the campanile," she added when, stepping into the room, she saw the dome of Santa Maria in Cappella through one of the great windows at the far end. She turned back to her host. "Is your wife an artist?" she asked.

For no reason that she could see, Simon and Paul both laughed—quite loudly, too.

"Well, then, it is the room of a poet," she murmured. The room demanded a fitting tribute.

At this point, the door of a kitchenette opened and a young woman came out. Della? Like her husband, she dispensed with greetings and joined at once in the conversation. Again, the familiarity had the effect of putting the Traskes at ease. "The room of a poet?" she repeated, questioningly, and she looked around it like a stranger. "You should have seen the room where he lived before we were married," she said, but she took her husband's arm and squeezed it affectionately. "The prints were Simon's, of course," she said. "I only reframed them. And the old desk was his—I just had it stripped and waxed. And the books are his." But she frowned slightly, because some of the books looked a bit ragged. She hugged his arm tighter. "I think the color was your idea, too, wasn't it? Or was it Paul's?" She reached out and drew Paul to her. "I only paid for things!" She turned to Mrs. Traske. "Perhaps you're right," she said. "Perhaps it is the room of a poet, but with the tone raised an octave or two—by money."

The mention of money in this way would have made Mrs. Traske uncomfortable if it were not that the young men—both of them—were so obviously delighted with Della.

"I must tell you," Paul said. "Della has one of the best jobs in Rome." He laughed. "That's why they came here—and me, too."

Did he live with them, Mrs. Traske wondered. This room was so spacious there could not be very much sleeping accommodation beyond it.

Paul seemed to read her mind. "I don't live *with* them," he said. "I only live *off* them."

At this, again all three laughed, and Mrs. Traske laughed with them. She could see, though, that Gloria found Della rather overpowering. What a strong personality. Standing there in the middle of her beautiful room, with the two young men linked to her, she suddenly presented an extravagant image to the mind of Mrs. Traske—an image of a Maypole, festooned with ribbons, which, as they gyrated, bound the young men closer and closer to her.

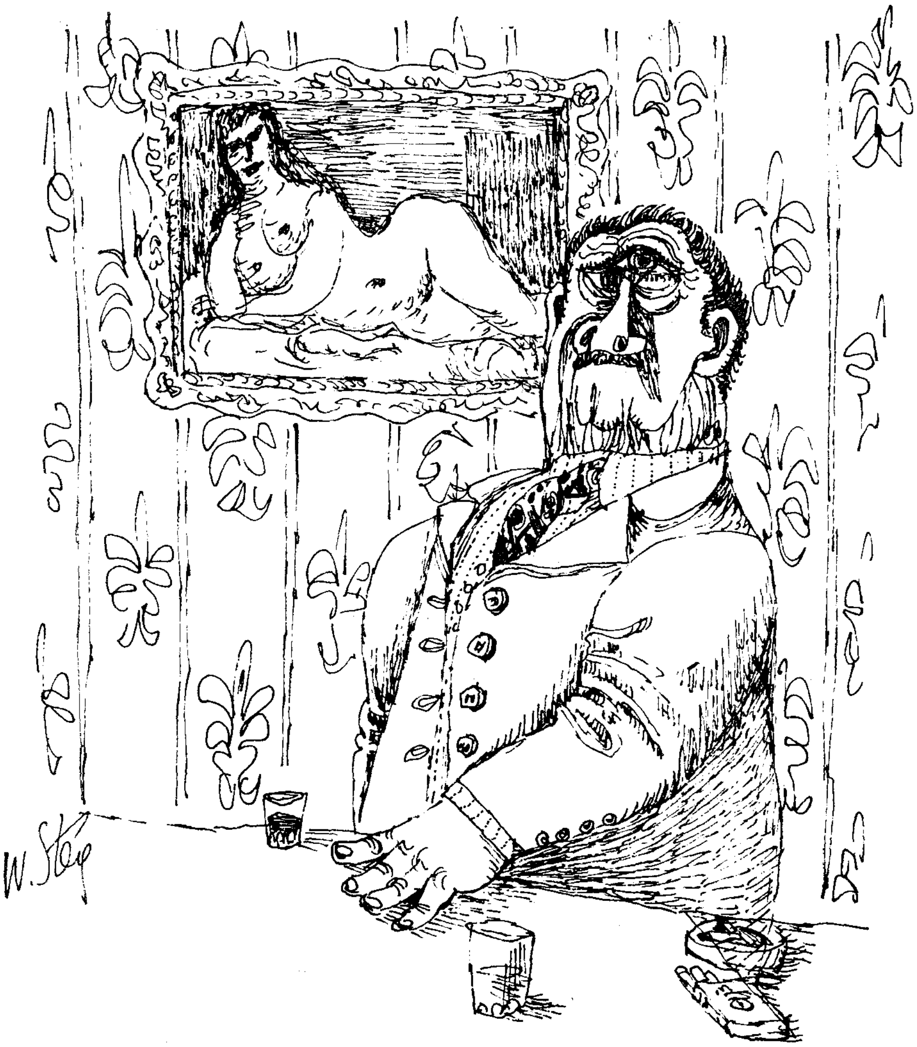
"Simon, aren't you going to offer them a drink?" Unlinking herself, Della picked up an empty glass that had evidently been her own, then put it down again. "I won't have any more," she said, and it was hard not to feel this was a reprimand to them for being late. All the same, Mrs. Traske and Gloria took the drinks that, without choice, were offered to them, and Mrs. Traske began at once to sip hers as an example to Gloria, who loathed Campari and found it as hard to swallow as cough syrup.

"It was good of you to come," Della said then, unexpectedly. "We've heard a lot about you from Paul."

Mrs. Traske had started to give the self-deprecatory smile with which she usually acknowledged overfacile praise of her work when Della continued. "About your generosity to young people, I mean," she said.

How glad Mrs. Traske was then for those frank admissions concerning Della's salary, because if money had been in short supply she would have thought the young woman was leading up to a request for a loan. As things were, it did cross her mind that they might be expecting something other than money from her. She turned to Simon. "I regret to say I haven't read any of your poetry," she murmured.

Della took her empty glass. "How could you?" she said. "It's never been published," and before Mrs. Traske could say anything more she put up



her hand as if in warning. "Don't suggest reading it in manuscript," she cried, "unless you are an Egyptologist or a hieroglyphist," and, reaching out, she joined the two young men to her again. "They call themselves writers, and no one can read their writing." She laughed. "And they can't spell." She laughed again. "They don't even know the meaning of words. Do you know what this fellow here thought?" She hugged Paul tighter to her. "He thought temerity meant timidity! And this fellow here"—she hugged her husband's arm—"this fellow thought a hysterectomy was a lobotomy! Not that one can blame him too much for that; the medieval philosophers all thought the womb was the center of the emotions." She let them go. "Oh, they are hopeless cases. I don't know what they'd do if they didn't have me to look after them."

And, indeed, to Mrs. Traske it was beginning to seem as if she did give them strength. In the large room where she and Gloria stood apart as separate people, the three young people seemed to stand as closely grouped together as when they were linked.

"Take the girl's glass," Della said to Simon. "And if we're ready, let's go and eat."

But it was over to the door through which they had come in she walked, and, opening it, she led them out onto the landing.

"Are we not going to eat here?" said Mrs. Traske. Too late she knew she'd let slip that she was disappointed. She hadn't seen the room properly, hadn't looked at the prints or the books, and, above all, she hadn't had time to look out of the window at the wonderful view of Trastevere. She glanced regretfully around.

"Do you mind?" Della said, almost offensively, and she closed the door behind them. "We never eat in the apartment. There's a trattoria in the cellar of the palazzo—you must have seen the sign in the hallway when you were coming up here. We eat there every night—in fact, we only eat up here on very rare occasions."

"Sad occasions, not joyful," Paul explained quickly. "If one of them is sick, or something like that."

"The smell of cooking hanging around the apartment all evening would disgust me," Della said.

Still Mrs. Traske was not happy. "We shouldn't have come for a meal at all," she murmured.

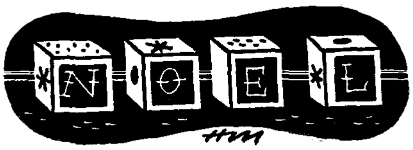
"But why should you think that?" Simon said. "It's not that Della is tired or anything; it's just that we can afford to eat out—because of her job."

"That's right," Della said more graciously. "If it weren't for my job, we probably wouldn't be able to eat at all!" She saw Gloria look surprised, and she gave a little laugh. "Don't worry," she said, and she nodded at her husband. "He pays in other ways." She paused. "He washes the nappies." When both Mrs. Traske and Gloria failed to conceal their surprise at this, she shrieked with laughter. "Figuratively speaking!" she cried. "We haven't any little nappies."

Mrs. Traske looked nervously at Simon. As both he and Paul laughed, however, she tried to laugh, too. Gloria only stared.

"Don't worry," Paul whispered reassuringly as they went down the stairs. "Della knows what she's doing. Other people's extravagances are her economies."

But it was no longer her social obligations that concerned Mrs. Traske. "Are they long married?" she asked.



CONSEQUENCES OF A DIME

I deposit a dime,
preparing to keep calm if I don't get a dial tone,
remembering rage—which grows like a weed in these conditions,
making the eyes water
and the hands shake—can keep me from calling at all.
To assure each digit I dial, I keep my finger in the recoiling spindle.
I know its coarse reluctance
as I read the attempts of others scored on metal
with penknife, car key, scissors. They have come and gone,
but I am here.
Each peristaltic rumble in my ear has its own color,
each darker than the last, deepening finally into a vascular purple,
which shoves new slugs of itself
ahead into silence. A voice answers, charged with phlegm.
It probably has a white face, large smoked teeth, a hairless head.
It says it hasn't had
anything to eat in nearly a week. Its pockets are stuffed
with silverware, it is holding a can opener, but it has
nothing to use them on.
It's a matter of discipline, it explains. It has been instructed
not to reveal the whereabouts of B. Disobeying orders
would mean its life, its job.
What life? What job? I am arguing for information when static
roots in my ear and chops the voice into pieces. An operator
wants another dime.
Comfortable stone houses crowd the corniches, the voice, restored
to me, concedes gloomily, and the weather is Caribbean.
It quotes prices
and the names of lawyers, banks, and real-estate agencies.
Which is the most desirable location on the cliffs?
I ask, and it tells me
the northernmost promontory is already leased to a Lebanese
named Hakim, who has a new wife, a beautiful, reclusive
soprano from Milan.
I am beginning to get the picture, a sunlight of armed guards,
when it laughs like someone late getting a joke.
You should look at yourself!
it shouts, suddenly breathless. We've had your number for days!
You'll be where I am in the morning and learn
everything!
I hear the dial tone rise, curling about itself and thickening
in my chest like the inevitable waves of the hours I have believed in.
I hammer the cradle
with the receiver, hoping to break something, but nothing happens.
I hang up, comforted by silence, until I realize a man is outside,
smiling, holding out his hands.

—Jonathan Aaron

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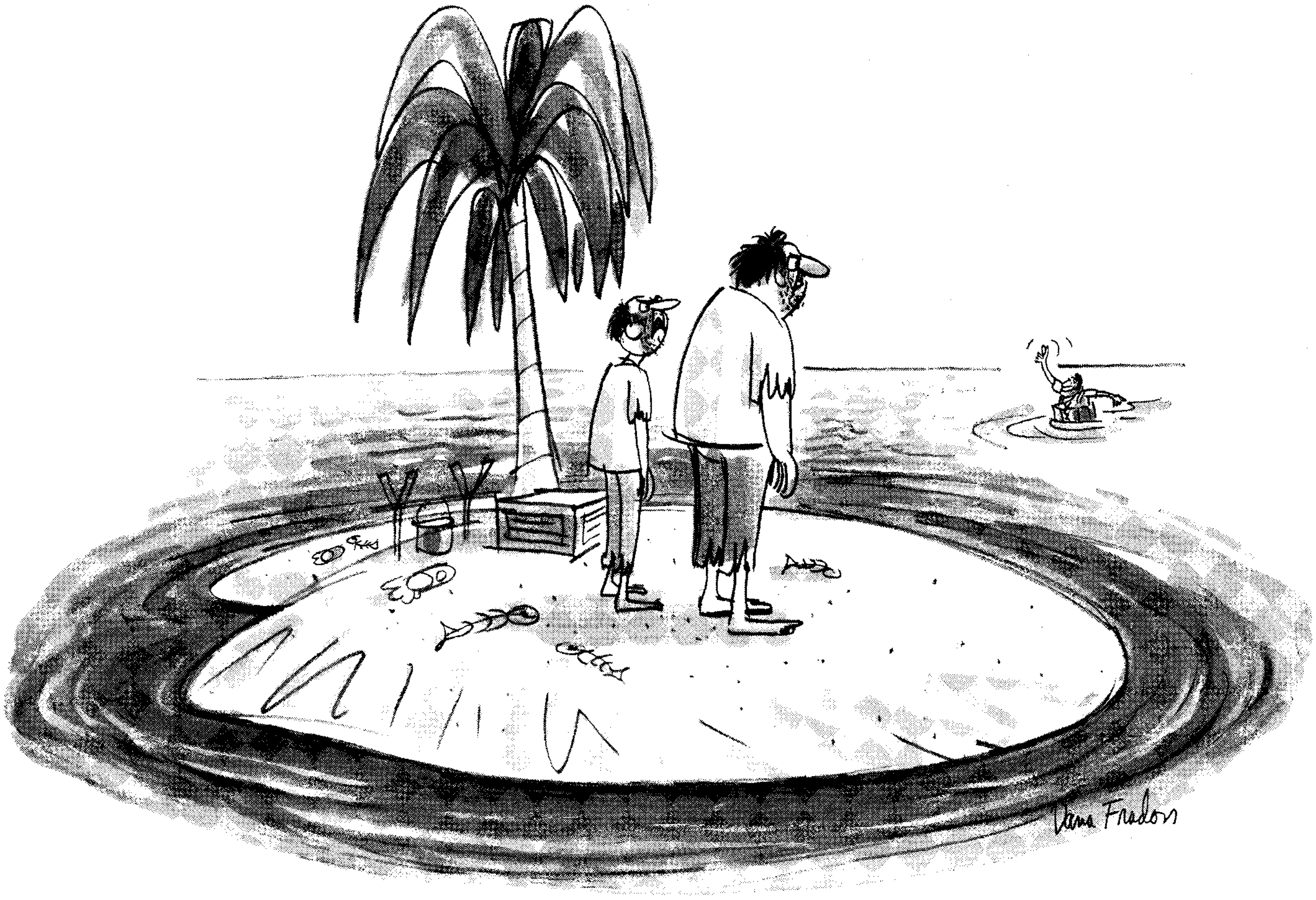


"I just wish he'd turn out to be an A.C.L.U. attorney."

• •

"About three months," Paul said. He leaned closer. "They were living together for some time in London, but when Della got this great job in Rome they decided to get married." He lowered his voice still more. "I don't think Simon liked the idea of marriage at first—that's what Della meant about the little nappies—but he knew he couldn't live without her." He grinned. "I can hardly live without her myself. I'm over here on a grant, and I'm staying in a good enough *pensione*, but—well, I spend all my time here in their apartment. I'm afraid I lean on her, too. She's that kind of person. I'd heard of people like her before, but I never met one—people whose strength is a kind of magnet for people like Simon and me, who are pretty helpless when it comes to living. It's true!" he said when Mrs. Traske looked quizzically at him.

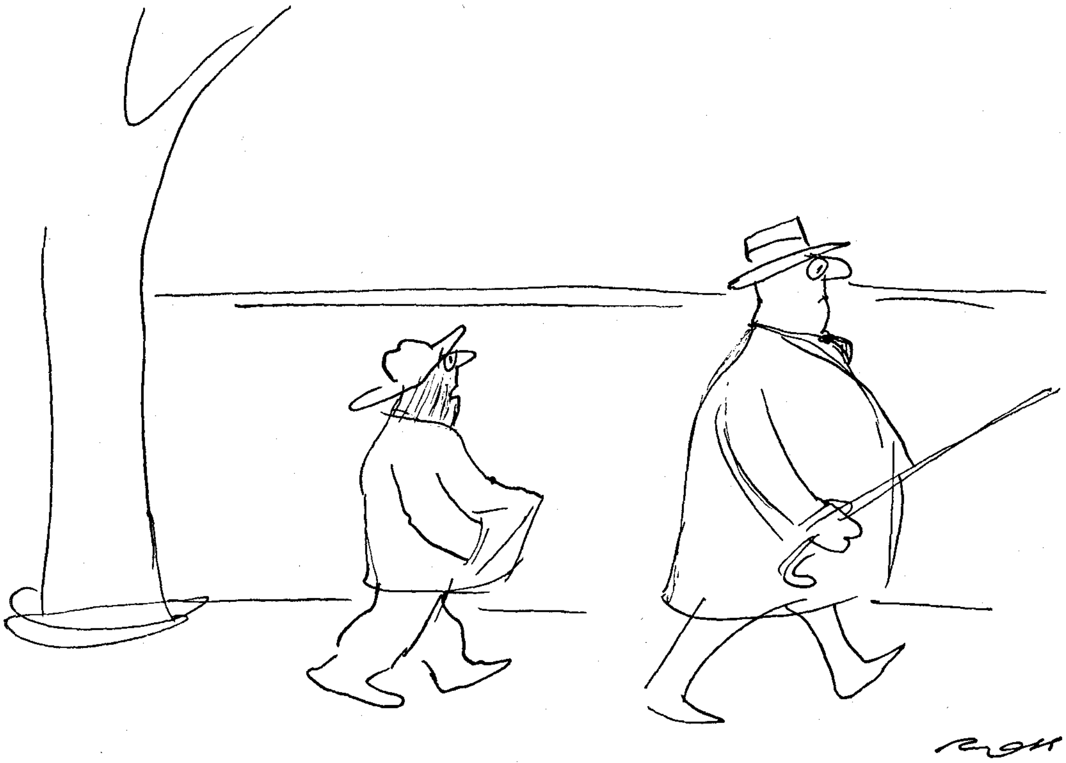
They were at the bottom of the great stairs, and now she could see that there was a greasy sign on the wall and a steeper, darker stair leading down to the trattoria in the cellar.

THE trattoria was small but packed with people. When Della appeared, however, the little fat patron, his face glistening with sweat, ran forward at once to meet them, as if he'd been rolled at them like a ball, and began to bow them toward the only empty table in the room, way at the back near the service doors.

"*Signore! Signora!*" He beamed until suddenly he saw Mrs. Traske and Gloria. Thinking them a separate party, he was thrown into confusion, and more sweat broke from his face—it might have been rubbed all over with oil. For a moment, it was as if he were some lower form of life that would divide in two, both halves able to go forward and bestow welcomes alike on the two parties at the same time. But this being impossible, he clapped his hands and, summoning a waiter in a long lank apron down to his boots, ordered him to attend on the strangers. "*La carta per gli Inglesi!*" he cried. Then, as he realized that they were together, one single party, a beatific smile of relief broke over his face. "*Momento!*" he cried to the waiter. "*Carta per tutti.*" Without waiting to be obeyed, he dashed over to a service table and rushed back with a fistful of menus so greasy and wine-stained they were positively succulent, and dealt them out.

"*Prego.*" He gave one to Della. "*Prego.*" One to Mrs. Traske. "*Prego, prego, prego,*" he cried, dealing one to each person. But the next instant he gathered them up again and discarded them. Like a conductor disdaining the score, he began to extoll from memory the delights of his kitchen. "*Pollo al diavolo? Saltimbocca? Abbacchio alla cacciatora?* Tonight it is tender"—he bowed to Gloria—"like the eyes of the *Signorina*." Then, conspiratorially, he lowered his voice. "*Ossobuco,*" he whispered. "Tonight it is—" He stopped, and, placing a kiss on his fat fingers, he blew it heavenward. As there was still no response, he was silent for a moment. Then he raised his voice again. "Steak!" he cried. Just the one word. But now he was no longer a restaurateur; he was a generalissimo. He held up his hand for their attention. "*Momento!*" he cried, and he stumped off through the service doors. When he emerged again, it was triumphantly, with a piece of raw steak on the palm of his hand; blood from it oozed through his fingers. "Never a steak like this," he said solemnly. "Never!"

All except Mrs. Traske and Gloria gave the steak a close scrutiny, Della



"*Please* stick 'em up. I need the money desperately."

• •

even lifting it up and turning it over. But Simon winked at Gloria, and put on a face of mock dismay. "What good is that when there are five of us," he said.

"*Scusi?*" Angelo did not immediately catch that a joke was meant. Then, offended, he frowned. "I speak of the little Florentine heifer from which we take the steak!" he said with dignity. "*Molto* steak, *molto!*" he corrected. And, assuming that an order had been given, he handed the meat to the waiter. His hands free, he clapped them commandingly. "Steak *per tutti!*" he cried.

Mrs. Traske would have preferred an omelette, and Gloria loathed steak. To make matters worse, Della had called "Underdone!" after the little patron.

"*Capisco!*" Angelo cried, and was about to scuttle off.

"But I—" said Gloria.

Angelo stopped.

It was Simon, though, who had arrested him. "Wait a minute, Angelo," Simon said. "Tonight I think I'll try the *ossobuco*."

"Simon!" Della was astonished. "You know you hate sloppy dishes."

"*Ossobuco*," Simon repeated.

"Simon!" Della caught him by the arm. "It will take ages—twenty minutes, at least—you know that? You don't want to wait that long."

But Angelo was all eagerness to comply. "For the *Signore*—no!" he cried. Prudently measuring the distance between him and the other tables, he lowered his voice. "For the one who comes in off the street, yes, maybe, but *per il cliente—il Signore*—no, no. I fix it myself, at once." He held up five fat fingers. "*Cinque minuti*."

Della sat back. "Well, bring ours when it's ready, Angelo—without waiting," she said. She still looked puzzled. She turned to Mrs. Traske. "I don't believe I've ever known him to eat *ossobuco*," she said. Then, as Angelo was hurrying away, she called again, "Underdone!"

Mrs. Traske looked at her. No matter what the two men said, it seemed to Mrs. Traske that Della did look tired. It could, of course, have been that she was hungry, because she had picked up a roll and begun to pluck out the soft inner dough.

"It's all very well for Simon and Paul," she said. "They lunch here, too—that is to say, if they get up for lunch at all." Suddenly she looked strangely at Mrs. Traske. "What time do you begin your day?"

Surprised, Mrs. Traske hesitated. "Do you mean when I'm at home, or do you mean here in Rome? This morning, we didn't get up very early, because Paul warned us that we'd have a tiring day trudging around and seeing the sights."

As Paul nodded, Della gave him an affectionate smile. "Did you really show them everything?" she asked him. "For you the day must have been exceptionally exacting."

Paul laughed. "Della doesn't think writing poetry is work at all," he said.

"But she married a poet!" Mrs. Traske said, feeling she had to defend the young woman.

It was a shock to find that instead she had annoyed her. "I married a man—a man like any other man, I hope," Della said sharply. "I don't see why allowances should be made for him on account of his work. I'd be insulted if anyone made allowances for *me* on account of *mine*."

"Oh, but—" Mrs. Traske began, when Gloria spoke up.

"Mother never expects allowances to be made for her, either," she said hotly. "But when she's working she can't sleep and she can't eat and she gets upset over nothing. Writers are sometimes working when we think they're only standing looking out of the window! Didn't you know that?" she demanded crossly, and so like a small child her mother had to smile.

Fortunately, Della was not offended. On the contrary, she was amused. "Do you mean that Simon here may be working when he's fast asleep at three o'clock in the afternoon?"

Gloria was not to be put off so easily. "That's not fair," she said. "It *is* true his mind could be working—unconsciously—and that takes a lot out of a person. The artist has always been regarded as a sacrificial figure and—"

"Gloria!" Mrs. Traske just couldn't let her go on. "She has been reading 'The Wound and the Bow,' " she said to Della by way of apology.

Della brushed the apology away, however, and actually encouraged the girl. "Go on," she said. "I'm interested. I take it that you feel my husband here is some special kind of being."

Uncertain suddenly, Gloria looked for help from her mother, but the ice was thin; it would never bear the weight of two.

"Well," said Gloria slowly, to gain time as she searched around in her mind. "Writers and artists, and people like that—they do have special insights, don't you think?"

Della looked at her with a grave expression. Then, equally gravely, she looked at Simon. "You think"—she paused—"you think he may be some kind of a nut?"

Here Paul exploded with laughter, and Mrs. Traske would have laughed if she weren't a bit anxious about Gloria, who could easily have burst into tears.

The girl felt too strongly for that, though. "Put it that way if you like!" she cried. "I suppose some people *do* think poets are nuts. Just because they don't measure success by money!" Her cheeks were flaming.

And Della was apparently touched. She laid a hand on the girl's arm. "How nice it must be to have you for a daughter," she said with real sweetness, but then she turned sharply to Mrs. Traske. "Of course, it's true you writers *are* above money, isn't that so?" she said, and to Mrs. Traske's amazement her eyes travelled—really quite insolently—over her dress, and came to rest on her opal-and-diamond brooch.

Compelled now to speak up herself, Mrs. Traske looked Della in the eye. "My husband was a stockbroker," she said.

At that moment, luckily, the steaks arrived.

"Let's begin, shall we?" Della said when, except for Simon, they were all served. "Poor Simon," she said. "I told you it would take twenty minutes. Now aren't you sorry you're not one of the common herd?"

"*Momento. Momento*," Angelo clucked.

Slow as they all went—and even Della ate slowly—they were finished before Angelo came back proudly bearing, breast-high, the platter of *ossobuco*.

"It looks good," Gloria said as she handed her empty plate to a waiter.

"It smells delicious, Simon," Della said, and as Angelo took her plate she reached out and snatched her fork. Leaning across the table, she stuck the fork into the *ossobuco*. To the astonishment of all of them, Simon, who had just picked up his own fork, threw it down on the plate with a clatter.

"Why, Simon, what's the matter?" Della cried. "I only wanted . . ."

Simon didn't look at her. He pushed his plate across the table. "If you wanted it, why didn't you order it? There. You can have it."

"But Simon!" Della was so taken aback she held her fork in the air, halfway to her mouth. Unnoticed, the meat fell from the prongs. Then, quietly and carefully, she picked it up and put it on her side plate and laid the fork back on the table, straightening it as if she were laying a place setting. "I only wanted to see if it tasted good," she said, in a voice that for her was low and indistinct.

"I don't want it," Simon said.

Stupefied, they all stared.

"Will you have a steak, then?" Della asked.

"No. I'm not hungry," Simon said. "You eat it if you want it."

Della looked down at the full plate in front of her. "But I don't want it," she said. "I had what I ordered—I only . . ." Then she didn't attempt any more apology. "Don't be absurd, Simon," she said. "We'll wait for our dessert until you've eaten. Eat it up," she said, pushing back the plate. She turned in exasperation to Paul. "What's the matter with him?" she cried. "Tell him not to be childish." She turned to her husband. "Eat it up, Simon."

Simon, however, had leaned back and was calling Angelo. "Take this away," he said, pointing to the plate.

Angelo stared at him.

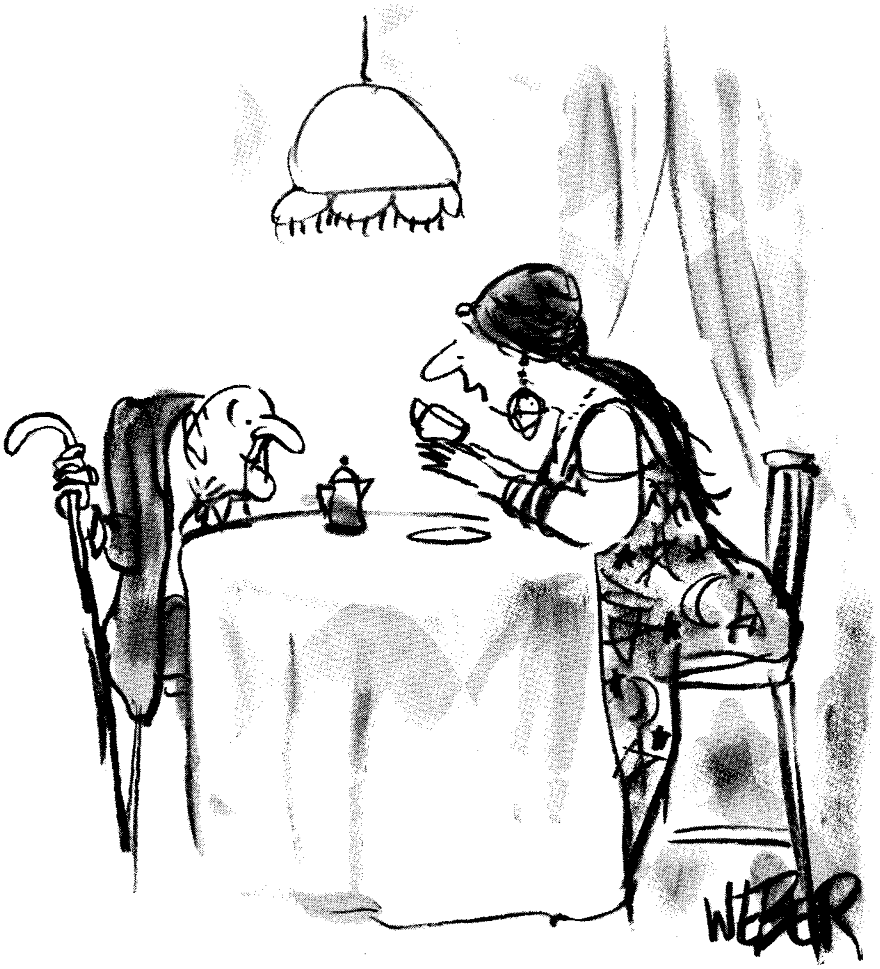
"Don't worry, Angelo," Della said quickly. "It's just that he's not hungry." As the patron took up the plate but stood uncertainly with it held low, like a collection plate, she jumped up from her chair and whispered something into his ear. "Go along, Angelo," she said then, out loud, "and bring our dessert." She turned back to those at the table. "What will you have? Fruit? Cheese?" To Gloria she spoke kindly, as if she were a child. "How about a *cassata* for you?"

Embarrassed, they all nodded acceptance of what apparently was decreed for them.

It hardly seemed possible that the awkwardness would pass. Thinking of it now, Mrs. Traske, walking in the sunlight, felt that there, in that incident—if anywhere—was a hint of why the young woman had killed herself. But no. As she recalled it, after that things had gone well. Nothing more was said about the *ossobuco*. Simon was suddenly in better form. Indeed, the next quarter of an hour was the most pleasant of the whole evening. They were all soon at ease, and for the first time Simon showed a real interest in the Traskes and their travels.

"How long are you going to be in Rome?" he'd asked.

"I'm not sure yet," she'd replied without much thought, eager only to keep the conversation on a safe topic. "We intended going to Milan the day after tomorrow, but somehow or other, on the way here from Florence, we



"Try to hang on. Everything is going to be terrific."

missed out on Viterbo, and I'm told—"

"Oh yes, yes. You can't leave without seeing Viterbo." He laughed. "Though, mind you, I was only there once, years ago, and I didn't see much of it. I was drunk. Very drunk." He turned to Paul. "You remember that day?" He turned back to Mrs. Traske. "We'd hired an old car and we were supposed to turn it in in Rome, but we didn't really expect it would last out the trip. We were driving along when we saw the sign for Viterbo, and felt we ought to see it, so we turned off the main road. We thought we might eat there. But after we'd driven down some of the old streets—Viterbo is *all* old streets, and they're *all* crooked, *all* dark, *all* damp, even on the hottest day—well, we didn't think much of it, and we certainly didn't feel like eating there, and so we were trying to find the way out again when the old car gave a jolt. Blump it went. And then blump again. Blump, blump, blump. Paul, you remember?"

Paul was convulsed with laughter. "Go on!" he cried.

Simon went on. "Can you imagine a flat tire in a place like that? We looked at each other in despair, threw up our hands, and decided to drive on. Blump we went, blump, blump, blump, blump, blump. We began to think we'd punctured all four tires. And then to make things more hectic, although when we first drove into the place it was like a city of the dead, not a living soul in sight, *now* from all sides people appeared. Men, women, children—especially children. The children started running after us, shouting and yelling. I stepped on the gas. In a backward place like that, a pack of children is as bad as a pack of wolves. We tried to put a bit of distance between us and them, and I thought we were getting up speed when all of a sudden the kids dropped back. They stopped dead, in fact, and huddled together. The last I saw of them they were staring with their mouths wide open. Then I was jerked back as all of a sudden the ground went from under the car. Next thing there was a loud smack and a great almighty splash. We hadn't a puncture at all. We'd driven down a flight of steps into the river. That was all!"

"Oh, Simon, you never told me that story," Della said. "I want to go there. I want to see those steps."

She was laughing so happily Mrs. Traske thought that perhaps after all no harm had been done by the incident of the *ossobuco*.

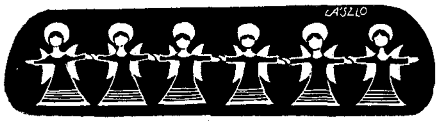
"How did you get the car out of the river, Mr. Carr?" Gloria asked.

Dear girl. How they laughed at her.

"You must never look beyond the end of a good story, Gloria," Paul said. "Your mother could have told you that."

They were all happy again.

"We certainly won't miss Viterbo after this," Mrs. Traske said, and she began to draw on her gloves. "Which means we will be staying another day in Rome, so why don't you all have lunch with me tomorrow at my hotel?"



"But Della doesn't eat lunch," Simon said in dismay.

"I have a snack at the canteen," Della explained.

"Oh, what a pity," Gloria said, and Mrs. Traske turned to Paul, whom Angelo had released from his chair by pulling the table out from the wall. "Perhaps you and Simon . . ." she began.

Uncertainly, both men looked at Della.

"Why not?" Della said. "It would be a change for Simon." She paused. "A change from lying in bed, I mean."

Once again for a moment, Mrs. Traske's heart sank at what sounded to her like an unnecessary gibe, but again

• •

THE FISH

I

Beautiful
he landed
my hand upon him
blinded him
touched him as sail
touches wind
from under which he went
like ice
deep in his water
back to the river

where with luck
again
I hooked him
through appetite

through splashes
to the shore
clearing the air
as if it were not
medium enough

he came to rest
beneath the trees
the strangest thing

II

I thought of his courage
thought of his thought
freezing
through winter
to thaw in the heat
of his life and death
at the end of my sport
hook in his face
like the last piece
of puzzle
thawing his thought

moving him almost to tears
at this dying
cold scales
tail like a last card
flapping across the rocks
he had never seen
before
or my face above him
like a sun
to dry out his life

III

I had need then
to sit down together
me to my pause
he in a strange pasture
his cold body found
at last
on the rock cold as he is
my body pulling the cold
into my head

IV

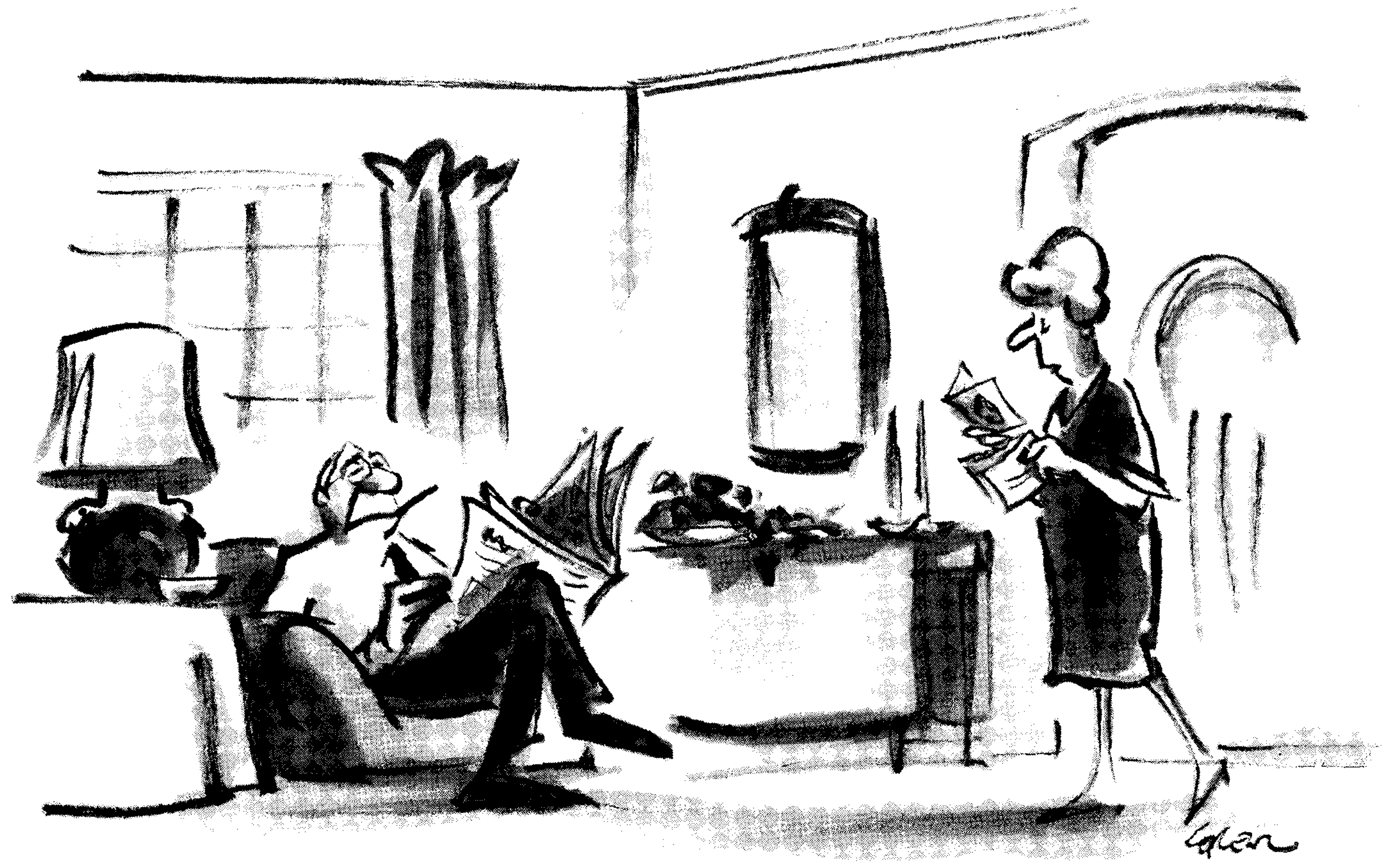
I knew him by what
he died by
not as one of the circle
deep in the water
not by a gesture
natural to himself
but rather how he had slipped
from the pool
to the world of different
breathers

V

Although I touched him
once
in my one life
felt his one life
tingle
looked at his magic guts
and felt them
cold

his gasping death
still grabs through rock
to mine

—Greg Kuzma



"Well, here it is. Our first Mr.-and-Ms. Christmas card."

• •

the young men seemed to see it in some other light, because they both laughed. It seemed settled that the young men would come to lunch.

Meanwhile, they were moving toward the stairs, and Paul had run up the steps to call a taxi.

"What time?" Simon said.

"How about noon?" she said, and she was just about to compliment Angelo on the meal as he bowed them out, his face now in the heated room glistening as if he was sweating glycerin.

Della, who had been looking at the little patron, suddenly turned to her husband. "Simon! I forgot. You can't go. You've got to lunch *here* tomorrow. Isn't that right, Angelo?" she asked, smiling at him.

"*Sì, sì, Signora.*" Angelo bobbed his head up and down.

Della reached out and patted him. "You are a dear, Angelo," she said, before she took Simon's arm and began to move toward the door. "Angelo is keeping your *ossobuco* for your lunch tomorrow," she said. "Those sloppy dishes improve by keeping—the flavor comes out with standing overnight." Then she turned to Mrs. Traske and put out her hand. "You'll be in Rome again," she said indifferently.

Simon said nothing, and somehow Mrs. Traske didn't look at him as she shook hands. He had pulled away from Della, Mrs. Traske saw out of the corner of her eye. She started to go up the dark stairs, and when she reached the street Paul was there with the taxi. She thought it best to let the others explain about the lunch to him. She and Gloria got into the car.

As it drove away, she looked back at the three of them standing on the curb. Simon seemed taller than she'd realized, and Della was really quite small. That Maypole image had been absurd, she thought, and even Paul's description of her as a tower of strength didn't seem right anymore. Mrs. Traske stopped. Was it possible that Della wasn't strong at all—that she had all the time been taking strength, not giving it as the young men thought?

MRS. TRASKE was surprised to find that her eyes had filled with tears. She wiped them away and looked around for a seat. She'd exhausted herself with her efforts to probe human motive, and now she felt curiously lonely. She sighed, and looked at her watch. She never liked to ring Mack during office hours, but perhaps just this once she might do so. He might slip out for a cup of coffee with her. It would be nice to meet him at this banal time of day and not wait for the more circumspect hours of evening.

She sighed again. Life was so short. And she remembered something Mack had once said, to which she had not attached importance at the time. She had said that she did not see much point in getting married at their age, when they had not much left to give each other, and he had shaken his head in disagreement.

"At least we do not diminish each other," he said.

Were they making a mistake, she wondered, she and Mack? In spite of how often they thrashed things out and discarded the idea of marrying—laughed at the mere notion—perhaps after all . . .

She had come to a gate leading back into the street, and there would be a phone booth close by. She'd call Mack anyway. Even on the phone he was able to cheer her up—make her happy, make her laugh. She walked faster. For a woman of her years, her step at that moment was light.

—MARY LAVIN

•

If someone you know is attending one of these colleges, here's something they should know that can save them money.
—*House adv. in the Times.*

Get thee to a deanery, *Times!*

PLOWSHARES, ANYONE?

THE new world peace-keeping machinery has been working much better since that fragile monopoly called the United Nations gave way to the lively checks and balances of the present two leagues—the Triple A (Afro-Asian-Arabic) and the PAL (Palestinian-Anglo-Saxon League). As the Commissioner of Peace said only yesterday, when the Triple A put Dahomey up on waivers, “It was folly indeed to have all our eggs in just one barrel.” He then posed for photographers in the act of throwing out the first ball to start the traditional Safety Valve Series, the annual foul-filled soccer game between minor powers from the rival leagues.

As peace fans are well aware, this dramatic realignment happened almost overnight, back in December of 1971, shortly after the expulsion of Taiwan from the old U.N. It all began late one evening at a West Side Syrian restaurant that was not even in the Diners Club, where several African, Asian, and Arabic ambassadors had assembled to celebrate Pearl Harbor Day. After a decent period of nostalgia, the shoptalk began.

“Can’t we expel Israel without having to seat the Anti-Defamation League?” said the Ambassador from Tunisia. “I mean, does it always have to be a straight one-in and one-out deal, so all the flagpoles come out right?”

“No, it can and should be a straight expulsion,” said Iraq. “Israel represents a very small minority of the world’s Jews. It’s a Jewish Taiwan, if I ever saw one.”

“Removing Taiwan was pleasant enough,” Malaysia said, “but this should be even more fun. Do you think we can get Day-Dean’s to cater the party in the aisles?”

The following day, in the General Assembly, the Ambassador of Cameroon rose, majestically suppressed a giggle, and moved that Israel be expelled by sundown for a three-part reason:

(1) She represented only two per cent of the world’s Jews;

(2) Her Prime Minister was not a member of the U.F.T.;

(3) Both of the above.

Caught by surprise, United States Ambassador George Bush moved that the expulsion of Israel be considered a silly question and sent back to committee for study. While France tried to filibuster by reading from the Song of Solomon, Bush ran to a telephone and gave President Nixon the alarming news.

“Tell them to leave with dignity,” the President said.

“But it’ll be another bad rebuff for the United States,” said Bush.

“Not if we vote with the majority. See how it’s going, George, by the time they get to us. That’s what’s nice about being down in the ‘U’s.”

When Bush returned to the hall, Israel was requesting a one-day postponement of the vote. “Unfortunately, my country in the past has been forced into a few friendly dealings with the United States,” Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban said, “so it is only fair that we be given a day to try to dissociate ourselves. I want the delegates to know that at this very moment in Haifa we’re uprooting fifty trees that were planted by some Milwaukee dentists.”

Israel was granted a compromise sixteen-hour postponement and at once began a telethon to solicit votes against her expulsion. All through the night, pledges were phoned to Jerry Lewis in the studios of N.E.T. By dawn, Israel had promises of support from almost a hundred nations, including several enemies who thought they were fighting arthritis. A few hours later, however, when the expulsion vote was held, Israel lost by 119 to 8. “That’s what always happens with these damn telethons,” Abba Eban said as he left the hall. “Pledges are cheap.”

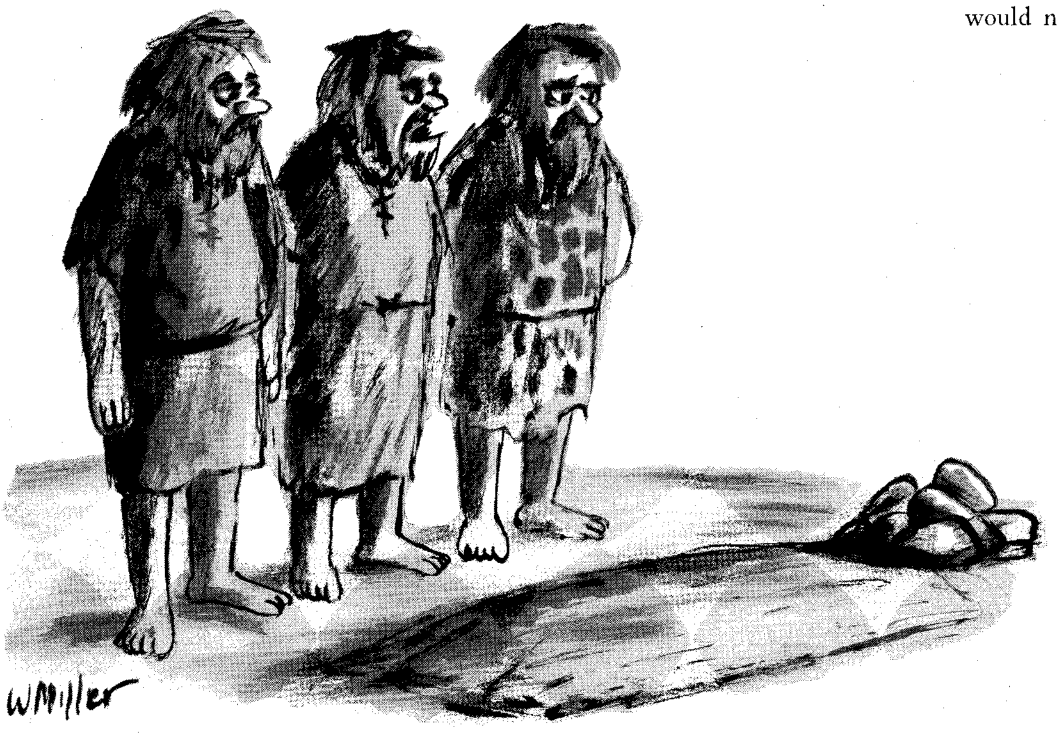
EARLY the following evening, at the Syrian restaurant, the Triple A nations jubilantly resumed their editing of the U.N. membership. “I just realized something *delicious!*” said the Moroccan Ambassador. “Israel and Formosa spell ‘if.’ Now, if we knock off an ‘R,’ we’ll have a great start on ‘riffraff.’ Almost any ‘Republic of ——’ will do.”

There was a burst of applause, some banging of silverware, and then an impromptu singing of the first-act finale from “Kismet.” When the discussion resumed, the delegates unanimously decided on Rhodesia as an “R” that would never be missed; Rumania was chosen as backup “R.” At twenty-three minutes past eleven the next morning, Rhodesia was excused from further peace-keeping. That evening, the Triple A reassembled for dinner as usual, although Egypt said it was time to try the couscous at Schrafft’s.

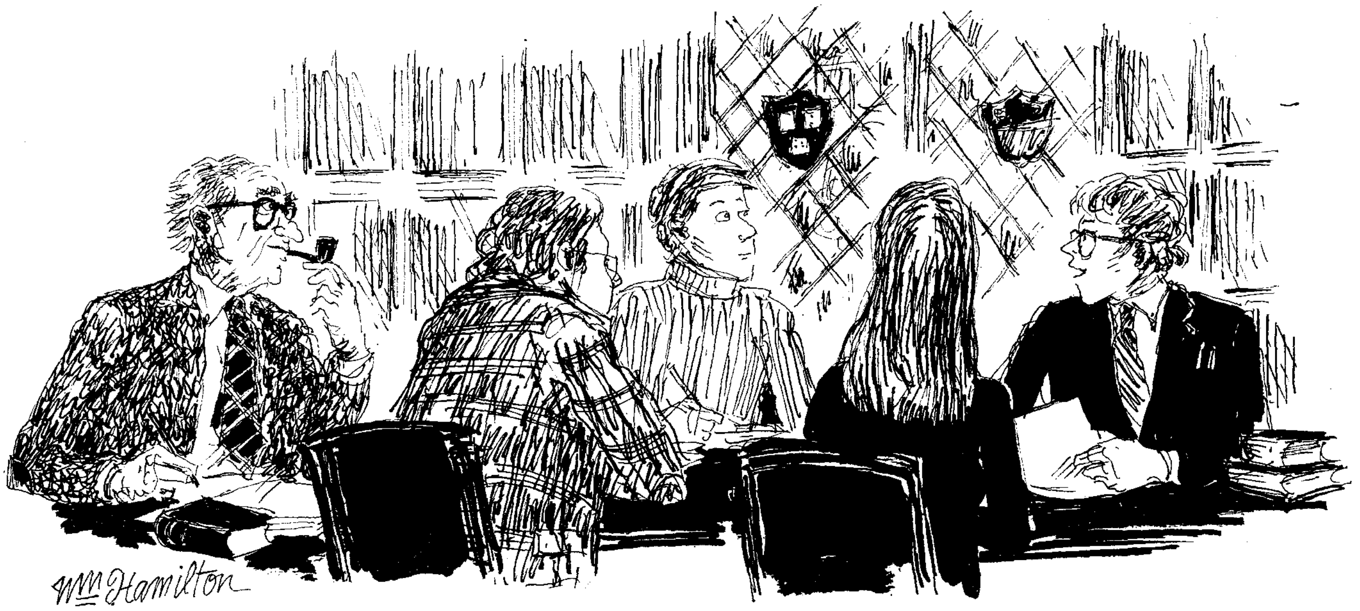
“Those first three bouncings were nice,” Malawi said, “but we all know, of course, who the cleanup expulsion should be.” And he started softly humming “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

“But the United States pays for a third of the whole organization,” Afghanistan said. “Isn’t it better to keep humiliating them from the inside?”

“No!” Malawi cried. “Every nation with a proud



“Shouldn’t he have a bigger monument? After all, he did invent taxes.”



"The tautology of their symbolism thus begins to achieve mythic proportions in 'A Day at the Races,' 'Duck Soup,' and 'A Night at the Opera.'"

• •

tradition of forgetting debts is revolted by America's flaunting of its wealth. We can't all achieve the splendor of the hundred and fourteen million owed by the Soviet Union, but this continuous American check-grabbing has to be stopped."

"How do you think the U.S. will vote on its expulsion?" Upper Volta asked. "I would hate to initiate something they might be for."

"You know, I may be an old softie," said Jordan musingly, "but it was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who donated the land for the buildings."

"You oilmen always stick together," Tanzania said. "You don't see the insidious effect of American wealth. Just look how the Chinese have been overtipping at the Roosevelt."

They voted, and there was cheering and dancing as the Triple A unanimously agreed that it was time to remove the cause of the U.N.'s solvency. The next day, in the Delegates' Lounge, the Ugandan Ambassador gently embraced George Bush and said, "Look, I don't know exactly how to put this, my dear friend, but a bunch of us were wondering how you people would feel about being expelled. I can guarantee that the Rockefellers could have the land back."

"How would we feel about being expelled?" said Bush. "Gosh, that's a toughie. It would have to be done without any smirking or Mardi Gras, of course."

"Oh, certainly. In fact, we could give you a much better sendoff than Israel or Taiwan, because they left from sitting positions. A nation like the United States deserves the rostrum effect. You can march out in disgust at the end of a speech, like Haile Selassie from the old League of Nations."

Bush's eyes lit up. "Yes, and nobody marches like an American. I could go all the way to Madison Avenue."

"And don't forget the P.R. aspects, George," said the Ugandan Ambassador. "I'm sure that some of your major allies like the Maldive Islands and Fiji would probably walk out with you."

"Just hold it a sec while I call the White House," said Bush.

Five minutes later, the President was saying to Bush, "You mean we *really* have a chance to get thrown out?"

"With style," said Bush. "Don't forget that I'm an old quarter-miler, Mr. President."

"Terrific! Even the Senate will be wild for it."

"And you haven't heard all the terms, Mr. President. We're taking them to the cleaners. They're going to give us back the land and move the whole shebang to Toronto."

"Which is where an International League team *belongs*," the President said. "But just suppose—speaking hypothetically—that we were against the plan."

"I'm afraid they've got the votes. The Mexican Ambassador has twice been seen in the Roosevelt coffee shop."

"Well, we needn't be hypothetical. Americans heavily favor our getting out. The latest Gallup Poll has forty-three per cent of the people damning the U.N., and a reassuring twenty-two per cent with no opinion. Of course, there are a few leftover Eleanor Roosevelt nuts who still get misty about San Francisco."

"They'll just have to understand that we can be much more peace-loving as a free-lance. Why, we might even have the power that China had when she was outside."

"And we can turn the UNICEF Christmas-card business over to Hallmark, in a major victory for free enterprise," the President said. "George, get ready to march."

Thirteen hours later, the United States was expelled from the United Nations. The aisles-party lasted for seventeen hours. George Bush proudly walked all the way to Central Park, where he gave his shoes to the Smithsonian Institution. The following day, the Triple A moved to Toronto, the U.N. was closed for lack of a quorum, and the PAL was formed in Houston, where the first soccer game, between Guinea and Greece, ended in a scoreless tie—a political success in spite of the AstroTurf. In New York City, after brief deliberation, the Landmarks Preservation Commission voted not to accept the four unusual buildings in Turtle Bay.

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

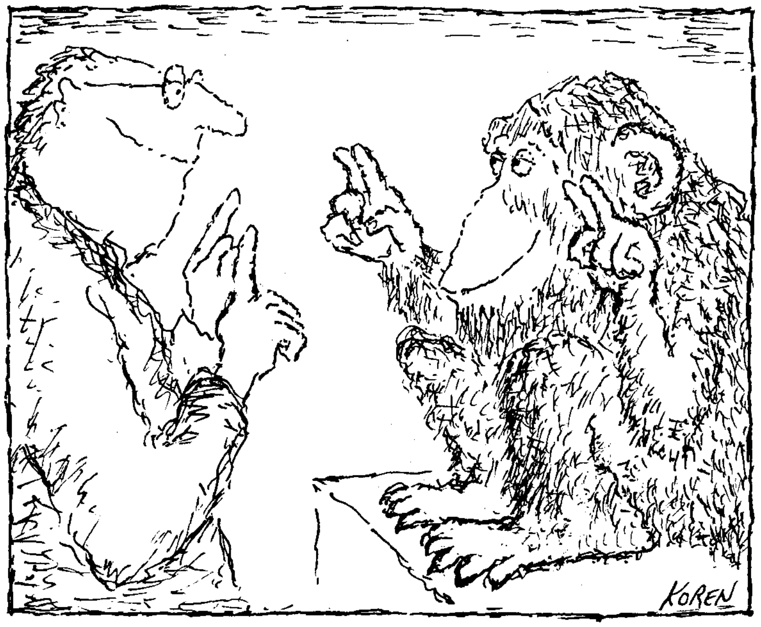
•

BLDR. Before you get around to trimming a house, you've got to have a house. You know, we have building codes that tell us the minimum standards we have to stick to so people are protected against winding up with a house that's not going to fall down in the first strong breeze.—*New Homes Guide.*

You hate people?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WASHOESE



"WHY teach apes to talk?" a wry undergraduate of my acquaintance asked me a while ago. "Ought to keep 'em in their place. They'll just get uppity." The young man knew that I had been intensely interested in recent attempts to establish—or perhaps I should say improve—communication between man and chimpanzee. Over the past few years, psychologists, linguistics experts, and anatomists have been paying increasing attention to experiments in this field. One of these that is especially interesting has been carried on recently at the University of Nevada, in Reno, under the direction of Dr. R. Allen Gardner, of the Psychology Department, and his wife, Beatrice T. Gardner, also a psychologist. The Gardners' primary concern has been with the extent to which another species might be able to use human language, as a study in comparative psychology. Inevitably, one of their concerns was with the question of what language is. The answer is not simple. If you look up the word in any two dictionaries—let alone three or four—you will not find much agreement between definitions, and it might be said that in the academic world generally no definer is satisfied with any definition but his own. Gardner classifies language as primarily a form of behavior, but then he is a behaviorist. If we define it as primarily a vocal manifestation, we come up against the talking birds, such as parrots and mynas, which imitate the sounds we make without, apparently, any conception of what they are saying. Yet our nearest relatives, the anthropoid apes, do not speak at all. Why? Many people have grappled with this question. The father of American primatology, the psychobiologist Robert Mearns Yerkes, pointed out in 1925 that chimpanzees, though they "aped" many human actions, never tried to imitate the sounds we made. "Things which are seen tend to be imitated or reproduced," he said, in "Chimpanzee Intelligence and Its Vocal Expressions," written with Mrs. Blanche W. Learned. "What is heard is not reproduced. Obviously an animal which lacks the tendency to reinstate auditory stimuli—in other words to imitate sounds—cannot reasonably be expected to talk."

Anyone reading the literature on this subject will come upon the story of a young chimpanzee called Viki: in the late nineteen-forties and early fifties, a couple in Florida named Keith and Cathy Hayes, exercising immense patience and ingenuity, arduously taught Viki to pronounce four monosyllabic English words, whose meanings she seemed to understand, at least in part. Other people have laboriously trained other apes—several chimpanzees and one orangutan—to say some of the same words that Viki learned, but none of these animals have developed a vocabulary superior to Viki's, and it seems unlikely today that any teacher will persist further in an endeavor whose rewards are so slight. (It has meanwhile been established that chimps' vocal equipment is totally different from ours.) Yerkes, who pointed out that chimpanzees make a lot of gestures with their hands, suggested that further studies be made of their behavior in the wild to find out whether they used such gestures to communicate with one another. Dr. Adriaan Kortlandt, of the University of Amsterdam's Department of Animal Psychology and Ethology, did this. In 1967, after one of several expeditions he made to Africa, he published a paper, "Use of Hands in Chimpanzees in the Wild," which it is a great pity Yerkes could not have seen. (He died in 1956.) "Generally speaking, chimpanzees use their hands in everyday life in the wild in virtually the same way that human beings do under similar conditions," reported Dr. Kortlandt. He pointed out that they use sticks and branches as tools, although in a more limited fashion than we do, while otherwise behaving like human beings when it comes to manipulation. In fact, they have an advantage over people: in the dense bush or forest, where human beings have to cut their way with machetes, chimps simply push along by breaking off the twigs and branches that impede them, their strong hands being the only implements they need. In the same way, they bend or break boughs and twigs when they are making nests for the night. As Jane van Lawick-Goodall, a pioneer watcher of chimps in the wild (whose latest book on the subject is "In the Shadow of Man"), first observed, the apes trim sticks and use them to gather termites or honey. Kortlandt has seen them, in hostile or defensive situations, brandishing sticks threateningly, like clubs, and also beating the ground with them. Chimps in these situations also throw things, though their aim is terrible. As for gesturing, Kortlandt wrote, "It is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of the hand in chimpanzee social life. . . . The hand is used to beg for food, to ask and give reassurance and encouragement . . . and in various other kinds of contact." He noted incidentally that chimps in different localities—in the forest and the savanna, for instance—exhibit occasional differences in their gestures. "Come with me" is expressed by various hand gestures, some of which differ from one area to another. There are gestures, he went on, for saying "May I pass?" and "You are welcome."

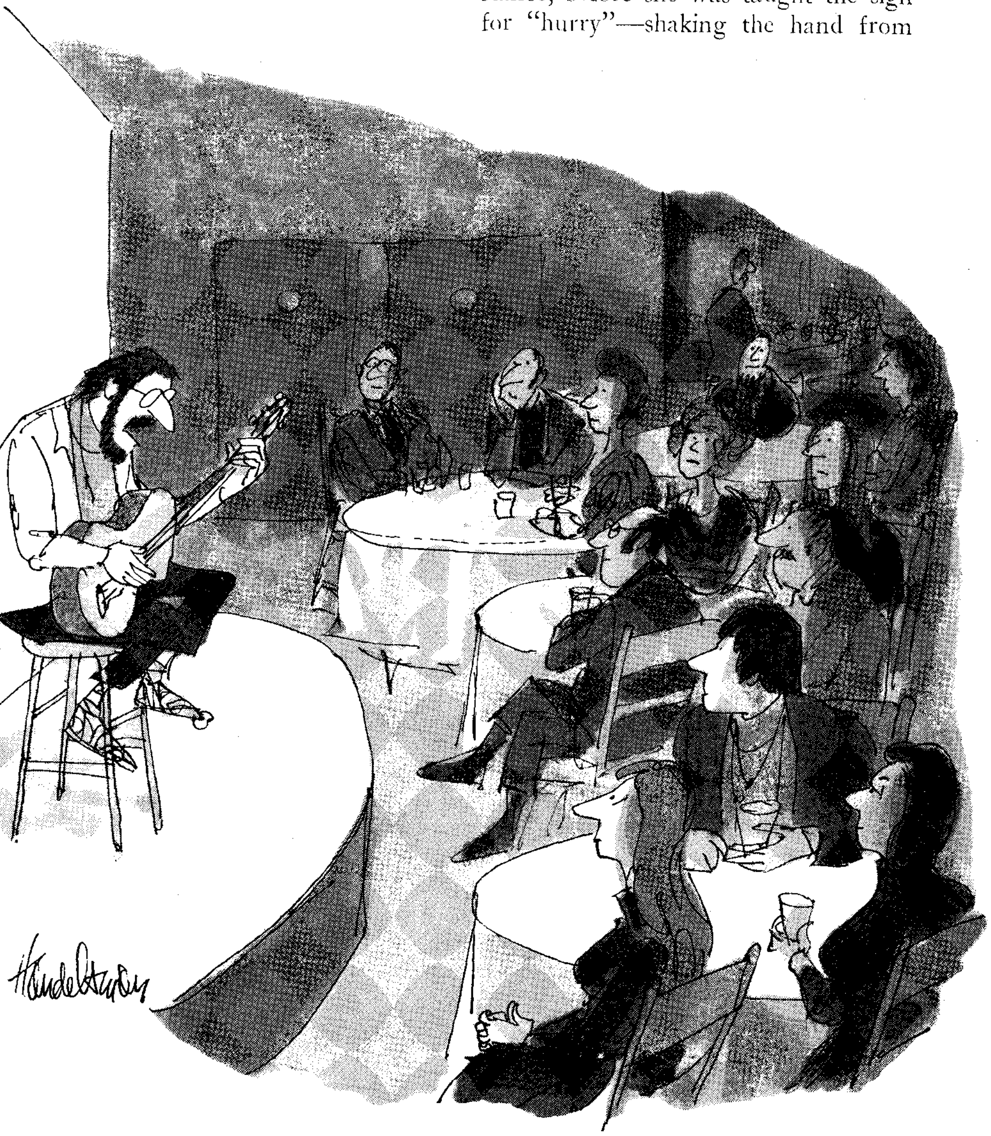
"When trying to interpret the meanings of expressive gestures observed in chimpanzees, one comes upon many fundamental questions," Dr. Kortlandt wrote, rather apologetically. "First, one always wonders: Which of us is the anthropomorphic one: the ape in his ‘anthropoid’ behavior or I, in my ‘anthropomorphizing’ explanations? The concepts currently used in comparative-behavior research . . . simply do not work when we try to apply them to species whose behavior is to such a large extent environmentally and culturally shaped as in chimpanzee and man.”

Among other signs or gestures, Kortlandt observed two kinds of stop signals. One, used only by forest chimpanzees, is exactly like that of a traffic cop—the hand held aloft, palm out. There is an aggressive “Be off” gesture—or, rather, two gestures. One, a kind of scooping underhand signal, is used in the Gombe Stream Reserve, near Lake Tanganyika, whereas in the Beni Reserve, in West Africa, chimps wave away unwelcome visitors overhand. Everywhere, however, in forest or plain, undecided or puzzled chimps are apt to scratch themselves. All in all, Kortlandt noted, “The manipulative possibilities available in the chimpanzee hand are far from fully exploited in its use for gesturing.”

WHEN this paper was published, the Gardners were already doing something about exploiting manipulative possibilities in chimpanzees. In June, 1966, they had acquired a wild-caught female chimp somewhere between eight and fourteen months old—roughly the equivalent of a year-old human baby—and, having named the ape Washoe, after their county in Nevada, had set to work teaching her the American Sign Language, or A.S.L., which is used in the United States for and by deaf children. Washoe was kept away from all other chimpanzees and from most other human beings. A few students and assistants worked intensively with the Gardners in tutoring her, and a few carefully selected human friends were allowed to observe. No one was permitted to speak in her presence, because it was feared at first that she might find it easier to understand spoken words than the sign language, and would therefore neglect the latter in favor of the former. Even after the Gardners concluded that there was no danger of this—for Washoe did sometimes overhear speech, accidentally, without mishap—they carried on with the rule just the same, because this forced everyone around the chimpanzee to become fluent in A.S.L. Not only did the Gardners address sign-language remarks to the chimp but they constantly talked to each other the same way in her presence, on the theory that the more sign-language talk she saw, the sooner she would try to join in.

Washoe lived in a trailer, in a yard surrounded by a high fence. During all her waking hours, she had the company of at least one person, and preferably of two, who talked away in A.S.L. while playing with her or attending to her needs. It worked. Little by little, she began using the gestures she saw—a number of different ones at first, all mixed up and sketchily performed. Often, her teachers guided her hands to assist the learning process. As time went on, and her friends made signs of approval and rewarded her—or, in behaviorist language, “reinforced her responses”—her technique improved. Some A.S.L. words were changed and adapted for her use, since chimpanzee hands are not quite the same as human hands, and a young chimpanzee’s motor control of its hands is not as good as ours. For example, the A.S.L. sign for “please” consists of rubbing the hand over the heart in a circular motion, which is a little elaborate for a chimp. Washoe passes her open hand across her chest, but the sign is perfectly intelligible and she uses it often. The Gardners call this sort of chimpanzee A.S.L. “Washoese.”

Washoe’s human teachers learned a few things from her as well. For instance, before she was taught the sign for “hurry”—shaking the hand from



“I got a big house in Scarsdale, and it makes me feel so bad.
Yeah, I got this big house in Scarsdale, Lord, and it makes
me feel so bad.
’Cause the taxes are so high, Lord, they the highest Scarsdale
ever done had.”

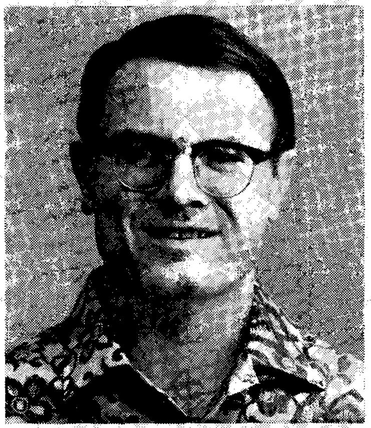
the wrist, two fingers held together—she was using an approximation of it, without bothering about holding any fingers together. Her human friends deduced, correctly, that chimpanzees in the wild do shake their hands in this manner when they are in a hurry. Washoe also demonstrated very soon that she could grasp a concept and enlarge or transfer the application of it, as when she learned the sign for "open," in which one closed hand is pulled away from the other. It was taught to her when she wished a particular door to be opened, but once she had mastered the sign, she used it in requesting—or demanding—the opening of any and every door; she signalled "Open" in reference to boxes of various kinds, and then she signalled "Open" when she was presented with a bottle of soda, and finally when she wanted someone to turn a water faucet on. Standing impatiently by the trailer's refrigerator, she would signal "Open, hurry." At the age of four, Washoe was using eighty signs and learning more all the time. About a year later, two observers, J. Bronowski and Ursula Bellugi, wrote in the magazine *Science*, "We now see from the experiment . . . that there is convincing evidence that a chimpanzee can be taught to use names for things." I read this article, and everything else I could find about the work in Reno. I learned that by the beginning of 1971 Washoe had a hundred and fifty signs in her repertoire, and that though a number of psychologists and linguistics professors were taking the experiment seriously, many others were not. Some of the doubting Thomases simply dismissed the project as nonsensical; more of them felt impelled to attack it on various grounds. Reading some of the objections, I was reminded of the outcry against Darwin a little more than a century ago. Though it is, of course, a scientist's function to challenge every claim to a new discovery, it is also expected of him that until he has accepted or rejected a new idea he remain detached—which these people were not doing. A positively Calvinist passion throbbed in their writing as they scouted the possibility that an animal, a beast, a member of a lower order, might communicate so successfully with man. In subtle ways, and also in not so subtle ways, they downgraded the Gardners' accomplishment. One eminent psychobiologist declared that a chimp using sign language was simply a trained animal doing tricks, like a seal or a dog in a circus. I looked up "trick" in the dictionary and found:

> An artifice or stratagem . . . crafty procedure or practice; a cheating device . . . A mischievous or roguish act; a prank . . . A foolish action . . . A sly, dexterous, or ingenious feat or procedure fitted to puzzle or amuse . . . Knack; specif.: a quick or effective way of getting a result. . . . An artful or artificial expedient or contrivance; sometimes, a mere convention, as in art; as, to learn all the *tricks* of the stage. . . . An illusion, as one caused by art or legerdemain . . .

None of these terms seemed to apply to Washoe and her sign language, nor did the synonyms: "wile, ruse, subterfuge, fraud, cheat, imposture." The anti-Darwinians had been, for the most part, motivated by religious prejudice, and the most violent critics of Washoe and her tutors seemed, curiously, to be moved by something not so very dissimilar. If a chimp is able to communicate directly with us, what happens to the

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Miss Walters, I'd like you to know I did not select you as my secretary from the data-processing cards."



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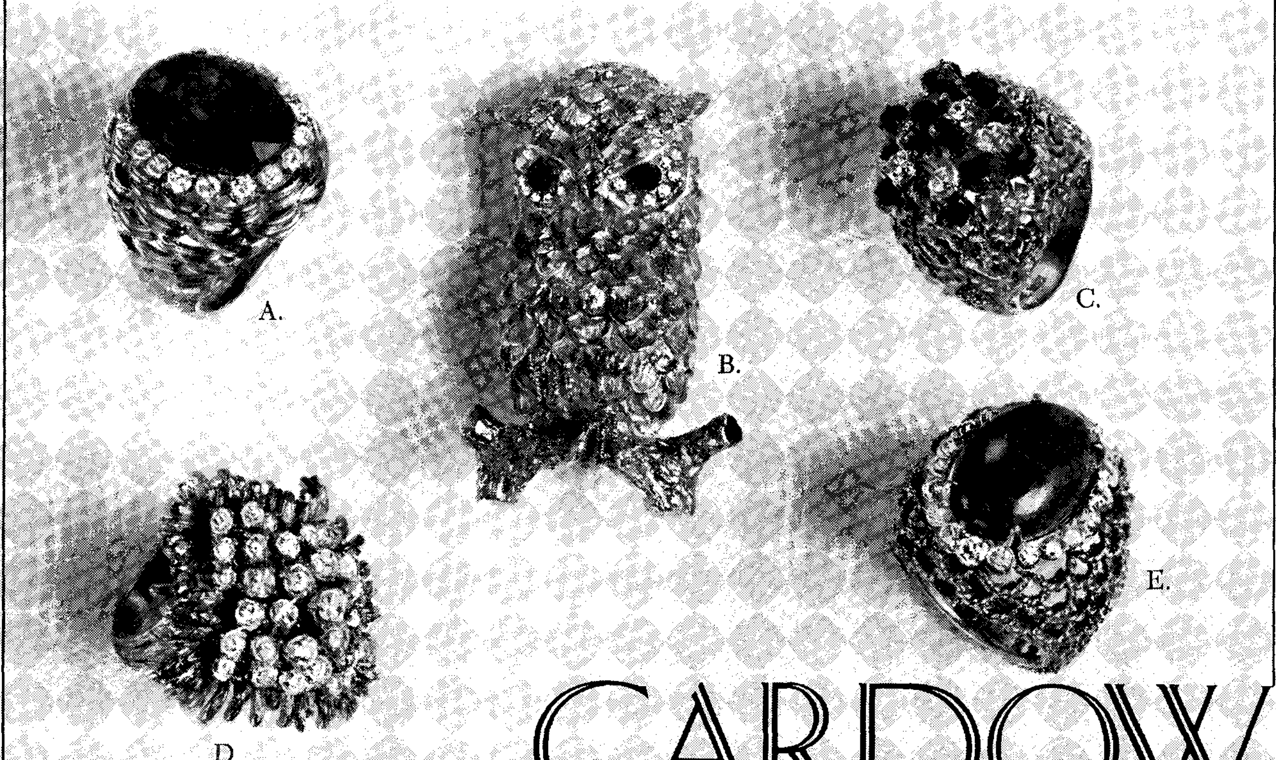

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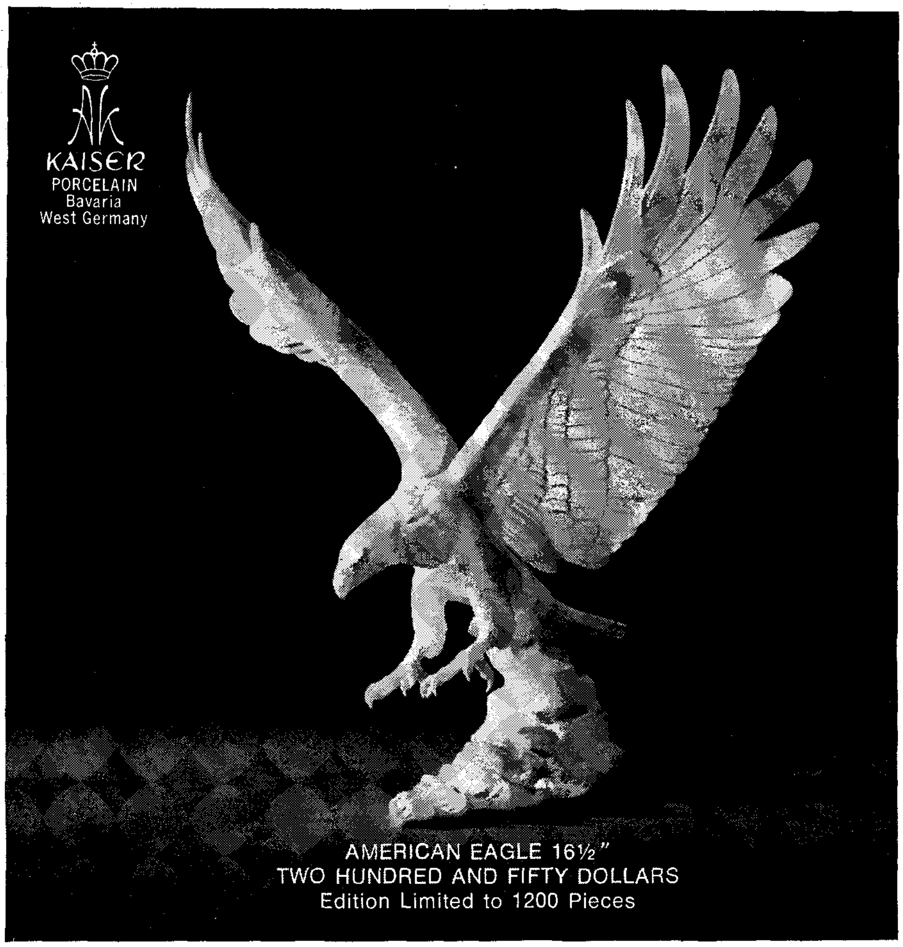
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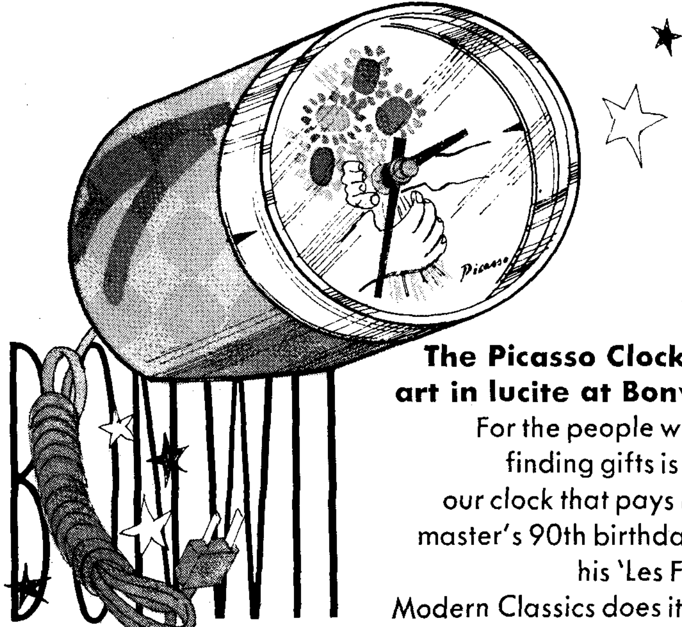
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tenet that the gift of speech is what separates man from beast? To quote Bronowski and Bellugi again, "It has never been in doubt since the time of Aristotle that language is a characteristically human accomplishment." If we have to admit that Washoe is getting near to using language, we must jettison that ancient belief, just as chimps have disproved the other definition of man's apartness—that he alone is a tool user. To have hard-and-fast ideas upset is indeed upsetting, even to alleged truth seekers, it seems. Less extreme commentators, while they have not flatly condemned Washoe, have been quite severe with her nevertheless. One has observed that her syntax is faulty and erratic, and another, after admitting that the Gardners have done an interesting thing, has called the chimpanzee's sign communication merely a kind of object-naming, which could not be dignified by the label of language. Washoe's syntax *is* erratic—now that I have some acquaintance with it, I would be the last to deny this—but, as the Gardners have pointed out, A.S.L. syntax does not profess to be that of English anyway. However, Washoe certainly does more than put names to objects. She uses verbs, and she also extends the meaning of words from particular to general applications, as in her various interpretations of "open."

The most emotional and unfavorable reaction to Washoe's accomplishments that I have encountered came not from a scientist but from a woman novelist I met at a cocktail party. I had just attended a showing of films of Washoe and I was full of the subject, so I spilled over and told my new acquaintance all about it. She stiffened. She said frostily, "I'm sorry. I don't approve."

"Approve of what? What is there to approve of?" I asked.

She said, "I happen to revere English. I happen to love it, especially poetry. I *worship* poets—Keats, Shelley, Yeats."

"Well, sure," I said. "But what's that got to do with teaching chimps to talk sign language?"

"I'm sorry," she said again. "But I don't want to hear any more about it." And she turned and walked away.

DETERMINED to keep their paragon safe from confusion and disturbance, the Gardners continued to enforce their rule that only certain colleagues could meet Washoe, or even look at her. Curious outsiders and sensation seekers were kept out of her domain—and I was, too, on the ground

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that I represented "the press" and thus was automatically undesirable. Up until 1971, the only evidence I was able to see of the chimpanzee's achievements was a series of moving-picture studies, which were made from time to time by the Gardners and their assistants as a record of the progress of their experiment, and a few short articles in scientific publications. One of the latter, a solemn piece of work by the Gardners on toilet-training a chimpanzee—Washoe, of course—nearly provoked me into sending them a telegram asking "WHAT ELSE IS NEW?," because, both as a mother and as a onetime owner of some chimpanzees, I had long since discovered for myself that such training is much the same whether the pupil is human or anthropoid. I throttled the telegram impulse, but I continued to resent my exclusion from the Gardner-Washoe household and to request help from people I knew who were closer to that household.

"Listen, believe me, you don't *want* to see Washoe," I was told by one of these, a professor, who had done so. "The Gardners are rearing her on a very permissive basis, and she's awful. She bites everybody. She's one nasty little chimp. Honestly." My friend Dr. William B. Lemmon, of the Psychology Department of the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, who also knew the Gardners and their chimp, didn't find Washoe's behavior that objectionable. "Spoiled" was all he said.

Nevertheless, I continued to pursue the subject, reading about language in general, and procuring a book called "Talk with Your Hands," by David O. Watson, a commercial artist. The most comprehensive work on A.S.L. is a volume called "A Dictionary of American Sign Language on Linguistic Principles," by Stokoe, Casterline, and Croneberg, but "Talk with Your Hands" is simpler and much more portable. Watson's whole family, himself excepted, was deaf. As a result, he became unusually fluent—for a talking, hearing person, that is—in A.S.L. His book, consisting almost entirely of illustrations rather than printed text, is a good introduction to the subject. I gathered that the advantage of A.S.L. over other sign languages is that it does not rely on the spelling out of words, and thus can be understood by the very young and by the otherwise illiterate. I studied the signs and worked at them a little, when I wasn't reading what various specialists had to say about speech and language.

I also continued to communicate with Dr. Lemmon, who maintains a good-sized colony of chimpanzees in

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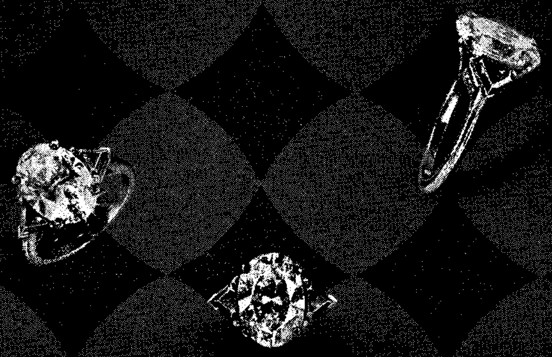

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Norman. His establishment, laboratory, farm—whichever one chooses to call it—also houses gibbons and some other primate species, as well as pigs and cattle, but it is in studies of the chimpanzee, *Pan troglodytes*, that he has invested the most time, money, and energy. A number of his chimps live in what he calls "integrated social groups," and some have bred successfully enough to produce eleven live births in ten years—no mean record for about a score of captive chimpanzees. But what attracted my special attention when we first met, a few years ago, was what he was doing with some of the infant apes: putting them out for adoption in local homes to be raised like human babies, on the theory that without other chimpanzees around to set examples in the "proper," or characteristic, behavior of their species they would reveal more of their innate, or inherited, characteristics. The results so far have fascinated Dr. Lemmon and enlightened him on many points, but I, because I am not a psychologist, find the problems faced by the apes' adoptive parents much more interesting. During my first visit to Norman, I met several of the families that had taken on the job of bringing up Lemmon's chimps from infancy until they reached sexual maturity, at the age of seven or eight.

One such family was that of Dr. and Mrs. Maury Temerlin, who had adopted a chimp named Lucy. Dr. Temerlin is a psychologist on the university faculty, and his wife, Jane, is Dr. Lemmon's secretary. Lucy seemed to me so intelligent and charming that I could not forget her. She was, and is, very much a member of the family. She sleeps in her parents' bedroom and has strong objections to their reading in bed after she has retired, because the light keeps her awake. Dr. Temerlin told me that if either of them ever tries to read in bed for a while, Lucy gets up, stalks across their supine bodies, switches off the reading lamp, and stomps back to bed. Once, Dr. Lemmon spoke appreciatively to me of the Temerlins' impeccable rearing of Lucy. In addition to their admirably patient and coöperative attitude, he said, they had everything that could be desired in a home for an adopted chimpanzee, including a sibling—a high-school-age son, named Steve.

Not long ago, when I was talking by long-distance telephone with Mrs. Temerlin in Norman, she said, "Did you know Washoe's here?"

I was surprised. "You mean there in Norman?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

The Gardners had been experienc-

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ing increasing difficulty with their pupil, who was getting older and stronger, and was restless in her trailer. Also, they were finding it hard to get experienced assistants. At the age of six, Washoe was becoming willful and was so strong that, though they hated to do it, they were calling a halt to the experiment. The Gardners had appealed to Dr. Lemmon, and he had readily agreed to take over the chimp. Mrs. Temerlin said, "As a matter of fact, Dr. Lemmon's right here. Let him tell you about it."

"Yes, we've got the girl," Dr. Lemmon's voice said cheerfully. "We're resocializing her. She was a little unhappy at first, but she's living with other chimps in the colony right now. A Ph.D. and a graduate student came from Reno with her to settle her in, and they'll probably stay on with us." As a matter of fact, he went on, now that Washoe was in the colony, she was signing away as much as she'd ever done, though staff members were talking normally all around her. "Another thing," he said. "We're teaching most of the chimps the sign language now—that is, the colony and the adopted ones as well, any of them who are young enough. The Temerlins' Lucy is turning out to be the brightest of the lot. She's really amazing, the way she tears along. She goes much faster than Washoe ever did—though, of course, Washoe was only two when she began signing, whereas Lucy was four. She's been at it for more than a year. Everybody's working hard at this. Why don't you come out and see how it's going?"

Mrs. Temerlin came back to the telephone to say, "Yes, do come. You can stay with us and Lucy."

MY plane landed at the Oklahoma City airport late one afternoon, and Mrs. Temerlin and Dr. Lemmon were there to meet me. We drove directly to the Doctor's farm. On the way, he reported that Washoe had now accepted the fact that she was a chimpanzee, and was getting along all right with her companions. "She'd bully the juveniles if she could get away with it, but the other adults wouldn't let her. They ganged up on her when she tried anything. Now she is very maternal and solicitous toward the others," he said.

The familiar colony building, close by the Lemmons' house, was quite dark inside by the time we entered, but at the sight of their leader the animals set up a welcoming clamor, banging on the metal doors and crowding to the front of the cages.

"There she is," Dr. Lemmon said,

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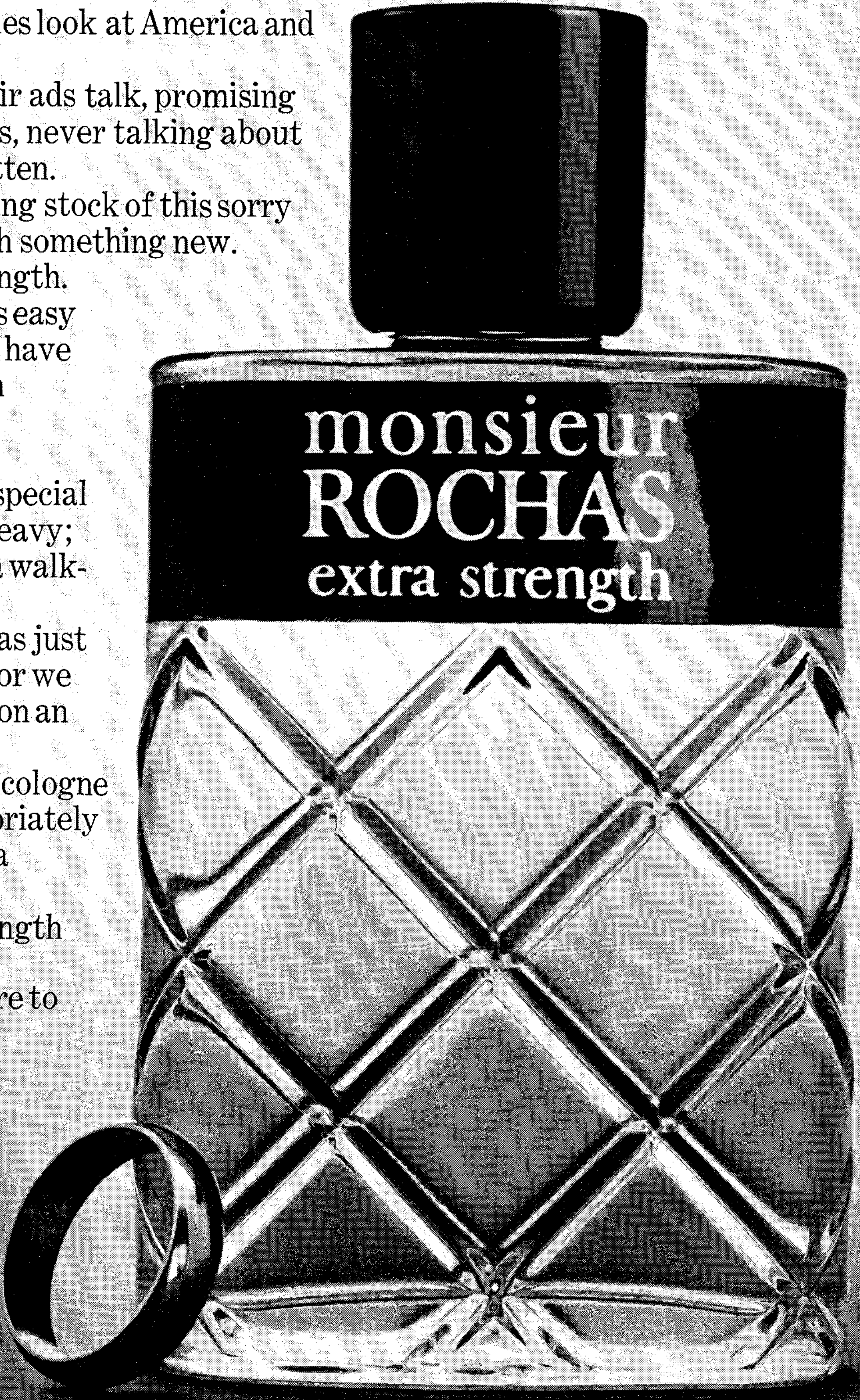

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and pointed to a figure at one side of the row facing us.

I stared at Washoe. "But she's enormous," I said at last. "Are you sure she's only six?"

"More or less. She can't be much older, but she's certainly big for her age," said Dr. Lemmon. "It might be a result of overfeeding—they gave her things to eat whenever she wanted them, and she was much too fat when she got here. She's slimmed down a little, but she's still greedy. Just look at her now."

I did, and I saw that Washoe was signing. There could be no doubt about it—the gestures were swift and clear. Punctuating them with the begging sign that all chimps seem to come by naturally, holding her hand out entreatingly, she asked us to open the door, to give her something sweet, and to let her have a drink. Twice she added "please." Then she held out her hand again, rubbed one cheek with a closed fist, and held the fist before her face, thumb pointing toward her mouth.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Dr. Lemmon. "Her stomach is all she thinks about. That means 'Gimme fruit drink.' "

"Not absolutely all," said Mrs. Temerlin. "She was so miserable at first, poor thing, that she kept asking us to let her out and to love her. And she communicated on other subjects. Once, she was next to a female named Thelma, who happens to be very dark. Roger Fouts, the Ph.D. from Nevada who had worked with Washoe at the Gardners', asked her who Thelma was. Washoe said, 'Black woman.' "

"She wasn't being racist," Dr. Lemmon hastily assured me. "She was merely expressing two ideas—'black' and 'female.' But a day or so later, when she was asked the same question about the whole colony, she called them 'bugs'—insects."

"That was the first day I saw her sign a whole long combination," said Mrs. Temerlin. "She said to Roger Fouts, 'Roger Washoe go out hurry.' She was always saying 'out' those days."

I cried, "Look! There's another one doing it—asking for a drink. See him? Over there in the corner."

"Oh, yes, they're trying out a lot of it." Dr. Lemmon sounded remarkably offhand, it seemed to me, but, of course, a bunch of chimps talking A.S.L. wasn't new to him.

Before we left, he picked up a young male from the colony and carried him along to the house, saying, "We usually give this one a little visit in the

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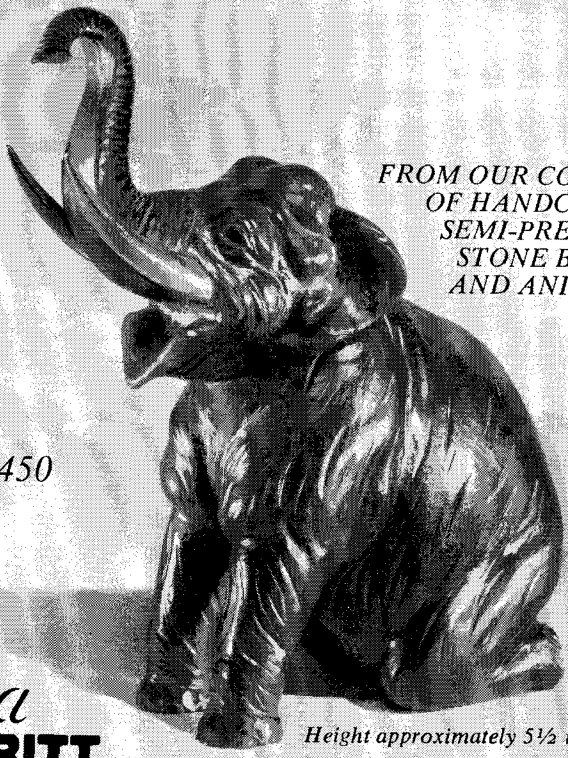

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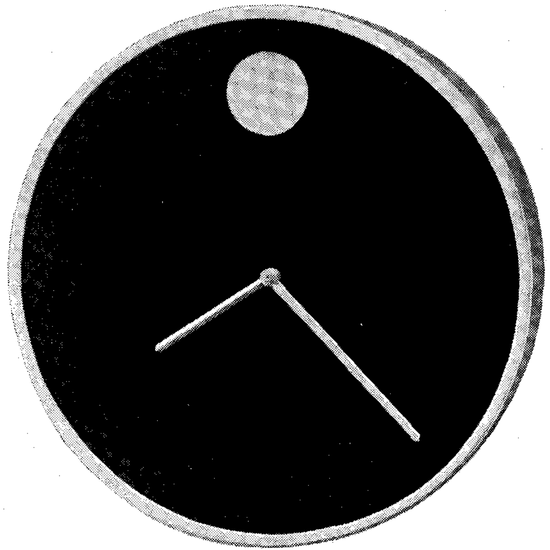

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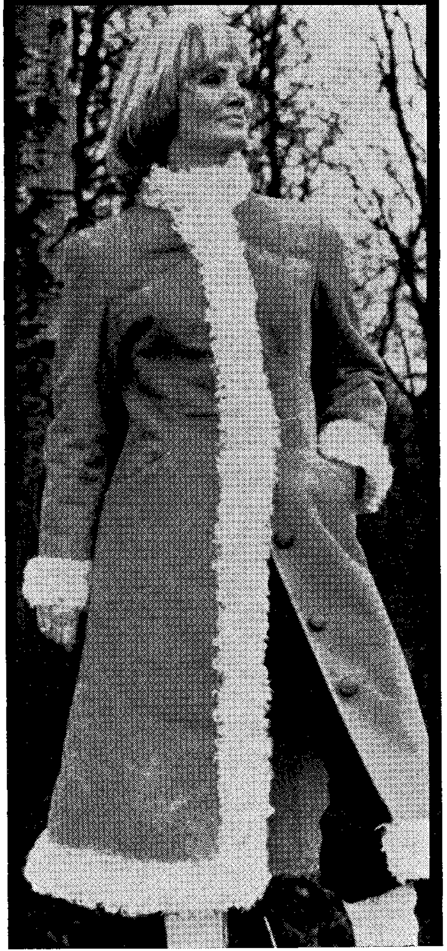

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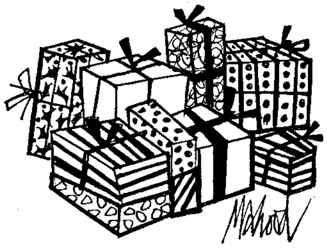
evening. It's Bruno. Remember him?"

I did remember Bruno, but only by name. During my earlier visit, he had been much on Dr. Lemmon's mind, because his adoption hadn't worked out. His surrogate mother had taken him away, then had had domestic problems and decided she was emotionally unequal to coping with an infant chimp. I recalled a lot of telephoning to and fro about the mechanics of getting Bruno back to Oklahoma without causing trauma. Dr. Lemmon has written, "In our experience, an adopted chimpanzee infant is clearly not the solution of choice for a precarious marriage, but may be of some therapeutic value to the potential human mother who, for whatever reason, is uncertain of her maternal competence. Some of our placements have not worked and we have had to come to terms, so far successfully, with anaclitic depressions and atypical neurological states which in a human infant would have been indicative of severe central nervous pathology."



Bruno now seemed well adjusted. Before we reached the Lemmons' door, he decided to come to me, and he clung around my neck until we entered the house and he saw Mrs. Lemmon. He immediately moved to her. "A little mothering every evening does him a lot of good," said Dr. Lemmon.

By the time I returned home with the Temerlins, it was quite late. Unlocking the front door, Mrs. Temerlin said, "It looks as if Steve put Lucy to bed before he went out." But when her husband turned on the living-room light, a figure wrapped in a blanket sat up from the sofa and Lucy blinked sleepily at us. "Lucy," I said. She came over and kissed me.

"She's grown, too," I said. "She isn't anything like as big as Washoe, but she's grown."

Lucy tucked her chin into my shoulder and dozed off again.

"We don't notice, seeing her every day, but I suppose she must look bigger," said my hostess. "Look, I'm giving you a key to your room and to the bathroom. Life in this house couldn't go on at all without keys. Try to keep everything locked, and don't let Lucy get hold of your keys. Whenever she finds one, she goes all around the house trying it out, and sometimes she finds the right door before I can catch her. Last week, she locked me in the patio and I had to shout for hours before Maury heard me and let me out. We've run through dozens of keys. Come on, Lucy—bedtime."

In the morning, I managed to get from bedroom to bathroom and back into the bedroom without being waylaid by Lucy, but all the locking and unlocking slowed me down, and by the time I was dressed and ready for breakfast she was waiting outside my door. When I opened it, she slipped swiftly past me into the room, where she began investigating its contents, including my suitcase.

"Jane! Help!" I called.

Mrs. Temerlin hurried in. "Get out, nosy!" she said sharply. Lucy obeyed.

I then left the room with Mrs. Temerlin, locked the door, and joined the others at the breakfast table.

Lucy was behaving strangely. Arms swinging, eyes fixed on me, she ran backward down the hall.

"What's the matter with her?" I asked.

"She wants you to chase her," said Mrs. Temerlin, as she came in with glasses of orange juice and put them on the table. "No, Lucy, not now," she said. "Sit down and have your breakfast."

Mrs. Temerlin and I sipped our juice, but the chimp, ignoring hers, seated herself on an arm of my chair with an arm across my shoulders and watched raptly as I drank. I offered the glass to her, but she didn't accept it; instead, she took my hand with the glass in it and firmly pushed it toward my mouth. Her light-brown eyes followed my every move, and whenever I swallowed she made an echoing gulp. Then, as if to get an even better view, she shifted herself into my lap and put her face so close to mine that the scanty beard on her chin tickled me. It is not easy to eat a fried egg around a chimp's head, but I managed.

"What do you suppose this means?" I asked Mrs. Temerlin.

"I don't really know. Eating does seem to interest her. You're sure she isn't bothering you?"

"Absolutely. Oh, look, she's blowing on my coffee to cool it."

"Yes, she does that."

"Kind Lucy. Thank you," I said. "No, Lucy, I really don't want another piece of toast." I got it just the same, firmly shoved into my mouth.

I was to go to Dr. Lemmon's farm that morning with Dr. Fouts and watch colony chimpanzees at their signing lessons, then come back to watch Lucy get a private tutoring ses-

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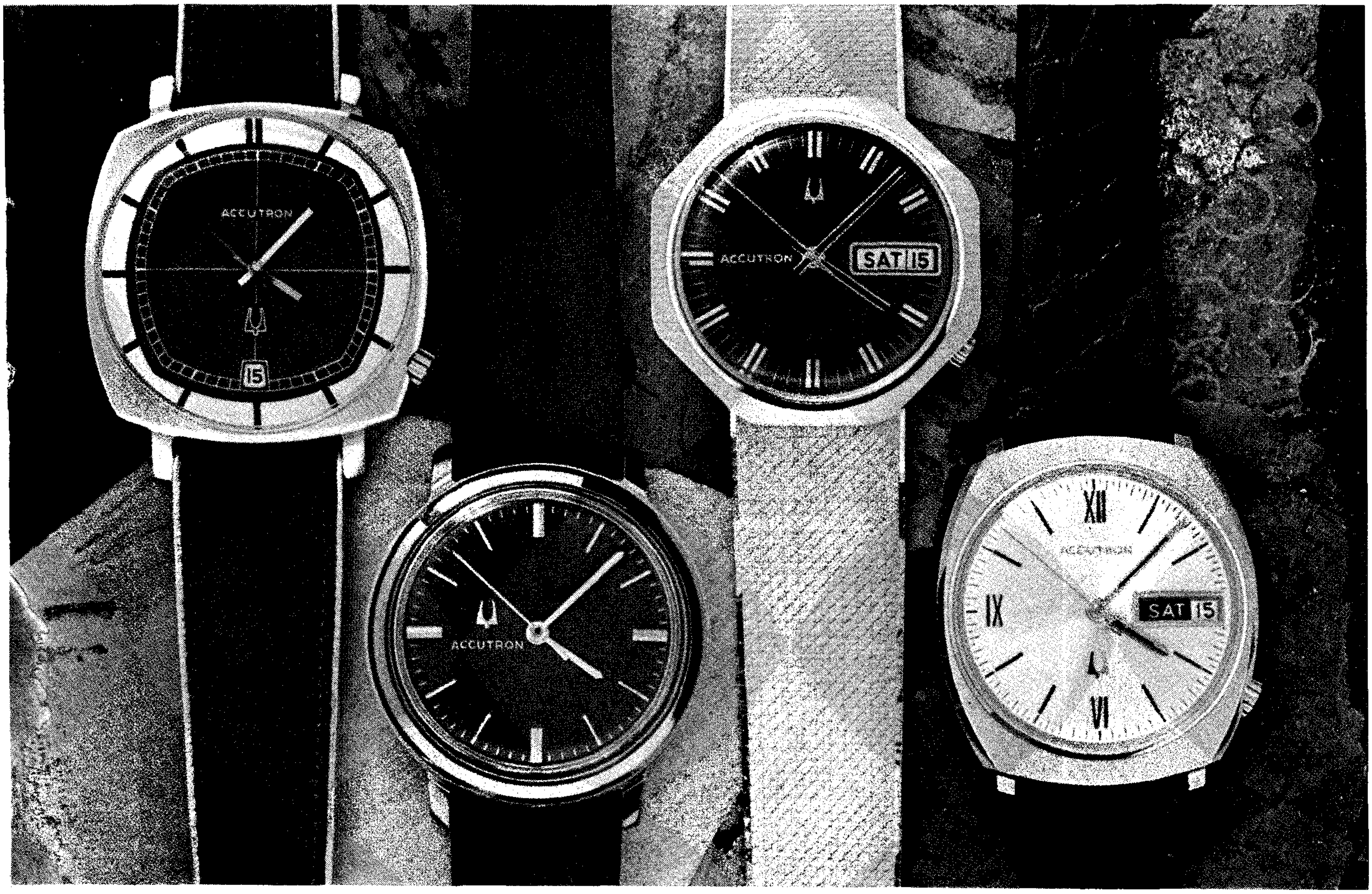

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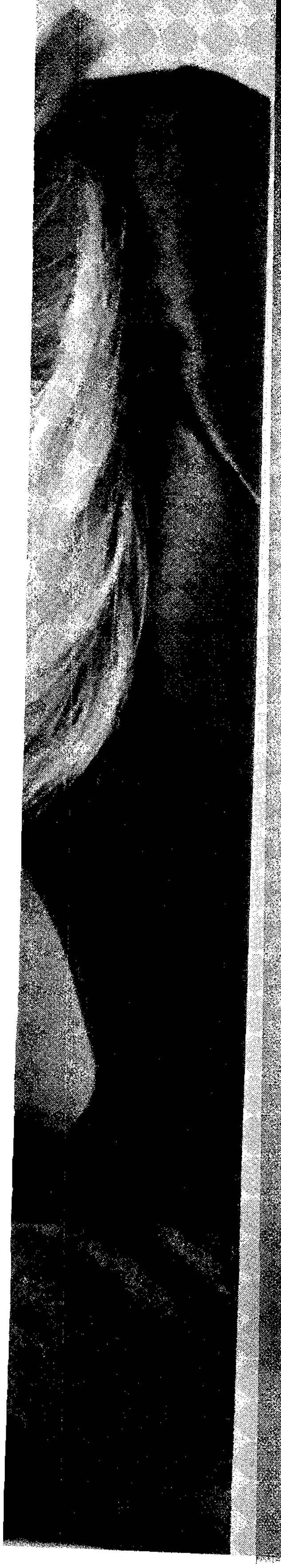

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Imported by General Wine & Spirits Company, New York, N.Y., 70 Proof sion at lunchtime. As Mrs. Temerlin and I were discussing the necessary arrangements, a truck rolled into the driveway. Lucy went to the door and tugged at one of her ears—the sign, I realized, for the letter "R."

"That'll be Roger," said Mrs. Temerlin.

A young man with long fair hair was walking up to the door, pulling a bunch of keys from his pocket as he came. He unlocked the door and entered. All the laboratory people, I learned, have keys to the houses where adopted chimps live, so that they can circulate and give lessons. This makes for an intensely communal kind of life; nobody is ever out of touch, because everybody can be reached by telephone at one place or another all day. Lucy greeted the visitor with enthusiasm, and he returned her greeting with tickles. She rolled over on the sofa and laughed as chimpanzees do, with hoarse, whispered gasps.

Mrs. Temerlin introduced us, then asked, "Roger, did you see Lucy tell me you were coming?"

"No—did she?" Dr. Fouts turned to the chimp. "Let's see it again, Lucy," he said. He wrote a question mark in the air and pointed to himself, which means "Who am I?"

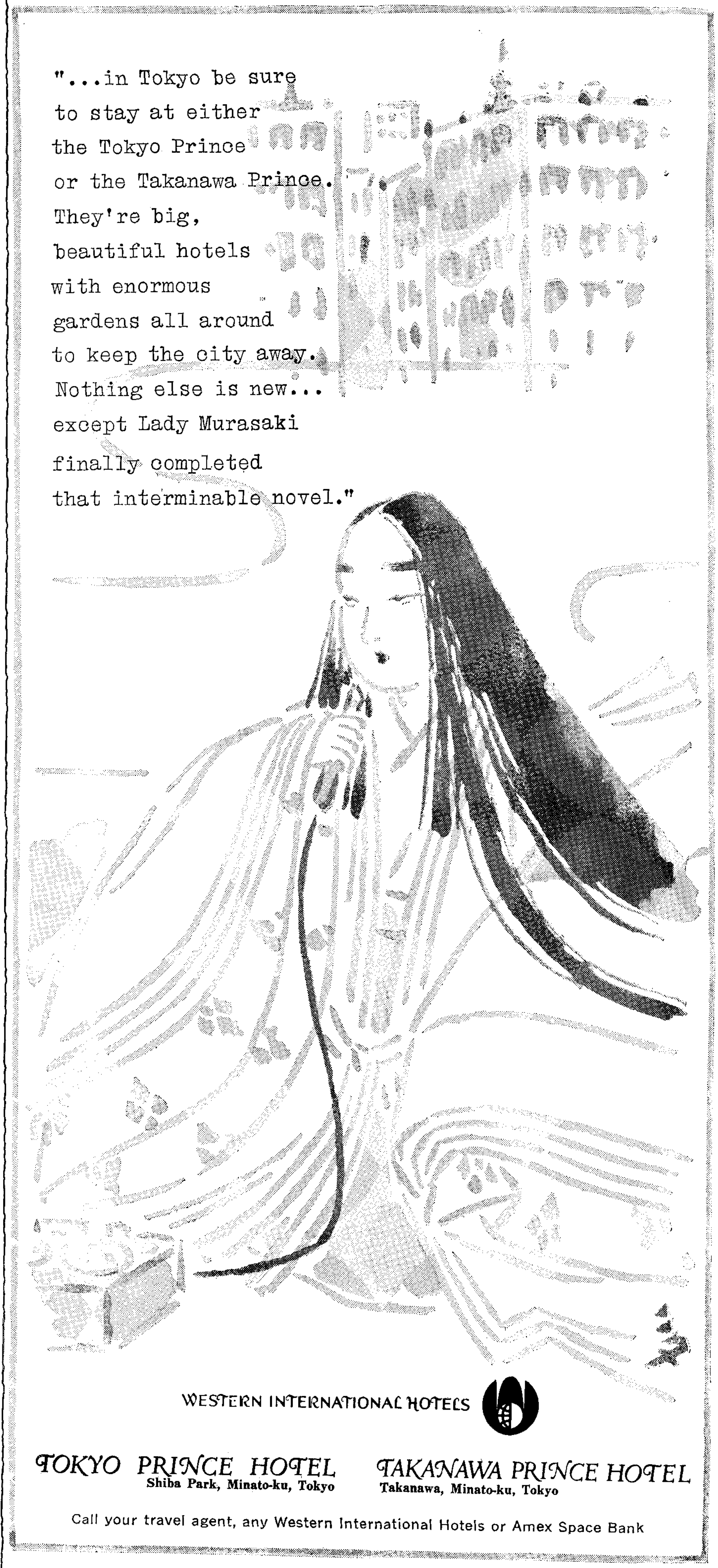
Lucy pulled her ear as she had done before.

"That's it," said Dr. Fouts, and he picked her up and swung her in the air, then set her down again. "Now let's see if you know your name." Again he drew the question mark, then pointed at Lucy: "Who are you?"

Lucy put her thumb against her nose, her index finger pointing up.

"That's it. 'L,' for 'Lucy.' You're a bright girl," said Dr. Fouts.

THE Lemmon place was busier than I remembered it, with several cars parked in the driveway and a number of young people moving around the buildings. In the daylight, I could see changes I had missed the previous evening. What had been a dry ravine was now a respectable pond, about fifty feet out in the middle of which was an island, about a third of an acre in extent, with several bare, mauled tree trunks sticking up on it, dispirited bushes and reeds growing around the edges, and an empty cage, its door missing, standing in the middle. Not far away, a smaller island held two large trees—flourishing by comparison with the others—and a healthy growth of scrub. On this island, a small house stood well clear of the ground on a wooden platform. This, Dr. Fouts said, was the preserve of a pair of gibbons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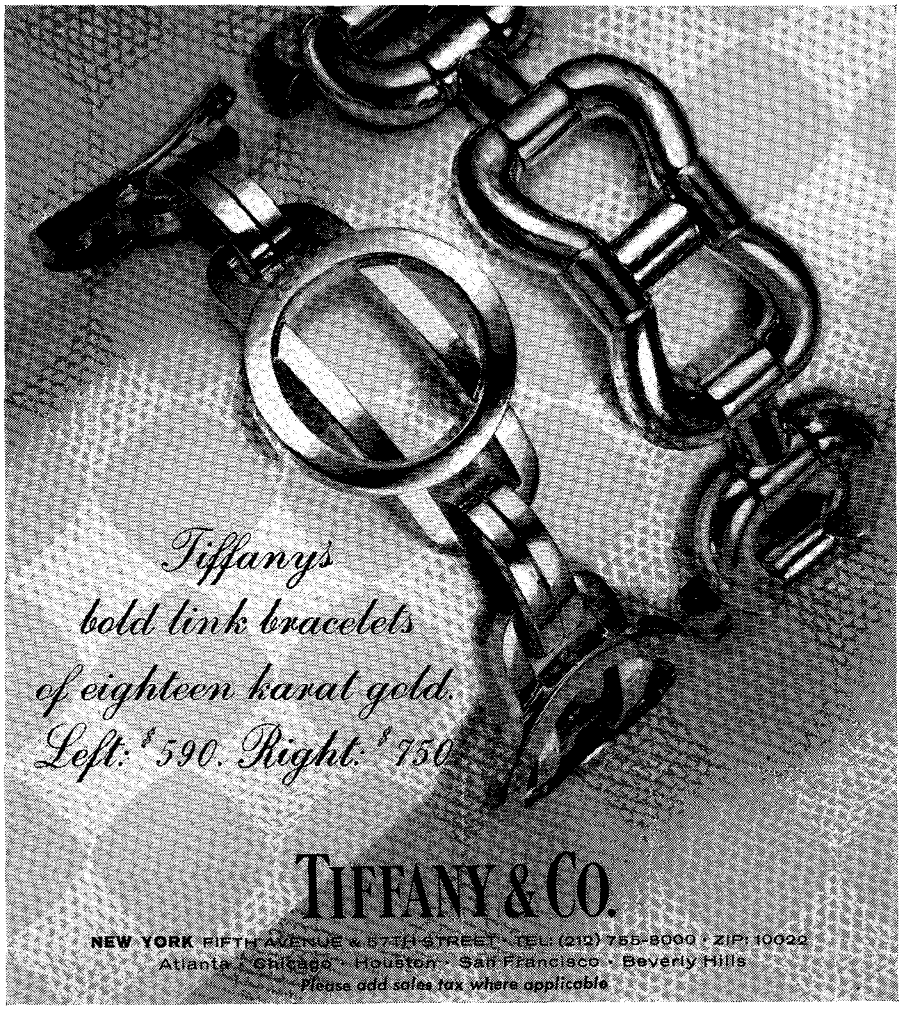

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I remembered, who were now the parents of a lively infant. The dead-tree island, he said, was the chimpanzees'. They were taken over there by rowboat on fine days to play around in the open.

Dr. Roger Sheridan Fouts, to give him his full name, told me he had been a teaching assistant in general psychology at California State College at Long Beach before he joined Dr. Gardner in Reno as a research assistant on the Washoe project. He wrote his doctoral dissertation on Washoe, and he is now a research associate at the University of Oklahoma. His companion from Reno, a graduate student, is Linn Anderson, a young man as dark as Fouts is fair; he had in the past studied the means of communication of dolphins, at the University of California at Davis. The three of us went to pay a morning call on Washoe in the laboratory. She greeted the men with a shower of signs: naming them, asking for a key, a tickle, and, of course, a sweet drink. But it seemed to me, novice though I was, that she was giving only half her mind to her conversation; her attention was at least equally fixed on another chimp in the room, and she soon swung over to investigate the other's actions. The two animals engaged in a slow-motion wrestling match.

"Getting more social every day," Dr. Fouts observed with satisfaction.

We moved on to another building, where I was introduced to a pretty young woman named Susan Barnes, another research assistant, who took me into the colony's headquarters office to show me a typical progress chart for one of the pupils. Then Dr. Fouts and I waited by a wheeled cage in a barn while Anderson went next door. He came back carrying a young male chimpanzee named Booee. Dr. Fouts said, "Booee's a special case. He used to be at one of the colonies of the National Institute of Mental Health, in Bethesda, and for some reason—I can't imagine what research project would call for it—the two halves of his brain were separated. When the project was finished, he was turned over to Dr. Lemmon. Can you imagine doing a thing like that? Look, you can see where they did it." He pointed to a kind of shallow depression that started between the ape's eyes and went over the head and down to the back of the short neck. Booee's hair grew scantily in that region.

"They must have had a good reason," said Anderson, who has studied more physiology than his colleague. "Anyway, it hasn't damaged him, as

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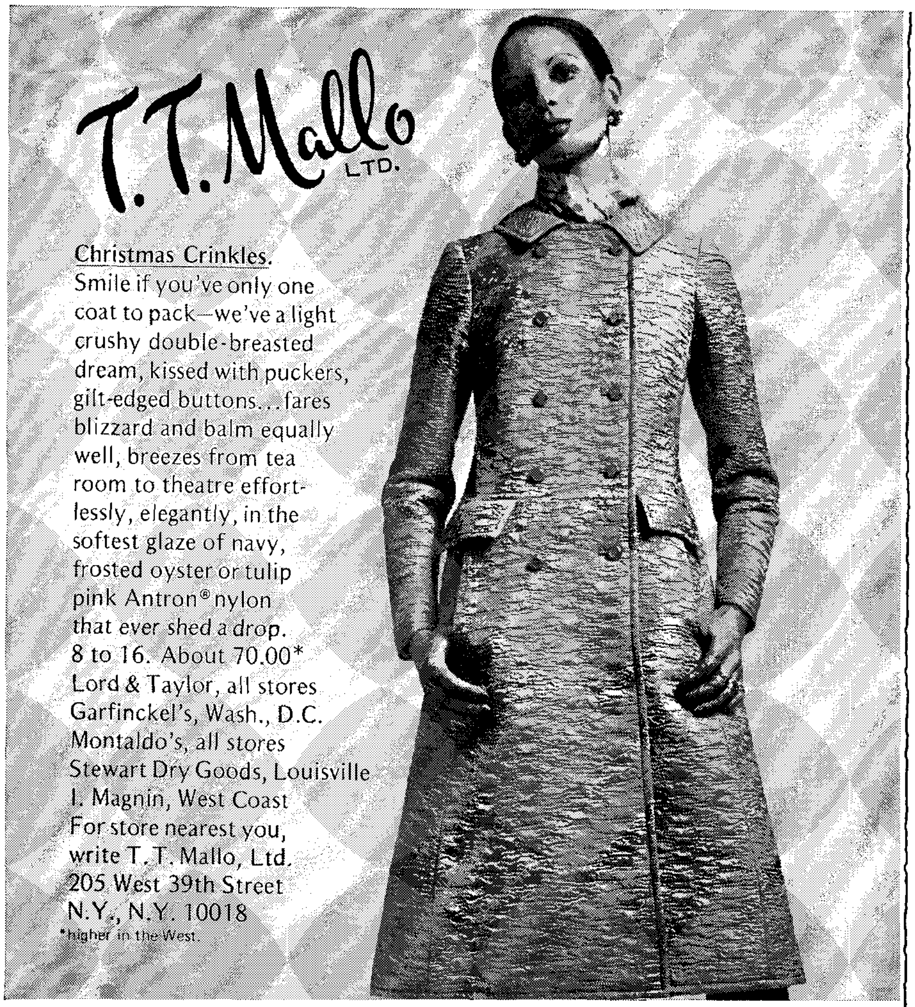

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far as I can see. He's one of our best students."

"I don't think physiologists know what they're doing or what they're after most of the time," Dr. Fouts retorted.

This, I was to discover, was the subject of a running battle between the two men.

An unpublished paper by Dr. Lemmon that I later read tells just what did happen to Booee (and includes a side reference to Lucy):

> We have recently acquired a juvenile male, born in an N.I.M.H. colony, whose brain has been completely separated except for a segment in the region of the medulla (in addition, the lumbar spinal cord is divided). His introduction and integration into the colony is being closely followed and he is now being maintained with four other juveniles of like age whose background and development we know. The performance of all five is systematically compared on perceptual-motor, social, and communicative tasks. ... One human-reared female [Lucy], now aged five, has learned as many signs in six weeks of training as Washoe learned in her first eighteen months and our "split-brain" male, Booee, seems to learn more readily than comparable subjects of his age and background with intact nervous systems.

"Well, let's get started," said Dr. Fouts. "Here, Linn, can you keep him occupied while I get the props?" To me, he added, "This is a pretty primitive setup, but it works all right."

Anderson carried Booee into the wheeled cage and put him down on a bench built along one side of it. Opposite and parallel to this bench was another, on which a wooden box had been nailed at the end near the door. The box was open at both ends, and one opening was outside the cage, hidden by a blind. Dr. Fouts stayed outside the cage, behind the blind. He had shut the cage door and hung an open padlock on the latch. Anderson now sat down across from Booee. Fouts, whose actions could not be seen by Booee or Anderson, put a floppy old felt hat into the box. Booee and Anderson could see the hat through the box's other opening. Anderson signed, "What is this?"

Booee patted his own head. This sign evidently meant "hat."

"Good boy," said Anderson, and he gave him a few raisins out of a little container.

The next object produced was a shoe. Asked to name it, Booee hesitated. Tentatively, he pulled his left index finger across the back of his right wrist—an incorrect sign.

"Not 'tickle,'" said Anderson. (Sometimes, I noticed, the assistants did speak aloud to the animals. I

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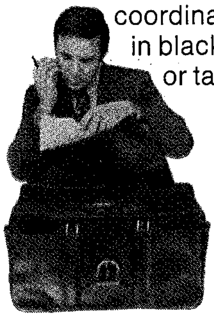

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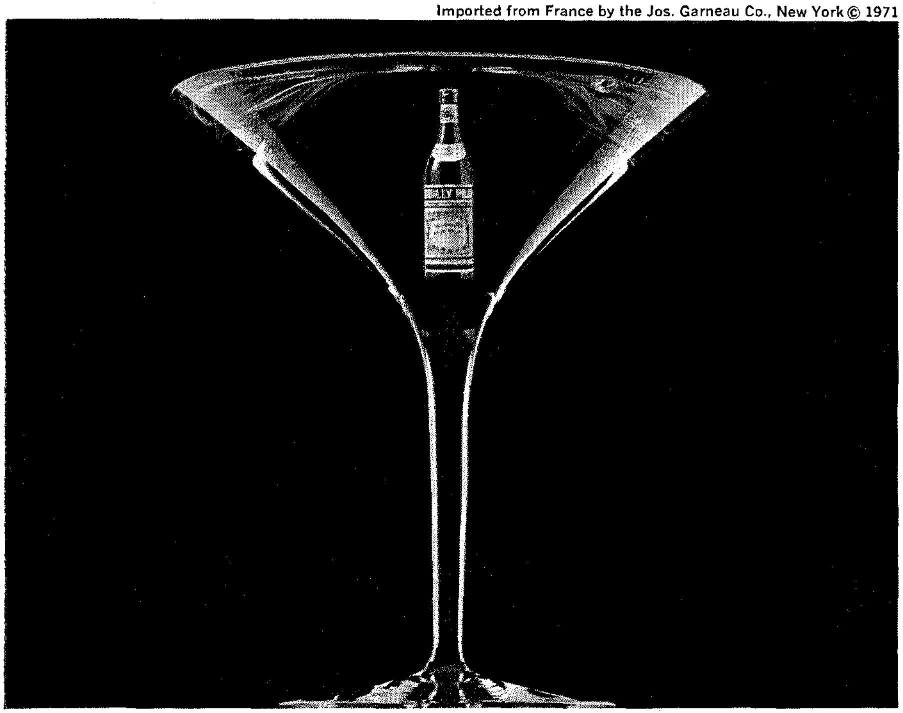

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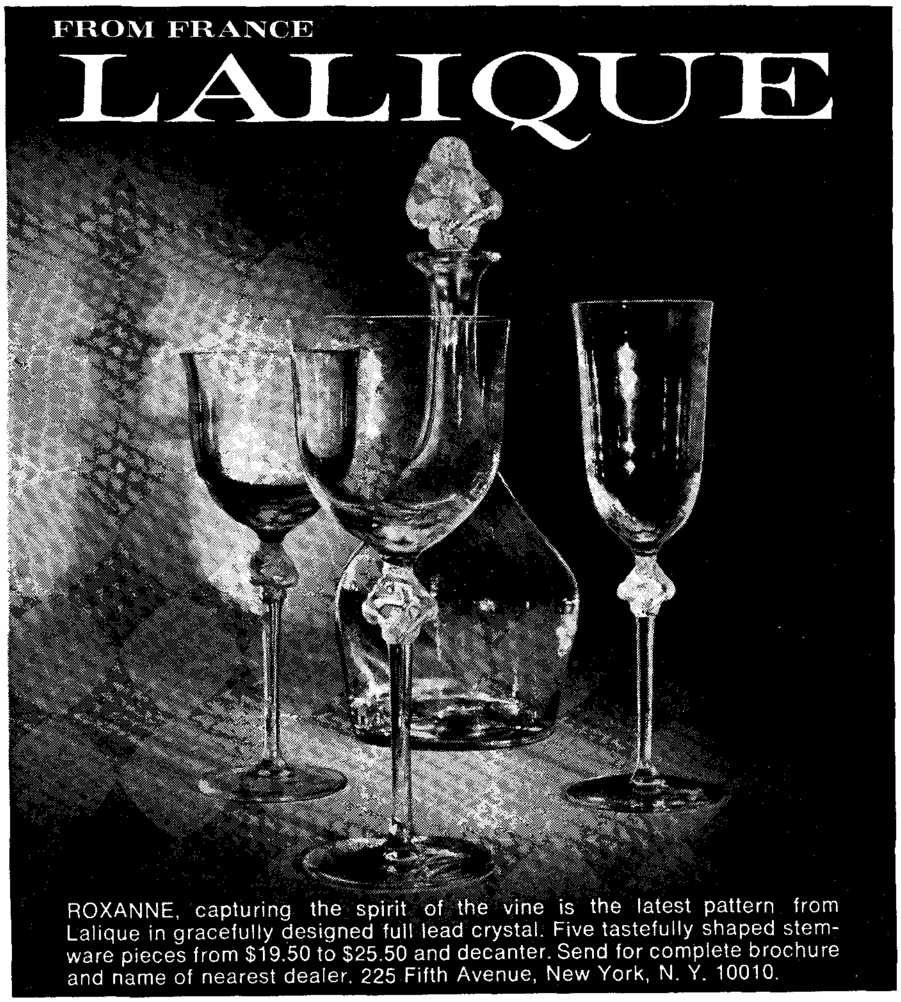

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and told me it was time to go home and give Lucy her lesson, so we returned to the Temerlin house. Mrs. Temerlin was at work downtown. Miss Barnes opened Lucy's door and brought her out into the living room, then unpacked various objects from a little bag she had brought along, while Lucy waited like a greyhound at the starting gate, bright and eager for the game to start. The two of them went rapidly through the objects from the bag, Lucy giving the sign for each and seldom making a mistake. She rocked her folded arms at the sight of a doll, wiped her nose when she was shown a handkerchief, and clasped her hands (over her head, Washoe style) for "more." She made the sign for "Susan." When Miss Barnes made notes on the chart, Lucy took possession of a pencil and a piece of paper and came over to me to show how she could scribble. Every now and then, chimp and tutor broke off for a running scamper through the hall. Once, after work was resumed, the telephone rang; as Miss Barnes went to answer it, Lucy made the sign for "telephone," holding an imaginary instrument to her ear. During one of the scuffles, a snap came undone on her pants—Lucy always wears pants in the house—and she stopped playing and twisted herself around to do it up again.

Suddenly, she asked me a question. It was the first time I had seen any of the chimpanzees do this, and I was not expecting it. "What is that?" she signed, pointing to my heavy bead necklace and forming a question mark.

I was at a loss. Urgently, I said, "Susan, what do I do now? How do you say 'necklace' by signs?"

Miss Barnes suggested that I try "string," which, fortunately, was a sign I knew from watching the lessons—a kind of tugging at one's own little finger. I made this sign, and Lucy seemed satisfied.

All in all, I was not surprised when Miss Barnes showed me the list of her pupil's signs—forty-six, picked up by Lucy in the relatively short time she had been working on A.S.L. It was almost a third of Washoe's whole vocabulary.

THE next day, Dr. Fouts took me to see one of Lemmon's surrogate mothers, a pretty secretary I'll call Mrs. Sally Thompson. Her charge, a two-year-old male named Ali, behaved much like a human boy of kindergarten age, racing around the room or leaping—more agilely than a boy, I admit—from chair to chair. Mrs. Thompcouldn't see whether it made any difference.) He asked for the answer again, and Dr. Fouts told me that the chimps sometimes run through a number of signs, hoping to hit on the right answer sooner or later. Booee gave the right sign—his two fists patted together in front of his chest—on the second try, but he was not rewarded.

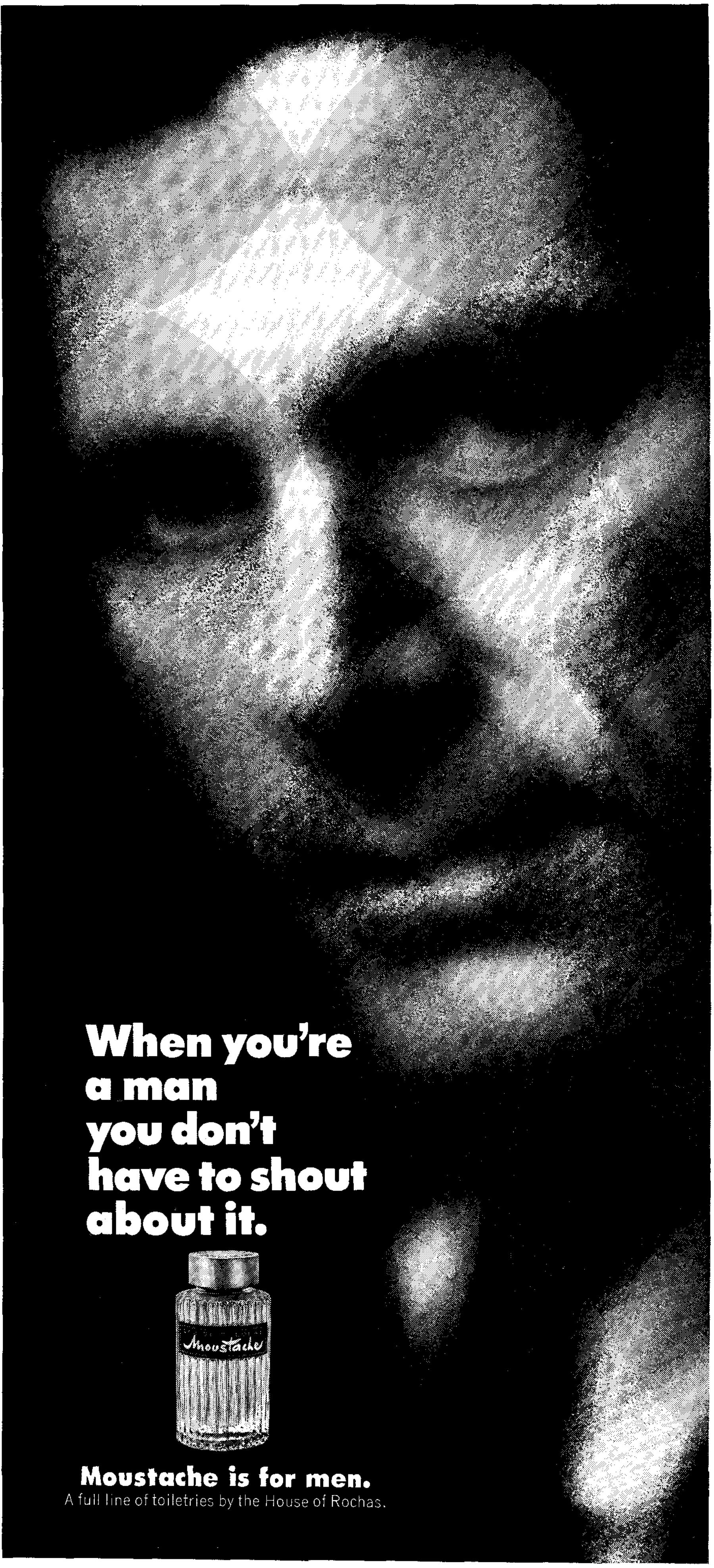
Next, Fouts put a bottle of soda pop into the box, and Booee immediately made the correct "fruit drink" sign, crisp and clear, just as Washoe had—half-closed hand rubbing cheek, then thumb pointed toward mouth.

"Good boy," said Anderson, rewarding him with a swig at the bottle.

On "string," the next sign, Booee was very slow. He scratched a little, but he made no wrong tentative signs before he came up with the right one. As his attention wandered, Anderson grabbed him, and master and pupil had a refreshing tussle for a while before the lesson was resumed. An occasional romp like this is an integral part of the schooling of chimpanzees, whose attention span is short.

At the end of half an hour, Anderson carried Booee out, and Fouts said apologetically, "He's not as sharp as usual today. I wonder what's bothering him." He studied the cage and came to a decision. When Anderson returned, the two men agreed that things might go better if the rest of the day's lessons were held outside. With the help of a couple of students, they moved the cage out onto a slope not far from the pond. A number of other students came over, carrying folding chairs, and we sat in the pleasant shade of some trees to watch the lessons. After Thelma had been tutored, Bruno had his turn. I noticed that, as one of the kindergarten set, he needed—and got—more recreation periods than his elders did. All this time, I was conscious that the house up on the hill, the colony building, and the driveway were immensely busy, with telephones ringing and cars and trucks arriving and departing. Dr. Lemmon himself, I knew, was downtown working as a psychotherapist to earn money for the project, but life at the farm ran smoothly along the tracks he had constructed.

Among the people who came and went around the schoolroom cage was a diminutive brown-eyed girl named Pat Goode, who was introduced to me as an animal-handler. She told me that she was married to a herpetology student, whom she helped sometimes, but that she much preferred working with primates. During the next tutoring ses-



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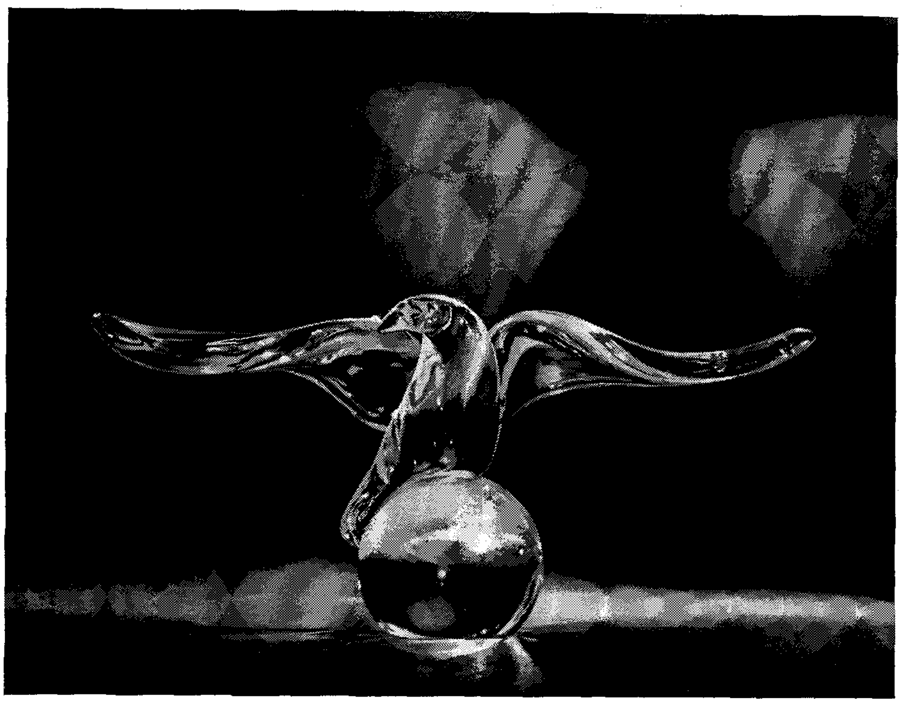

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sion, she drifted off, and a few minutes later I saw her rowing along the pond. In the boat were two pails of food, which she was taking to the gibbon island. Dr. Fouts, who was watching her with me, said, "Pat's the only one of us who can set foot on that island without stirring the gibbons up. They don't mind her at all. She's a wonder—a real natural. Why, she isn't even afraid of Pan." I was impressed, for Pan had been pointed out to me as the colony's old man, a dominant individual of whom all the other chimpanzees stand in awe. "She's teaching him some of the signs," said Dr. Fouts. "You'd think he would be too old to learn, but he does pick it up."

Inevitably, we came back to the subject of Washoe, who was to have an outing on the chimpanzee island after lunch. Dr. Fouts told me something about the modifications she had made in certain of the signs. "She's not the only one to change them a little," he said. "A.S.L. varies from one region to another among its human users, too. You've seen the sign for 'shoe' the way we use it? You'll find it in 'Talk with Your Hands' like this." He demonstrated with fists turned down, knuckles away from the chest, and the fists softly knocked together. "Well," he said, "that's A.S.L. for 'shoe' in the West and Midwest but not in the East. A deaf man from a Midwest state went into a store in New York that specializes in serving deaf people, and when he made that sign for 'shoe' the clerk got very angry. It seems that in the East it means 'homosexual.' " He looked thoughtful. "I don't think we need to stop teaching the chimps that sign, though," he added. I agreed. Even with all the progress they are making in Norman, it seemed unlikely that Washoe, Booee, or Lucy would ever go shopping for shoes in New York.

"The way Washoe makes the sign for 'more' is to touch her hands together over her head, rather like a boxer accepting the plaudits of a crowd," Dr. Fouts said. "That isn't the right way to do it, as a matter of fact. In proper A.S.L., you're supposed to touch your hands in front of your chest, but Washoe's always done it the other way. I think there's probably a good reason for this. Washoe's nearer the ground than we are, and, besides, she stoops. All chimps stoop, even when they stand erect, if you know what I mean. When she touches her hands over her head, she's making sure we see it—playing to the gallery."

At that point, Miss Barnes came up

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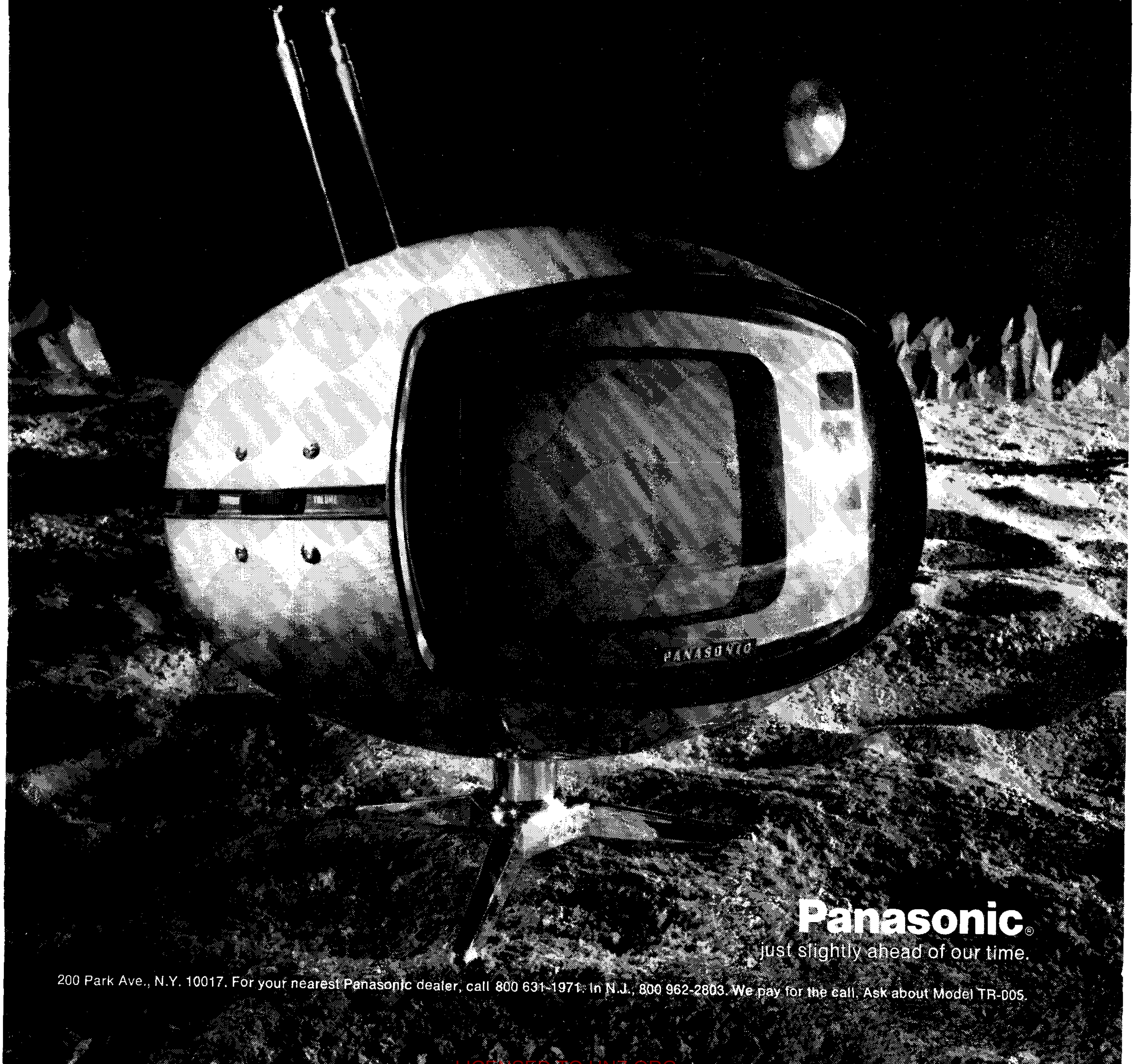

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son has an advantage over most other working mothers: when she is out, her child is enclosed in a cage—a large one, but still confining—so that he can't get into trouble. She looked on fondly as he ran from one of us to another, rocking slightly, like a small drunken sailor, and vigorously making his favorite sign: "Tickle."

"Ali's diction is unusually good for his age," Dr. Fouts commented. "He has learned only a few signs so far—he's awfully young—but he does those very well." He turned to the chimp and said, "Ali, calm down and look over here." Dr. Fouts held out one foot, shod in a loafer, and asked the usual question by sign: "What is this?"

Ali promptly put his two tiny fists together. Then he again signed, "Tickle," and raced away.

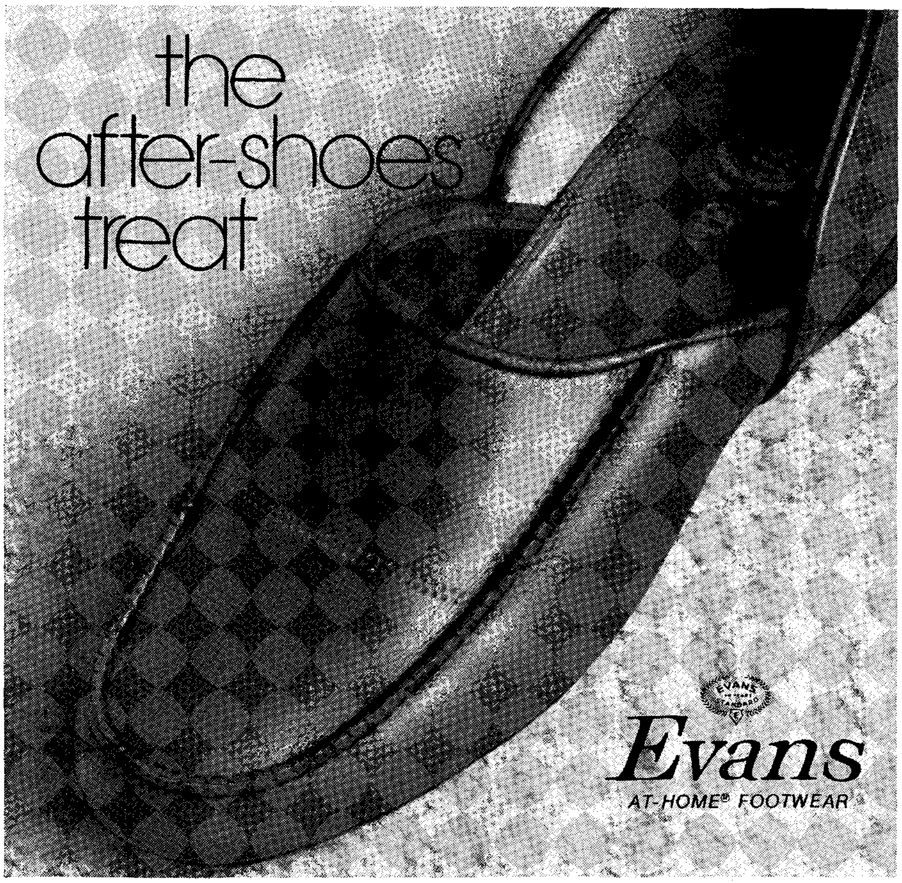
"Did you hear about our baptism party, Roger?" asked Mrs. Thompson. "He's a Catholic now. Here are the pictures. We had a cake and everything." She brought out a number of color photographs, which showed the small chimp looking at a missal, investigating a candle, and pawing at the whiskers of a notably hirsute priest.

"How in the world did you manage to do it?" I asked. "I wouldn't have thought any priest would—"

"Oh, my own priest refused to help out at all," said Mrs. Thompson. "He was furious when I asked him to do it. But I found another one, who's very trendy, and he was perfectly willing. It was a lovely party. Anyway, why shouldn't my baby join the Church? Why hasn't he a right to be saved, like anybody else?"

After all, I told myself, it wasn't the first time. In 1915, in Havana, Anumá, the first chimpanzee to be born in captivity in the Western world, was baptized, and his sponsors were every bit as sincere as Mrs. Thompson.

BACK at the pond that afternoon, I sat on a folding chair and partly watched another chimpanzee at her training, partly tried to catch up on my reading. I had a lot of articles to study. One was by Professor David Premack, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, who, in an article entitled "Language in Chimpanzee?," in *Science* for May 21, 1971, described a totally different way in which a chimp—this one named Sarah—had been taught to communicate. Premack and his colleagues used metal-backed plastic chips of various colors and shapes, and a magnetized board, to which the chips would adhere. Sarah,



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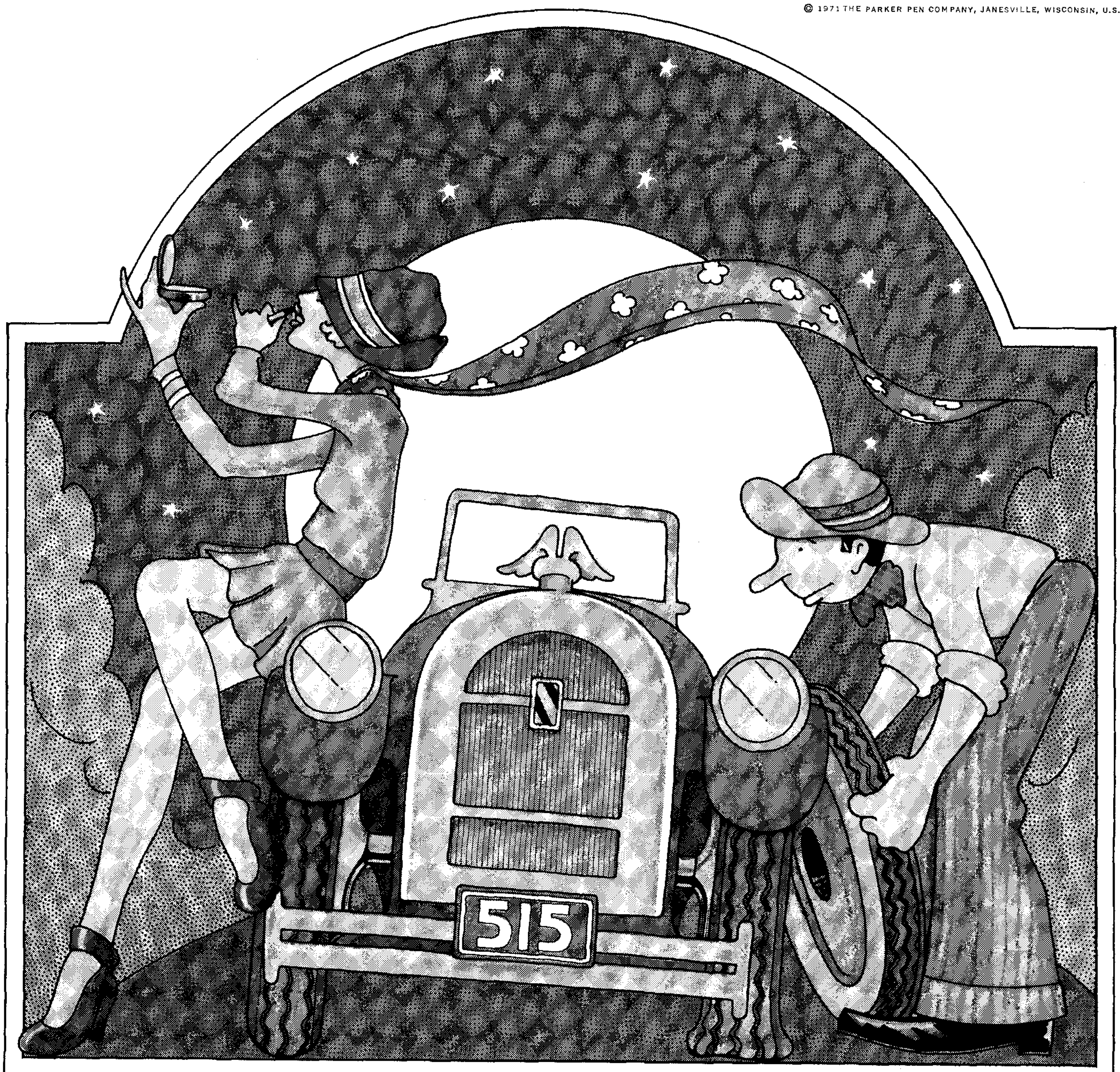

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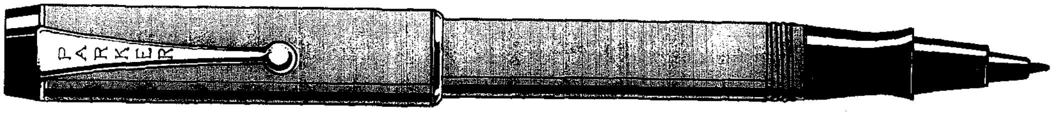

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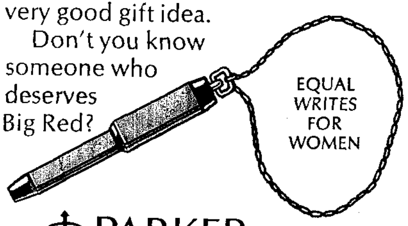

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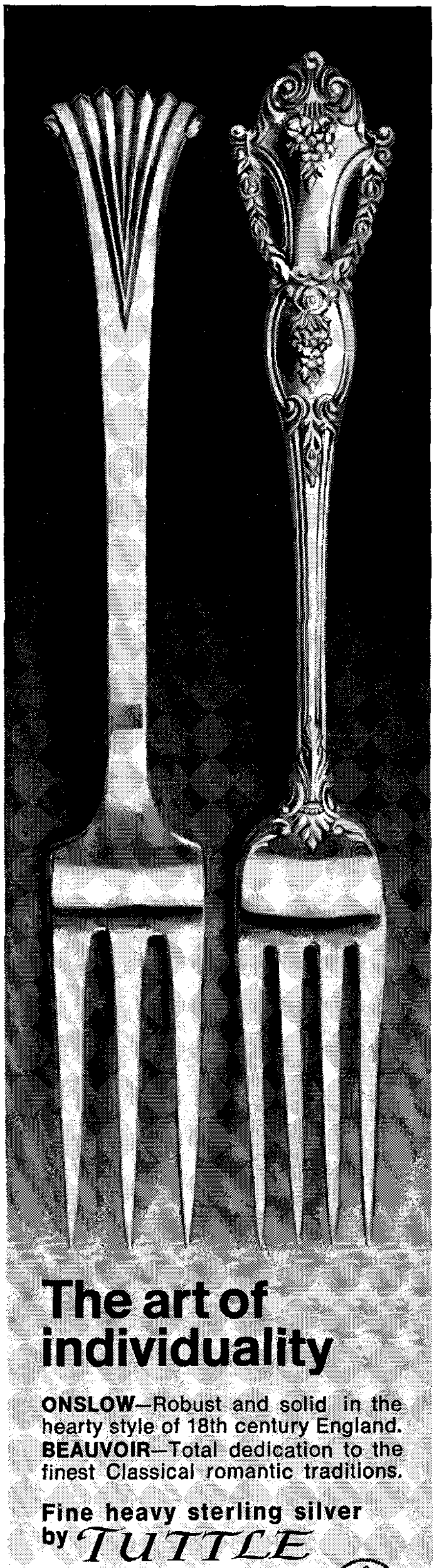

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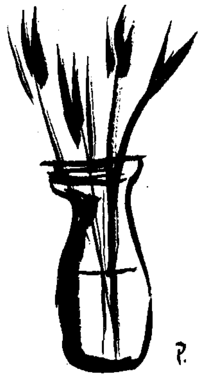
a wild-born female, was about six years old when the study began. First, she was shown an apple and a plastic chip that her teacher had chosen as the symbol for "apple." She quickly learned that if she put the plastic chip on the board she could have the apple. Next, shown an apple, a banana, and a different chip, she had to decide whether the chip represented an apple or a banana, and again she was rewarded when she got the idea. In this way, she learned to match a number of kinds of fruit with equivalent symbols. The next step was to teach her to select the right chips to distinguish the people who handed her the fruit, and to put the donor's name on the board with the correct fruit chip, so that the message would read, for example, "Mary apple." The experimenters were careful to insist that a certain order be maintained in the game. The arrangement (from top to bottom of the board, not left to right or right to left) had to be "Mary apple," not "apple Mary," because the full sentence they were aiming for was "Mary give apple Sarah." Ultimately, by means of graduated steps, Sarah was taught to "write" that sentence and a number of more elaborate ones. She could use prepositions as well as verbs—*some* verbs, that is to say. Premack confessed that he was never quite sure of what she meant by "is," a concept that proved difficult for her, though the concept "is not," as in "Banana is not orange," seemed to give her no trouble. A footnote contained a sorrowful final admission: "The now uncoöperative, sexually mature subject had made [a certain experiment] difficult to apply."



At this point, my reflections were interrupted by Washoe, coming down the hill with Dr. Fouts and Anderson in close attendance. She had a chain attached to her collar and held at the other end by Dr. Fouts, but she was nevertheless able, as the group reached our chairs, to swerve from the path and climb abruptly into the lap of a girl student named Grace. The girl sat without moving, and I thought I could detect an atmosphere of tense watchfulness among the various spectators. Anderson dictated a running account of Washoe's actions into a tape recorder: "Washoe says, 'You me go out ride.' She kisses Grace, gets down, signs, 'Roger go . . .' "

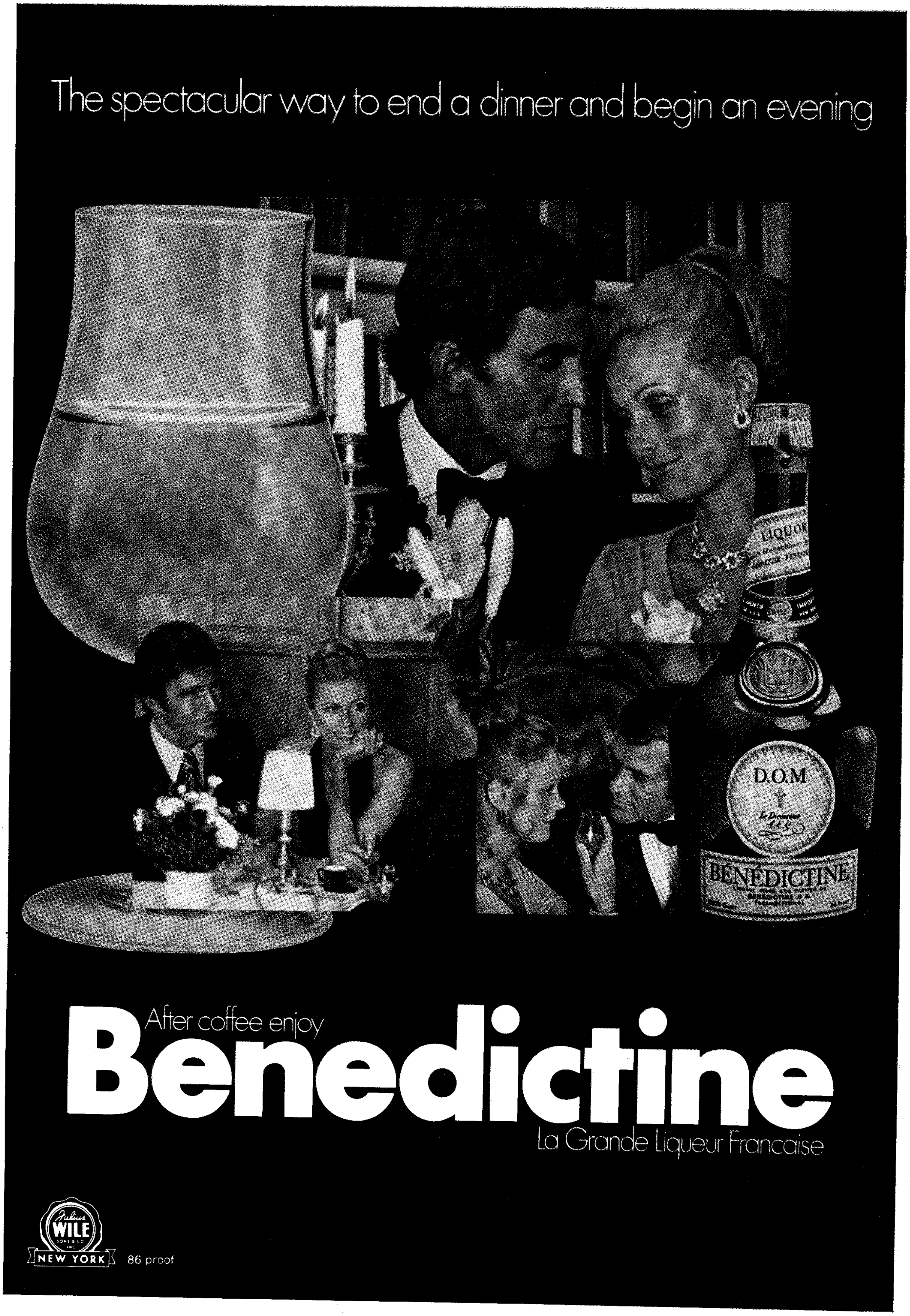
Now the little party moved on to where the rowboat was moored, and those of us left behind sighed with relief, since we knew that Washoe might just as easily have bitten Grace as kissed her.

I turned back to my homework. The next item was a paper by Gordon W. Hewes, an anthropologist at the University of Colorado, at Boulder, entitled "New Light on the Gestural Origin of Language." Dr. Hewes said, in part, "Geschwind, Brain, Critchley and others have shown that human spoken language reception and production depend on associative linkages between the auditory input, the limbic region, and the 'motor speech centers.' "

Limbic region? I shuffled through the material until I came across a paper by Norman Geschwind himself, "The Development of the Brain and the Evolution of Language," published in 1964, and in that I found a hint of what I sought:

> Lying along the inner surface of the temporal lobes of the brain are a group of structures of extremely complex anatomy. For the sake of simplicity I will loosely use the term "limbic system" to refer to these and to their major connections in the hypothalamus and other structures lower in the brain. Included in the anatomical organization of this region are those parts of the brain which when stimulated give rise to sensations of taste or smell, and to certain emotions such as fear and their corresponding motor activities. For simplicity we may divide those aspects of the limbic system of interest to us into two groups: (1) Limbic motor responses—these are highly organized, essentially inborn motor sequences which mediate the motor responses involved in fear, rage, and sexual activities. (2) Limbic sensory responses—these are the subjective feelings of smell, taste, hunger and thirst and the corresponding feelings of satiation, sexual sensations, anger, and fear.

A mosquito bit me, interrupting my thoughts. I looked over toward the island. Three chimps had climbed one of the dead trees and arranged themselves on its bare limbs like shipwrecked mariners looking for a sail. Washoe was not one of them; she was walking moodily toward the far side of the island. Thelma was scratching at the ground. Dr. Fouts, back from his boat trip, sat down on the grass near my chair. "We have to be careful out there. Once, when we were just beginning to use the island, I took three of them over and went ashore there to fetch something. While I wasn't looking, the chimps got back in the boat and cast off, and, the first thing I knew,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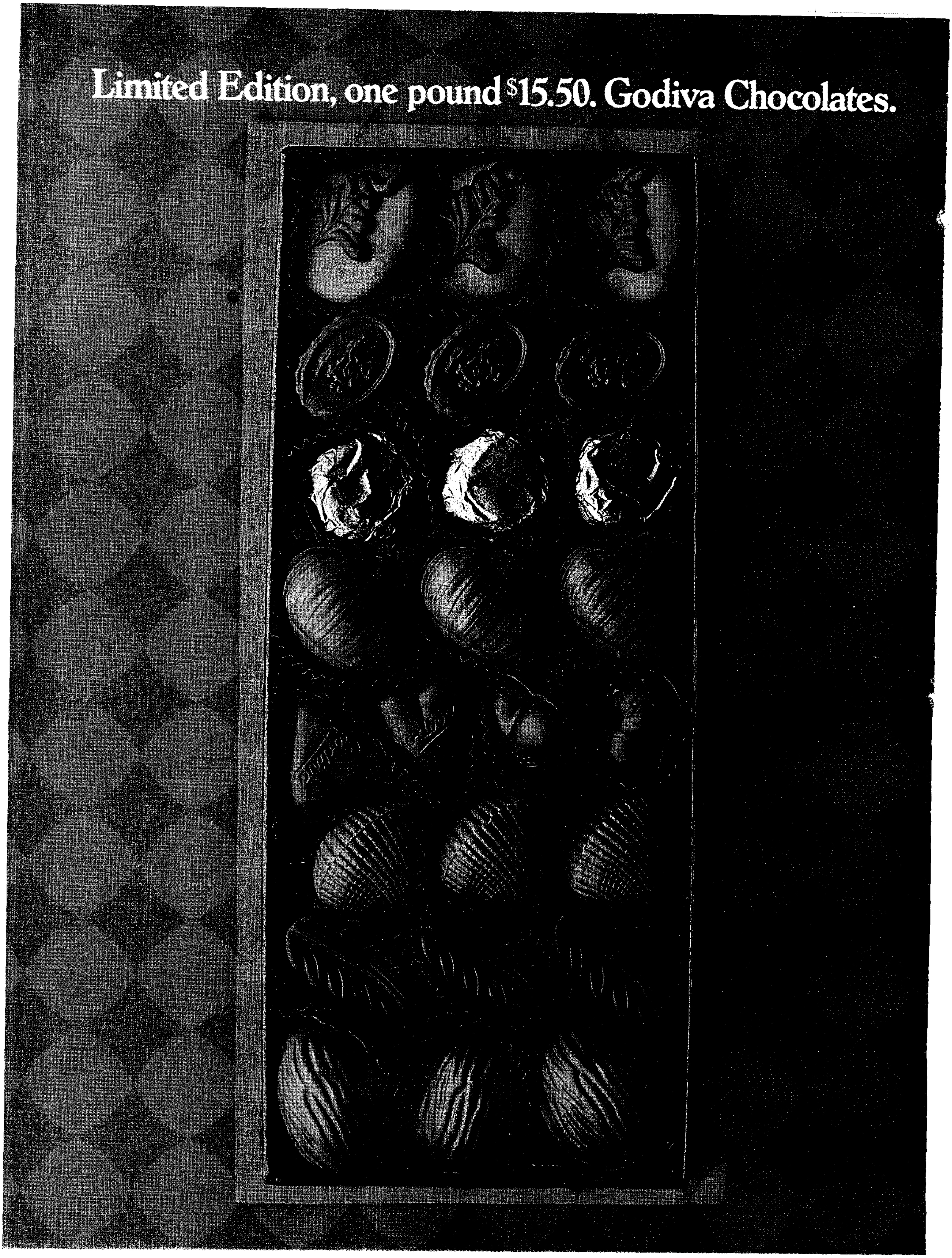
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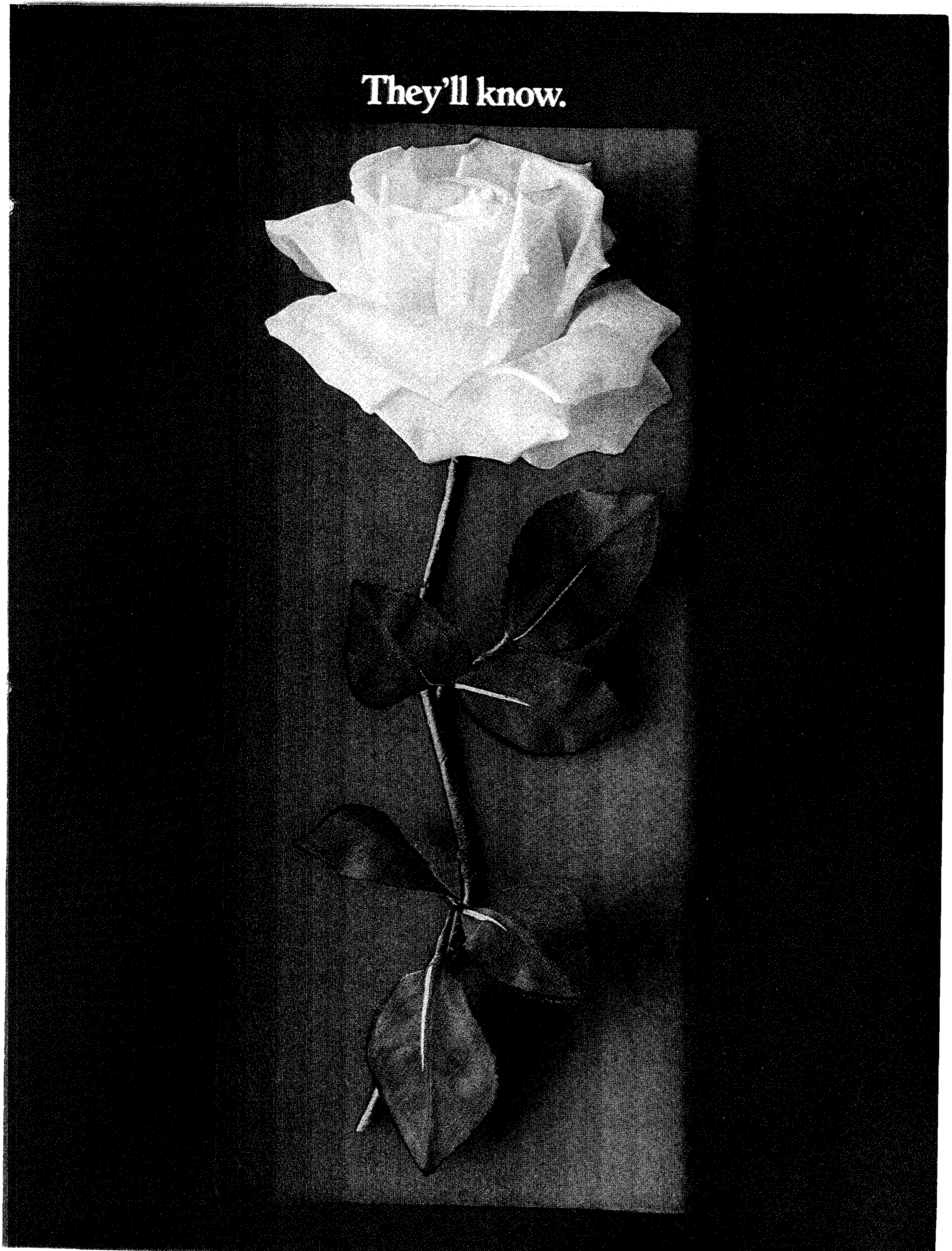

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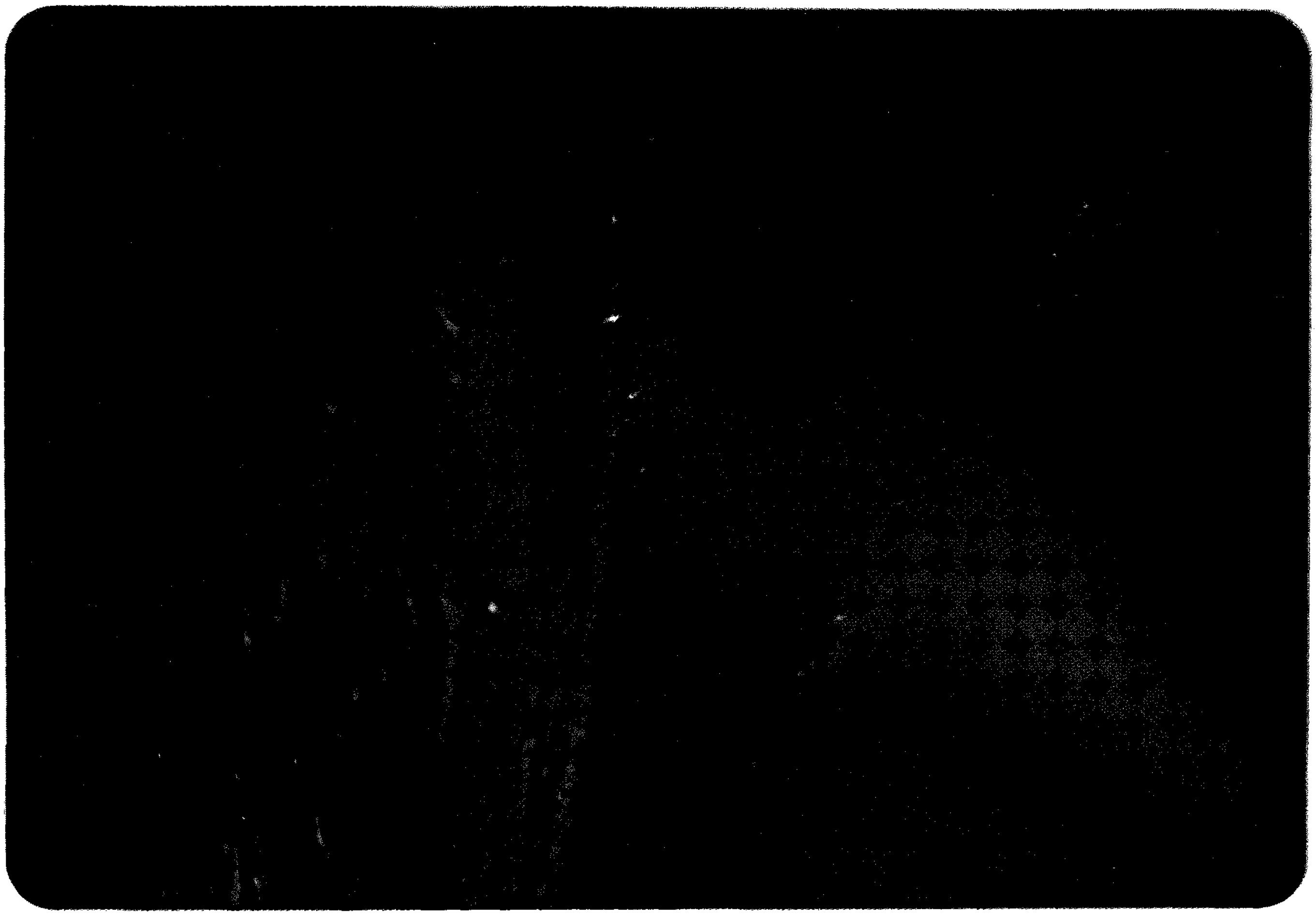

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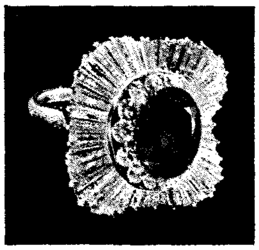

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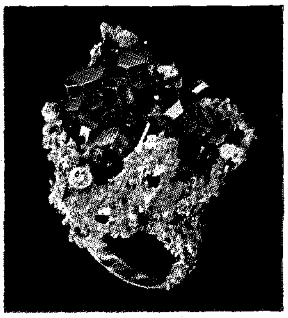

At left, oval cut Chatham with diamonds in platinum by Granat Bros of San Francisco
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Chatham Created Gems, Inc., San Francisco they were drifting away out of reach. I had to yell for help."

Dr. Fouts excused himself, and I reluctantly turned back to Geschwind. The "non-limbic" regions, he said, make up the bulk of the exposed surface of the brain's hemispheres in all the primates, including man. He continued:

> In particular we will concentrate on the sensory portions of this non-limbic brain. There are three sensory regions which are to be specified here: the visual cortex, the auditory cortex, and the somesthetic cortex (which eventually receives the sensory information from the skin, muscles, bone, joints, and tendons . . .).

Now Washoe was chasing Booee—not, it seemed, very seriously. From where I sat, both flight and pursuit looked slow. At any rate, Thelma stopped whatever she was doing and, with another young female, Cindy, ran toward Washoe threateningly, whereupon Washoe tactfully desisted from the chase and Booee climbed an unoccupied tree. Thelma returned to her work, Cindy drifted away, and the shipwrecked sailors, still balanced on dead boughs, began a kind of push-pull game among themselves.

I resumed my reading:

> The visual cortex has its main connections to the limbic system. These are not direct connections but go by way of the association cortex adjacent to the visual cortex and the association cortex on the lateral and basal surfaces of the temporal lobe. . . .
>
> In order to approach this problem let us ask ourselves how a monkey would respond with a rage response to the sight of an object (such as a net) which he has learned to dislike. The impulse must travel over the pathway I have just specified from the visual cortex to the limbic structures and there arouse the inborn rage response. . . .
>
> How do we teach a monkey presented visually with, let us say, a circle and a cross to press the lever under the circle rather than that under the cross? We do this by what the psychologists call *reinforcing* one or another response. . . . For the sake of simplicity we may say that the primary reinforcers are limbic sensations, i.e., the rewards are such things as the taste of food, the satisfaction of hunger or thirst; the punishments are such things as the arousal of fear.
>
> In effect then the visual learning paradigm in the monkey may be reduced to a simple formula: the animal learns to form associations of a visual stimulus to a "limbic" stimulus. In more general terms learning in the monkey consists in forming associations between a "non-limbic" stimulus and a "limbic" stimulus.

At last, I could see what Thelma was doing. She had lifted from the ground the steel door of the cage, evidently detached during some previous playtime, and was balancing it on her head and shoulders. At an unsteady,

STEVEN SCHLESINGER

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in the way she moves,
in the way she smiles . . .
shouldn't her perfume be
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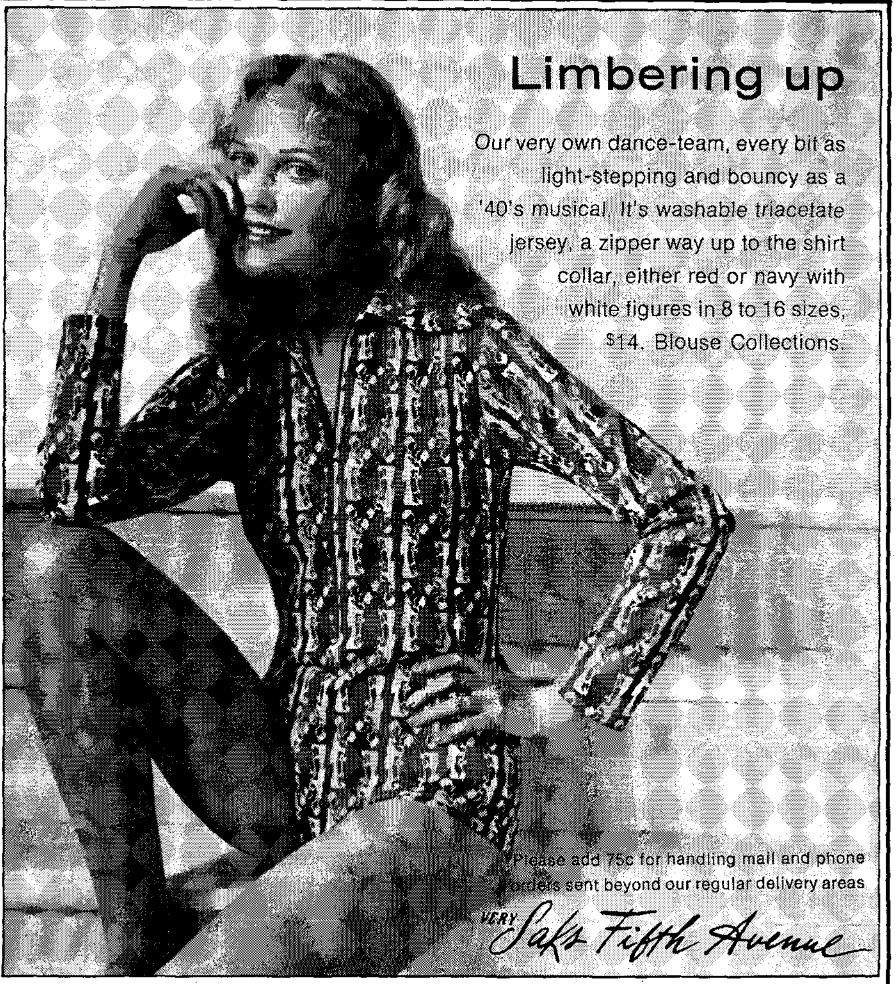
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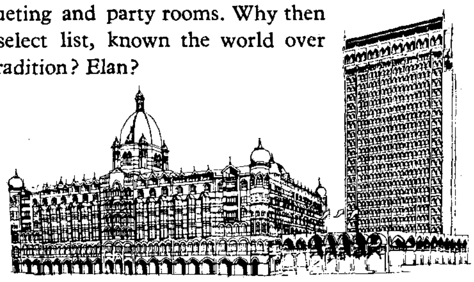


THE TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, BOMBAY ...soon the Taj Inter-Continental as well.

Simoes/T/80A

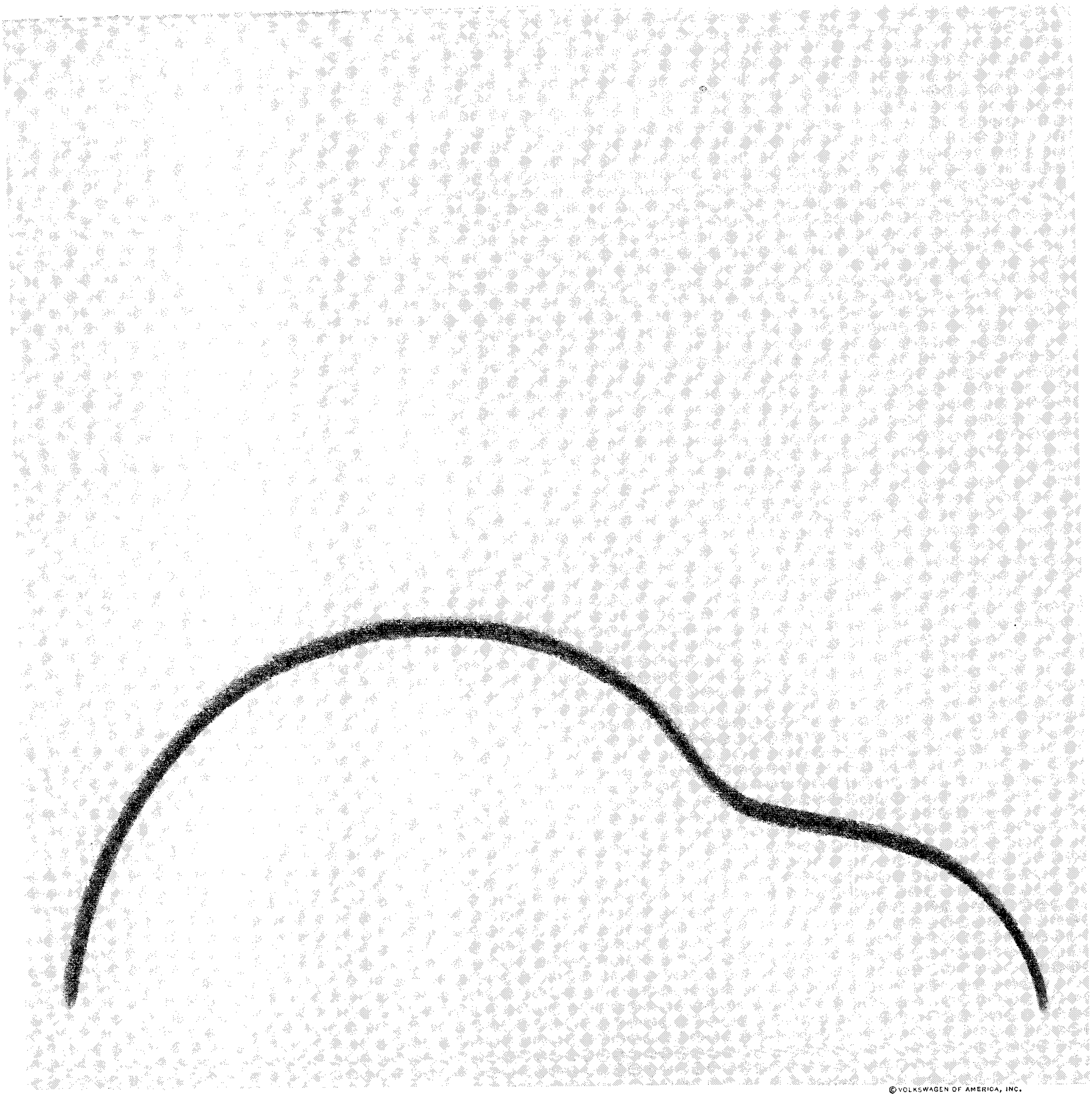
slow gait, she staggered toward the near end of the island.

I picked up another article, written by our own Susan Barnes: "Cross-Modal Effects and Language: An Analysis of the Literature." It looked as if it might be less formidable, though not exactly easy. At least, she explained the term "cross-modal." Back in 1936, she wrote, a scientist named Klüver noticed that one of his laboratory monkeys reacted "negatively" to a light, as he had been taught to react to a certain sound. She continued:

> The experimental literature on cross-modal effects began to appear in 1960, and even at that early stage a possible relationship between these effects and language was postulated. [Geschwind] proposed that the (perhaps) strictly human ability to form two non-limbic associations is exactly the ability that (perhaps) limits language to the human mode of adaptation.... This purely human ability, upon which even so relatively simple a language task as object-naming depends, is thought to be due to the physiological makeup of the human brain.... "The development of object-naming depends upon the presence of anatomical structures in man which are absent or poorly developed in the monkey."

A loud splash interrupted my reading. Thelma had succeeded in dropping the steel door into a deep part of the pond.

Later, I got an easier explanation of cross-modal linkages when Mrs. Temerlin described a new apparatus that had been ordered by Dr. Lemmon. "It's to test cross-modality in some of the chimps," she said. "We're going to use it on Lucy first. It's a machine with two levers, which we'll put in a cage. Then we'll put Lucy in with it and play a sound for her to listen to—one note broken into segments, like a whistle or a horn going 'toot, toot, toot,' *all on the same pitch. After a* while, we'll play a different sound: the same tone but steady and unbroken—'toooot.' Like that. We hope Lucy will spot the difference between these two sounds. She can indicate her discrimination by pressing one lever or the other; that is, one for the intermittent sound and the other for the unbroken 'toooot.' When we know that she can discriminate—when we know this absolutely—she'll get another test, this time with lights. On the first occasion, she'll see a light going on and off, flashing intermittently, and on the second occasion the light will shine steadily, without interruption. If Lucy makes the transfer—that is, if she spots the likeness between the two kinds of sound and the two kinds of light—she'll press the appropriate levers right away, without practice. If she doesn't, that's



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Prediction

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Prediction

We won't let that last prediction go to our heads.

it. She gets only one chance. If she passes the test—well, that's cross-modal transfer."

ONE by one, the chimpanzees were brought back to the mainland for their training sessions. I especially wanted to watch Cindy, because Dr. Fouts had said that she needed an extra amount of attention to encourage her to do her best. "She's insecure, I guess," he said. "We all have to rally round and tell her how great she is, or she doesn't do very well."

When Cindy went into the class cage, therefore, I hitched my chair forward to participate. Every time she got a sign right, I joined the other spectators and the teacher in saying, "Oh, good girl, Cindy! *Good* girl!"

If any of us were slow about chiming in, she would turn her head anxiously toward the audience. "Good girl, Cindy!" we would say, with redoubled vigor. It seemed to help.

Back at the Temerlins' house, still in a glow of virtue, I happened to find an extra key on my bedroom floor, and I took it to Mrs. Temerlin.

"Oh, fine," she said, pocketing it. "Keys really haunt us around here. It's even worse up at the colony house, because we're always dropping them, and if one of those animals gets hold of a padlock key there's almost bound to be a jailbreak. The trouble is, you can't tell who has a lost key at any particular moment. They hide them in their mouths. One good thing, though—if they don't try a key out right away, it always ends up in Pan's keeping. He gets everything sooner or later, and he can be bought. Once, I lost a metal pin that we need for the freezer where their food is kept. I looked and looked, all over the floor, but I simply couldn't find it, so I told Pan that if he turned it up I'd give him a banana. That afternoon, I saw him fishing for something outside his cage, reaching his fingers through the bars as far as they would go. I looked, and, sure enough, there was the pin on the floor almost under my foot. Of course, I gave him the banana."

That evening, various staff members met at Dr. Fouts' house for a session of practicing sign language—something they do every two weeks—and I had been invited to sit in. The students arrived one by one, each carrying a copy of "Talk with Your Hands." We arranged ourselves in a rough circle on chairs, a sofa, and the floor, then quickly got to work. The first part of the session was devoted to riddles, each member in turn asking one that he had prepared in advance, speaking exclu-

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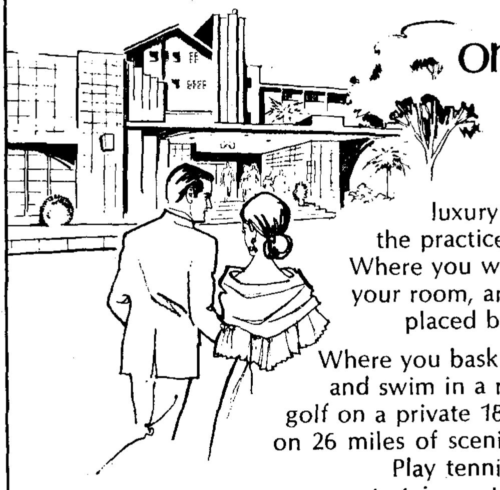

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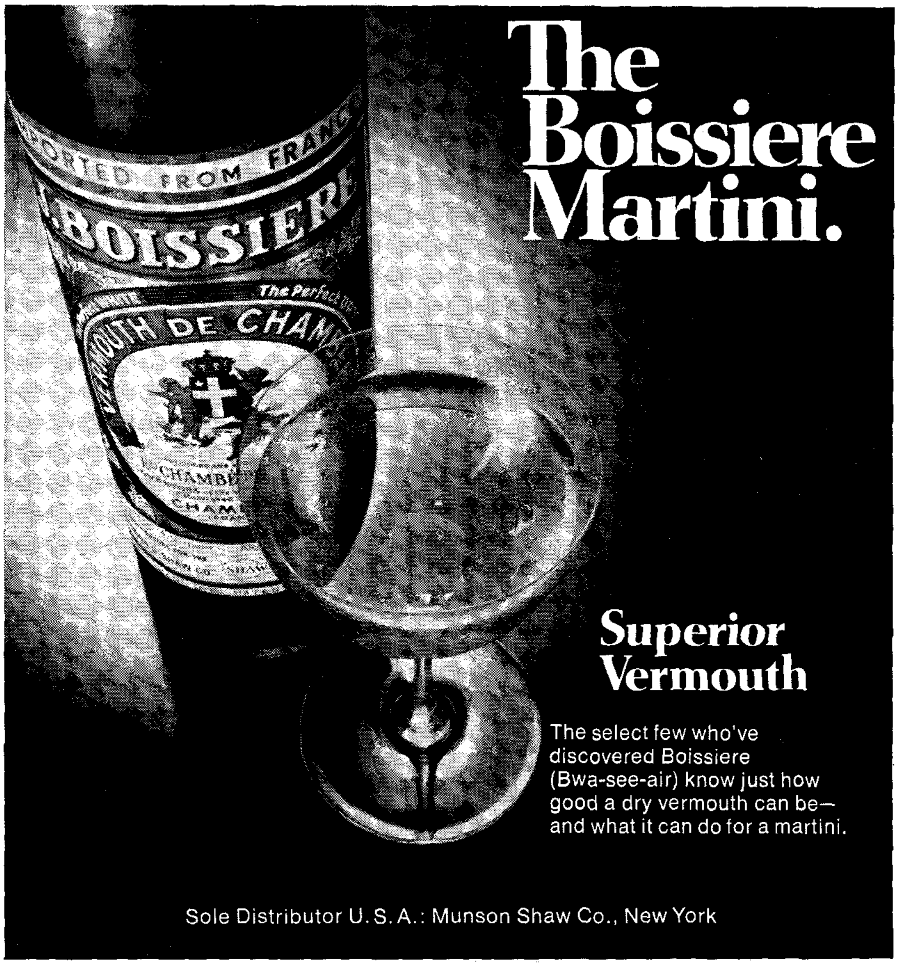

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A series of loves and losses causing the mind to wander and find.
Kaleidoscope. Nancy Wilson's new album.

Capitol

sively in A.S.L. As he went through his routine, the others tried frantically to read what he was saying, to the accompaniment of much searching through Mr. Watson's book. Apart from page-fluttering and hard breathing, it was a silent process. Almost always, the watchers, even though they came to understand the question, had to give up on the answer. Then the questioner supplied the answer in A.S.L., whereupon the rest of the party made another agonized search through their books.

"Why does an elephant drink?" Dr. Fouts asked in signs. The sign for "elephant," I was delighted to discover, is an undulating gesture out from the nose. Dr. Fouts' self-supplied answer was—hand to forehead, then away, clenched, with thumb upraised—"To forget."

"I stole it from 'Laugh-In,' " he admitted afterward.

Back at the Temerlins', I curled up with an unpublished paper by Dr. Lemmon:

> With this program of training for subjects of different rearing conditions, sex and age, we would like to demonstrate that Washoe's acquisition of A.S.L. is not unique; demonstrate that it is possible for anyone who knows A.S.L. to communicate directly with chimpanzees; . . . explore the possibility that there might be spontaneous learning of signing by chimpanzees of different ages and sexes without formal training; explore the possibility of "natural" acquisition of communication, i.e., from mother to infant—Washoe will be sexually mature in about three years; what might she teach her infant? Is it possible that chimpanzees can be brought to communicate with other chimpanzees using this human modality of communication? If so, from an anthropological point of view, such a procedure might constitute an experimental approach to the origins of human culture. Current controversy in the neurology of speech is obviously relevant here.

One question still nagged at me: Why didn't Washoe, with all her competency in A.S.L., initiate an occasional conversation with some educated human being like Dr. Fouts? To a certain extent, I mused, Lucy had done this when she asked me about my string of beads, but the action had taken place during a lesson hour, when Miss Barnes and I were saying the same kind of thing over and over to her: "What is this?" and "Who are you?" and "What is that?" I felt that I would be satisfied if only a chimpanzee would sign something unexpectedly, out of the blue, outside of class. Then, while I was playing with Lucy the next day, my wish was fulfilled. She had jumped from the sofa to the table and

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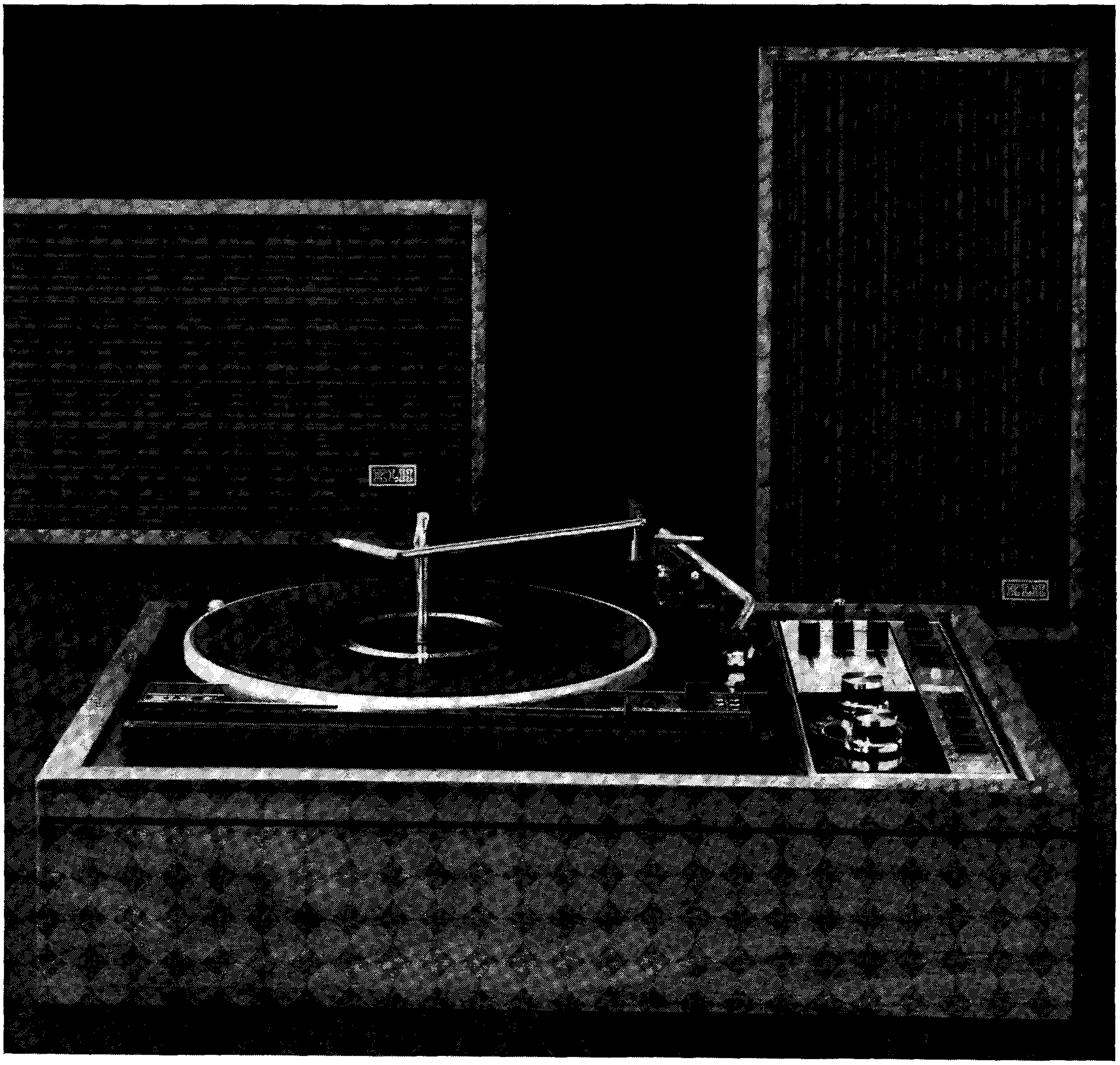

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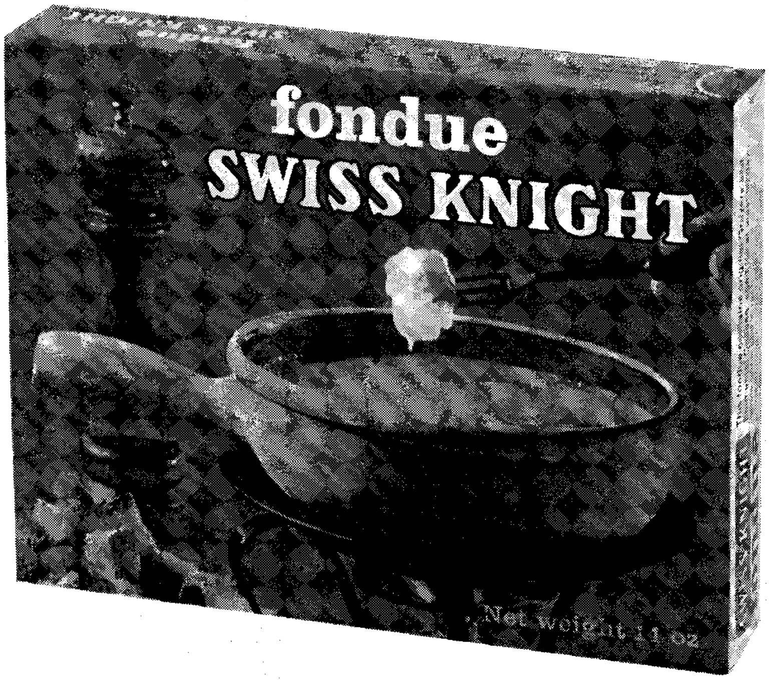

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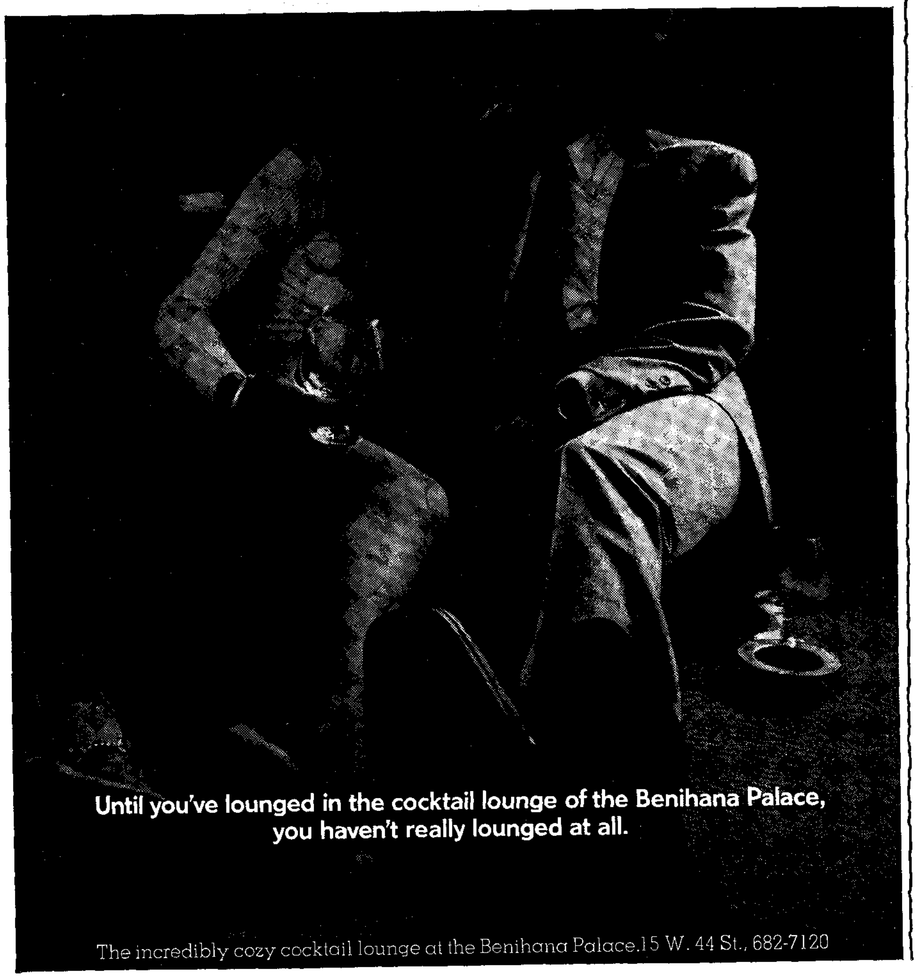
Until you've lounged in the cocktail lounge of the Benihana Palace, you haven't really lounged at all.

The incredibly cozy cocktail lounge at the Benihana Palace.15 W. 44 St., 682-7120

back to the sofa and then into my lap, where she lay on her back, waiting, as usual, to be tickled. Suddenly, she made a sign, her index fingers held tip to tip. In her A.S.L., I knew, this meant "hurt" or "It hurts."

Fortunately, I also knew how to reply by signs, and I did: "Hurt where?"

Lucy put one foot up and pointed to its sole. There was a small cut in the leathery skin.

I told Mrs. Temerlin, and she came over anxiously to look. "Oh, it's all right," she said. "That's an old cut. Probably she just wants a Band-Aid on it. She loves Band-Aids." Matter-of-factly, she went to fetch the first-aid box.

A day or so later, I again noticed the surprising capacity of these psychologists for taking things in stride when I went with Dr. Fouts to see Washoe for the last time before my departure. She was out on the island with the gang, going about her pursuits contentedly. But then someone brought Dr. Fouts and me glasses of iced tea. Across the water, Washoe spied us drinking, and the sight sent her into a frenzy. She left her companions, hurried down to the bank, and burst into a perfect shower of signs. It was the first time I had seen her so active, and I became excited myself. I made notes, and a while later, when Dr. Lemmon arrived, I read them to him.

"She begged and begged Roger to come and fetch her. She kept signing, 'Roger ride come gimme sweet eat please hurry hurry you come please gimme sweet you hurry you come ride Roger come give Washoe fruit drink hurry hurry fruit drink sweet please please.' " I paused, waiting for comment. Dr. Lemmon did not look impressed. I went on, "But here is the unbelievable part. A plane flew over just then, and Washoe mentioned that, too. She signed, 'You me ride in plane.' She really did!"

Dr. Lemmon nodded soberly. "Yes," he said. "Washoe is the greediest chimp I've ever known." —EMILY HAHN

•

> Washington made a lunging dive for the ball. As he was falling on the ground, the ball hit him in the right shoulder . . . then went underneath him.
>
> He picked the ball up, by his left leg, held it into the air and the official signaled a touchdown.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

He should have signalled a cameraman.

Soft on the whisper of angel wings,
This is the Christmas that memory brings.
The rustling of elves in the watchful night
With secrets shelved from the children's sight.

The glimmering gold of candle-shine;
The shimmering fragrance of fir and pine,
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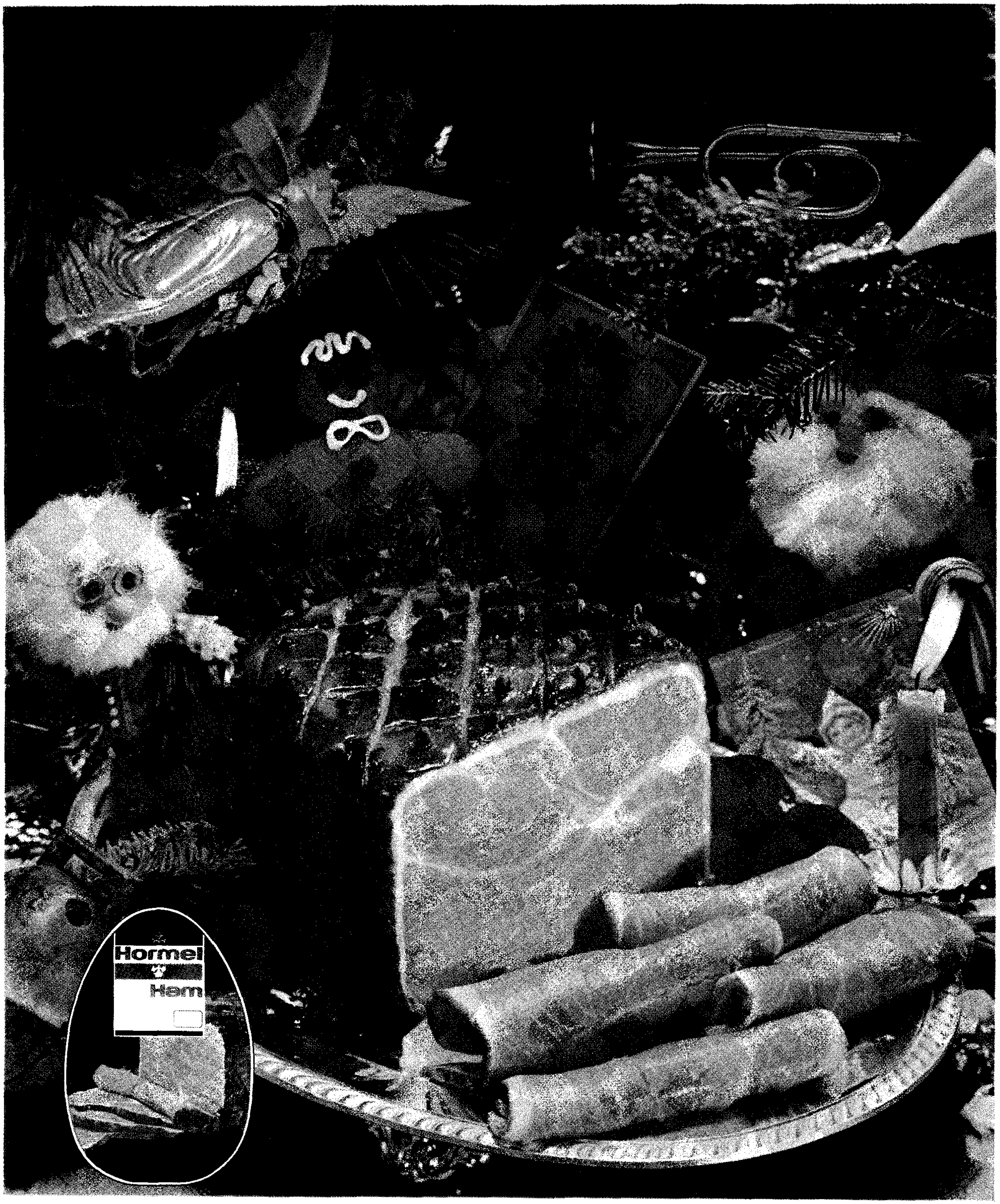

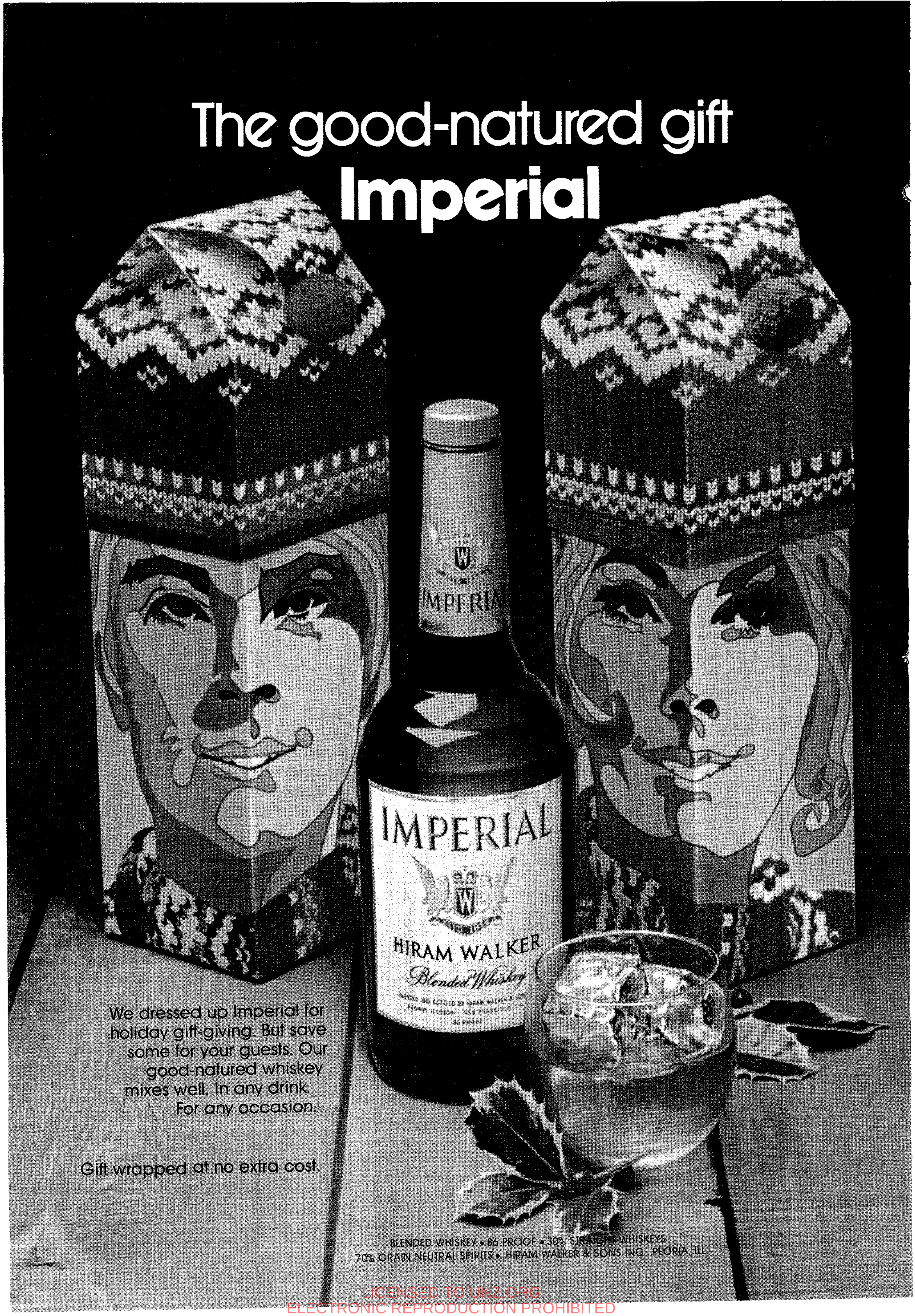
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THE THEATRE

THE BARD, WITH AFFECTION

AT the end of the opening-night performance of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the St. James, it seemed likely that nobody would ever consent to leave the theatre—neither the merry band of marvellous young people onstage, who, notable for the variety of their sizes, shapes, and hues, stood singing and dancing and blowing soap bubbles and flaunting yo-yos and tossing Frisbees from box to box and hugging and kissing one another with the mingled joy and relief that people feel who have brought off, against heavy odds, something good and difficult, nor the audience that stood applauding members of the cast in rhythm to their singing and plainly longed to be allowed to join them in their not conspicuously Shakespearean revels. It was only thanks to the fact that Joe Papp, the producer of the musical, had had the foresight to invite his company and much of the audience to an after-the-show party at the Tavern-on-the-Green—a party at which, with his usual fearless assumption of multiple roles, Mr. Papp contrived to act as both host and guest of honor—that the theatre slowly emptied and the restaurant filled. The evening marked a sort of apotheosis for Mr. Papp; the ablest figure known to Off Broadway had stormed and captured Broadway, and I was irresistibly put in mind of a harsh old Yankee saying: "If he ain't happy now, he never will be."

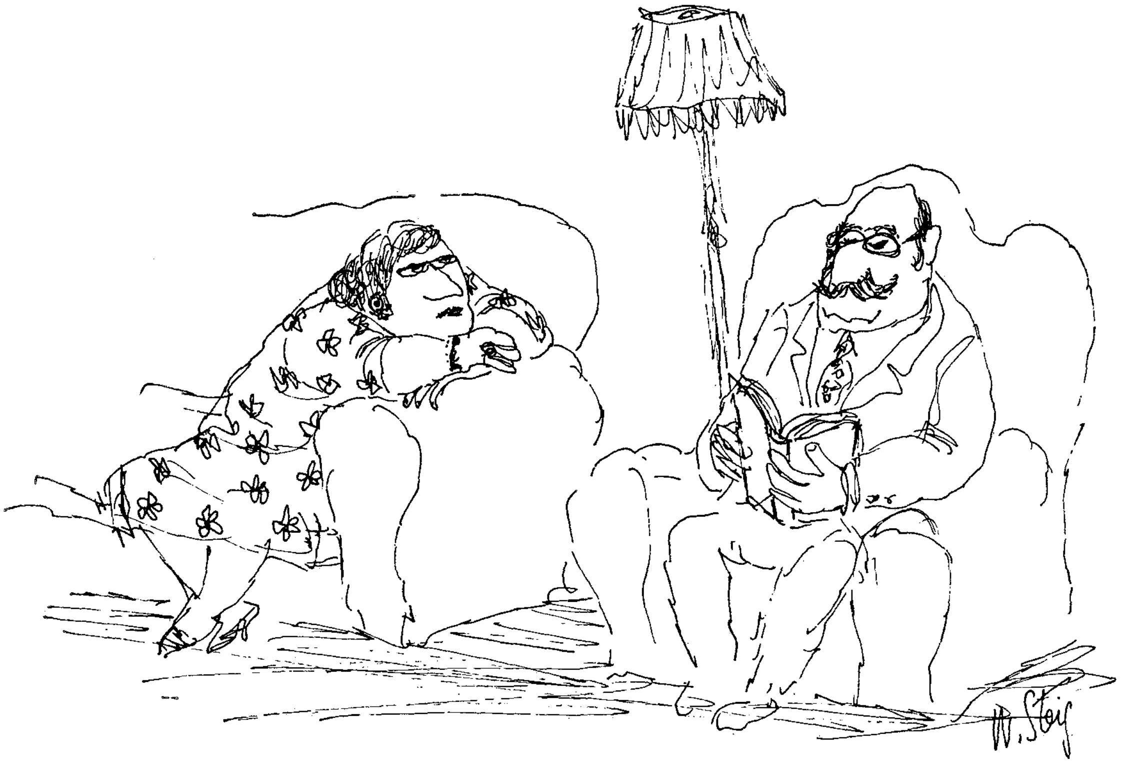
Although I am in principle opposed to what an elegant friend of mine calls "the defoliation of the classics" (a less elegant friend calls it "lousing up the classics"), I was quick to forgive John Guare and Mel Shapiro for their adaptation of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—the omission of the definite article is the least noticeable of their alterations—because they have been so wisely thorough in their ruthlessness; the Bard has been thrown out with the bath water, and only his tender and amiable spirit remains. Scholars have pointed out that, despite the play's famous reference to "the uncertain glory of an April day," Shakespeare gives it no particular season; the note it strikes of mindless loving beginnings is what leads us to assume that the time must be spring. "Two Gentlemen" is one of the shortest of Shakespeare's plays, as well as the sunniest; the only villainy reproved is man's inconstancy, without which he might well be considered perfect—a sentiment that sounds more like Gilbert and Sullivan than like Shakespeare. Perhaps acting on this hint, Mr. Guare and Mr. Shapiro have perceived that the proper model for their musical is something along the lines of "The Pirates of Penzance," and Mr. Shapiro has directed it accordingly, which is to say *allegro*. The songs, with music by Galt MacDermot and lyrics by Mr. Guare, are droll and charmingly offhand. Mr. Guare doesn't attempt to compete with Gilbert in skill of prosody; mostly, he provides no rhymes, and the metrical principle he follows appears to be the Nash one that a line should go on till it stops. A tighter writer might make worse verse.

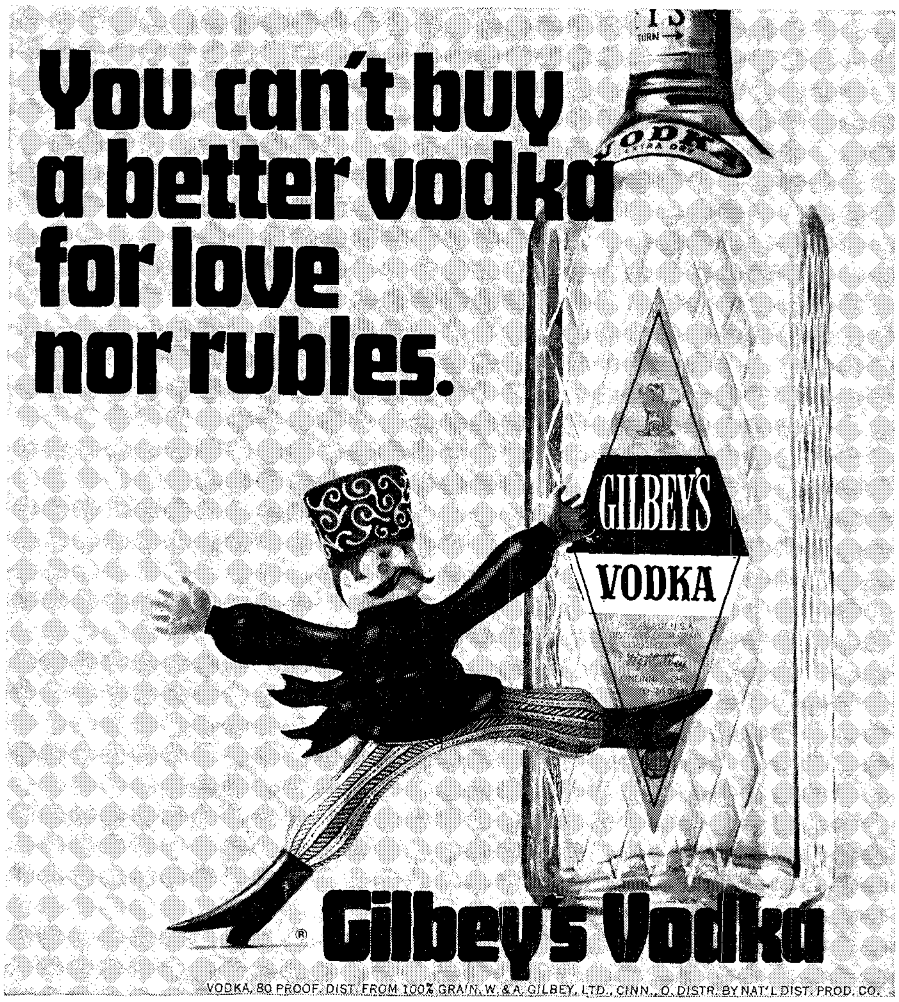
Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila have the four leading roles, and what an enchanting ensemble they are! I think this must be one of the rare cases where actors who are called upon to convey affection and pleasure in each other's company really do so. Also in the cast and also splendid are Norman Matlock, Frank O'Brien, Alvin Lum, John Bottoms, and Alix Elias. The set is a benign forest of poles and platforms by Ming Cho Lee, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the admirable choreography is by Jean Erdman. All the profits of this production will be used to further the activities of the New York Shakespeare Festival, so I hope the money rolls in. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Joan of Washington Square

AL CARMINES' inspired "Joan," which will wind up its run at his little Judson Church this Friday and Saturday, brings together with complete success all those elements that make him invaluable to the theatre—his lavish, ingenious, melodic music, his depth and purity of feeling, his unquenchable gaiety and humor and wit, his originality and dramatic invention, and, above all, his rebellious, embracing spirit. "Joan" is the most openly religious of any of the Reverend Mr. Carmines' shows that I have seen. His St. Joan is a gruff girl in bluejeans (the part is very well sung and acted by Lee Guilliatt) who has bombed a building in

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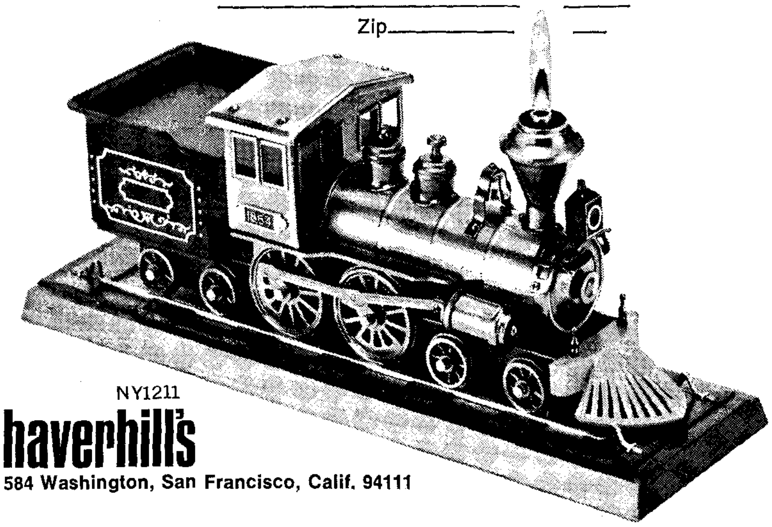

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protest against the war and who spends much of her time in the first act wandering around the East Village (where she runs into, among others, the Virgin Mary, beaming and in a gold-spangled dress), and much of her time in the second act in the Women's House of Detention. The show, although it is called an opera, actually fits somewhere between opera and musical comedy. In one of the scenes, Mr. Carmines leaves his place at the piano to describe his music as "eclectic, ranging from Otto Harbach to Burt Bacharach." Eclectic it may be, but the range is much wider than that (and also more individualistic than the composer admits). I remember with particular pleasure a song in praise of New York, sung by two snappy chorus girls; a patter song on the subject of established religion, sung by a Catholic cardinal, a Protestant bishop, and a rabbi; and a lament that starts, "Have you ever watched someone you love turn into someone you admire?," sung by one of Joan's devoted young men. The singing by everyone—soloists and chorus—is absolutely fine. In a way, I wish that "Joan" would move to an Off Broadway theatre and run forever, and in another way I know that it belongs right where it is (and perhaps will be again).

"EL HAJJ MALIK," performed at the Martinique by a group of black players belonging to the Afro-American Studio, is a chronological arrangement of scenes illustrating the life and death of Malcolm X. The words are mostly his own, taken from his autobiography and his sermons, and they are spoken, in turn, by the four women and seven men of the company, who, after a fashion, act him as well. The production is stylized and impressionistic. Aside from the actual words, "El Hajj Malik" is almost entirely a work of the imagination—the fertile imaginations of N. R. Davidson, Jr., the playwright; of Ernie McClintock, the director; and of William Salter and Milo Timmons, the composer and the choreographer, respectively. The members of the cast may be inexperienced, but they have the invaluable knack of making every sound and movement seem spontaneous, which means, of course, that they are gifted and have been well rehearsed. The stage is an arena, with the audience on four sides, and some of the speeches were hard to understand when the speaker had his back turned to me. That is my only qualification, though; I enjoyed the show and found some of it moving.

—EDITH OLIVER

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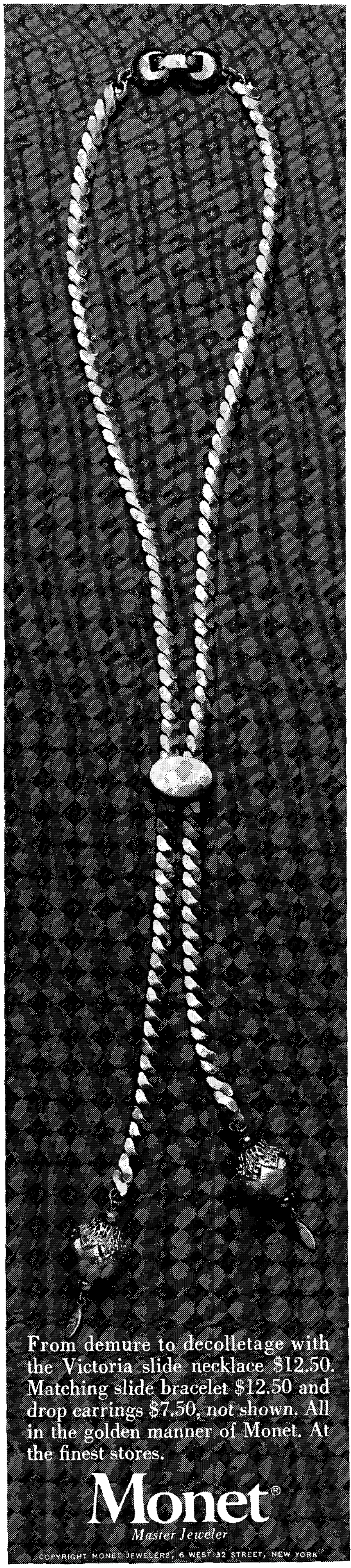

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THE RACE TRACK

Marathon

HITCHCOCK, the German horse named for the English moviemaker, couldn't quite bring off that distance double—the Gallant Fox and Display Handicaps—which he did a year ago and which almost everybody at Aqueduct last Saturday thought he would do again. Though he'd won the Gallant Fox, at a mile and five furlongs, as if he could keep going all day, he ran out of steam in the final furlongs of the Display, at two miles and a quarter, and finished third. But since Paraje, an Argentine-bred stablemate who was coupled in the betting with him, won the race, everybody was happy, except those who bet on Chompion. (He finished second.) It took three minutes and fifty-two seconds to run the Display, and two of the seven starters found the course too long, and didn't finish. Mr. Copy Chief led for the first run around the oval, with Paraje closest. Then Paraje, ridden by Pincay with skill and assurance, took command, and he held it to the end, beating Chompion by half a length. By the way, Pincay's father won the Display on Primordial II back in 1964.

I expect there are race-trackers still around who remember Display, the Iron Horse. Owned by Walter Salmon, who bred him, he started in a hundred and three races during the six seasons (1925-30) he campaigned, won twenty-three, was second in twenty-five and third in twenty-seven, and earned $256,526—a high dollar in those days. A sturdy, compact bay, with legs that seemed indestructible, he could go fast and far (he won the Toronto Cup, the Toronto Autumn Stakes, the Ontario Jockey Club Cup, the Pimlico Cup, and the Hawthorne Gold Cup, not to mention the Preakness), but he was unpredictable. He was a son of Fair Play and inherited a streak of temperament a yard wide. When he chose to run, it took the best to beat him, but even Tom Healey, who trained him, never knew when he would choose to. Around the stable and in the paddock before a race, he was as placid as a lead pony. At the post, he was an uncurried demon. There were no stall gates then (starts were from a tape barrier), and Display's antics as a field lined up made him the despair of starters. The only one who could handle him, and did, was Boots Dickerson, a Texan they said could bridle the Twentieth Century Limited.

In the stud, Display begat, among others, Discovery, one of the top racers in the thirties, for whom the midweek feature at the Big A last week was named. Minsky, who is Nijinsky's little brother and whose bloodline goes back to Display, might have won it, for he was in a good position as far as the stretch, but he couldn't withstand the challenge of Autobiography and wound up second.

By and large, it wasn't a bad week for Sigmund Sommer, who owns Hitchcock, Paraje, and Autobiography. Nor for Pincay, who rode Paraje and Autobiography. Pincay's total for the week was ten winners, which makes fifty-seven for the meeting. He's gone to California to rest up for Santa Anita, which opens on December 28th.

PEACE CORPS, who was lucky to escape injury in that spill in the Stuyvesant Handicap at Aqueduct, was the favorite for the Gettysburg Handicap at Liberty Bell Park last Saturday, but the best he could do was finish third to Terrible Tiger, who won by ten, and Intensitivo. From all accounts, the clubhouse looked as if a costume party were going on. The management, which is always thinking up some novelty, called the occasion Easter in December Day, and the officials all wore morning coats and striped trousers. There was an Easter parade, with prizes for the best costumes, and everybody seemed to have fun. Incidentally, the handle of $1,929,711 was the best of the meeting.

THEY'RE off and running at Tropical Park, and the Off-Track Betting Corporation here has plans to take bets on the races there next month. It seems, however, that neither Tropical nor Hialeah nor Gulfstream wants any part of it. So you may have to look up the book on the block if you want action.

THOUGH the Big A won't close until December 15th, the last stakes race of the season will be run this weekend—the December Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at one mile. Since entries won't close until seventy-two hours before it's run, even Wrong Horse Harry can't give you the winner.

—AUDAX MINOR

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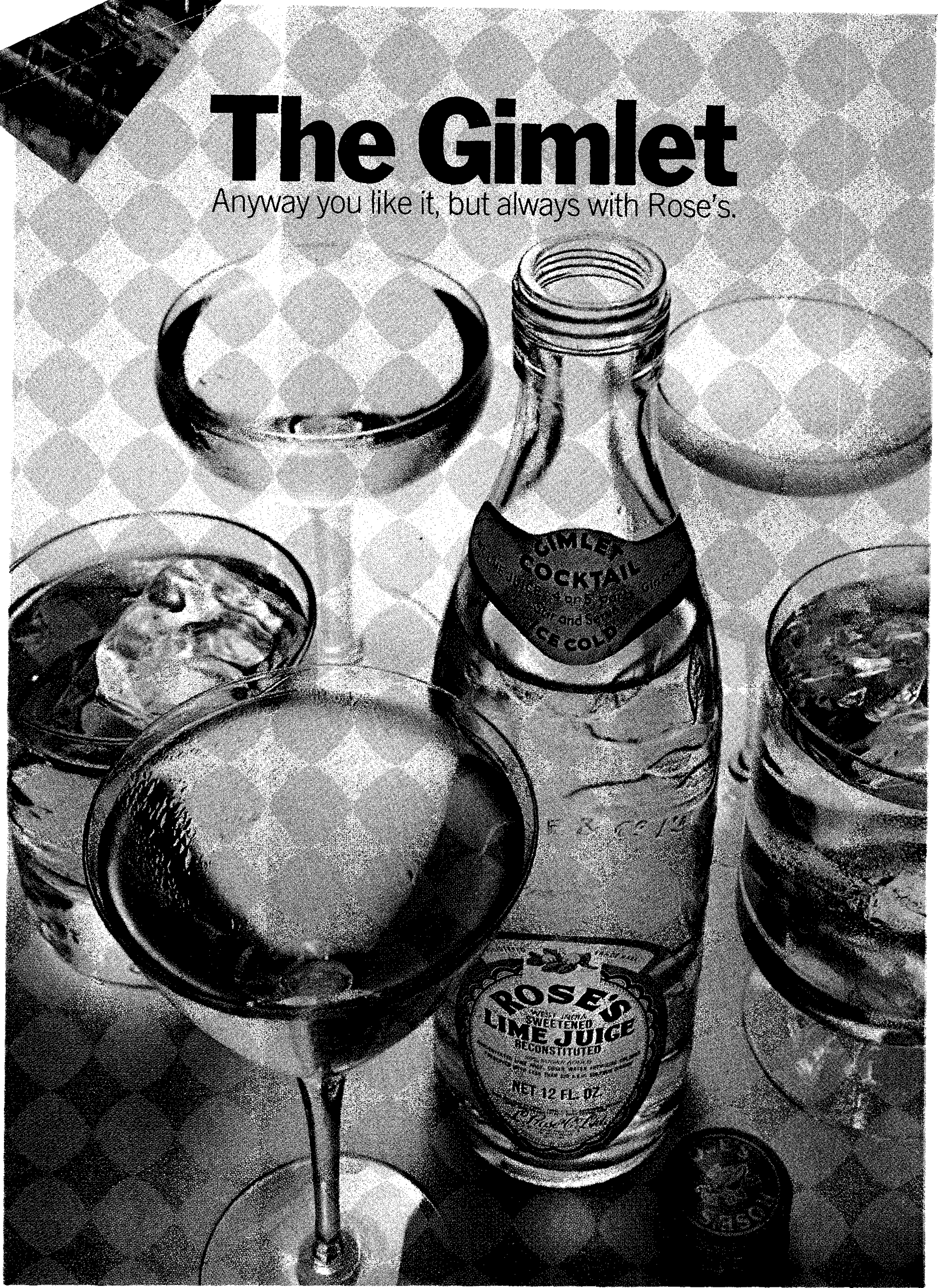
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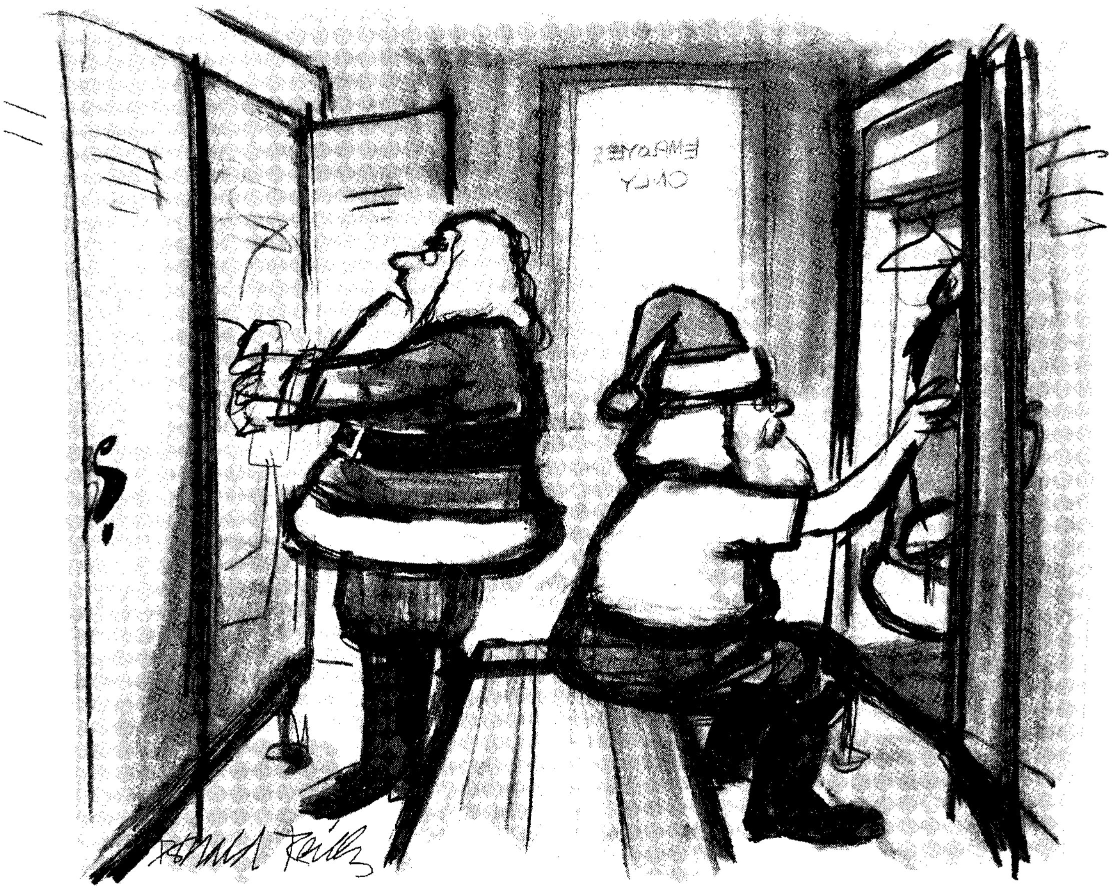
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS, AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO

HAVE you noticed that the dour fellow who used to decorate the Quaker Oats box is wearing a broad smile these days? The change happened soon after the Quaker Oats people bought themselves a stake in the toy business by taking over the Fisher-Price Company, which specializes in toys for preschool children. Possibly the reason he is smiling is that the toy industry racked up two billion three hundred million dollars in sales last year—that's your money and ours—and is talking about hitting at least two and a half billion this year, no doubt with some idea of getting it while the getting is good, in view of the sharply declining national birthrate. On the other hand, you may remember that a few years back, when an alarming report was going around that American families would opt for fewer children in the future, *Toy & Hobby World*, a leading trade paper, responded with an editorial entitled "The Toy Industry and the Pill," which said this simply meant that "our industry must get more dollars from each child's family." They seem to be winning this one. We don't know why there is such a fierce mutual attraction between companies that deal in cereal products and those that make toys, but the latest conglomerate to buy a seat on the informal toy exchange is Nabisco (Fig Newtons, Shredded Wheat), which last May took over Aurora Products Corporation (hobby kits, model racing cars, skittle games). "There is an exceptionally strong parallel between our innovations in food products which grew into long-time favorites and Aurora's philosophy, which is to create products with a long-marketing life" was the way Nabisco's chairman explained things at the time. This was apparently before he discovered that among the briskest-selling items of his new subsidiary were snap-together monster tableaux from horror films such as "Dracula" and "Frankenstein," and that this year some Aurora philosopher had had the bright idea of adding four snap-together torture kits to go along with these gruesome characters. There was a Hanging Cage, whose spikes were tipped with simulated blood; a Pain Parlor, which was a kind of operating table with ominous-looking wire attachments; a guillotine, complete with a winch and a plastic blade; and— But no, not even the threat of a session in the Pain Parlor will persuade us to go into the matter further. In the late eighteenth century, a French inventor put on the market a working toy guillotine, and Goethe sent for one to give to his son, but, despite this historic precedent, the Nabisco management stopped production of these unusual creative playthings. A batch of Pain Parlors and guillotines that had already been delivered to the stores (and reportedly all bought up by camp-minded adults), however, provoked an angry delegation of women's-libbers to picket Nabisco's embarrassed Park Avenue headquarters last month with signs blaming the rise in juvenile crime on their monster kits. ("Sadistic Toys Make Violent Boys!") Nowadays, when you call the Nabisco people to talk about the matter, they hurriedly change the subject and suggest a nice Aurora kit whose eighty-odd plastic pieces can be glued together into a foot-long model of the great three-master Cutty Sark (you can buy this for $2 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue, near 32nd Street), or Aurora's game of Skittle Pool, whose motto is "A Lot of Fun for the Whole Family!" Skittle Pool is a felt-surfaced playing board just under two feet square on which a player drives commensurately sized pool balls into pockets by hitting them with a swinging cue ball suspended on a chain over one end of the board; $11.99 at Macy's.

As for other news of the toy industry, General Mills (Play-Doh, Lionel trains, and so on) continues to be the second-largest toy company in the world, after Mattel (Barbie, Hot Wheels, and so on), and Mattel has got so big that it has turned conglomerate itself and bought the biggest toy of all, Ringling Brothers Circus. But wait till you hear what toymaker Louis Marx, chairman of the board of Louis Marx & Co., is up to. A few months



"I'm getting a lot of smart-alecky guff this year about my workshop polluting the polar environment."

ago, the trade press reported that he was planning to divert a considerable part of his private fortune into an expedition to the moon, which he would sponsor along with other members of the Committee for the Future, a group of citizens who fear that the national interest in the space program is flagging. (They may be right. It's hard to find a space toy on the shelves these days, labelled "Marx" or anything else. And when, on a recent Sunday, two suburbanites, settling a bet, asked the first ten people they met on their town's main street for the name of the first man on the moon, only one passerby could think of it.) Marx and his fellow committee members plan to buy two obsolete Saturn V rockets and assorted surplus space hardware from NASA and then sign on some surplus astronauts to guide the rockets to their destination, with the hope of eventually establishing a colony up there. The project would be called Harvest Moon, and it's quite a harvest they have in mind. The plan is for the private astronauts to bring back moon rocks, which will sell for $1,500 a carat, or $3,400,000 a pound (slightly higher west of the Mississippi). When these items reach your neighborhood toy store, we'll be sure to let you know.

The toy business, like many other heavily seasonal enterprises, seems to feel most comfortable when it's riding a substantial trend. There was one Christmas when we got the impression that half the dolls, games, jigsaw puzzles, sleeping bags, and jack-in-the-boxes on the toy shelves were operating under a Davy Crockett franchise, and then there was the Agent 007 Christmas, and after that the year of Batman. Early last spring, at the annual New York Toy Fair, where retailers gather from all over the country to place their orders for the big December bonanza, one leading manufacturer grumbled that the toymakers hadn't had the benefit of a good, solid craze since Batman, and expressed high hopes for the industry's projected rage for 1971—Spiro T. Agnew, in whose honor dozens of toymakers were about to dispatch toys and games onto the assembly lines. An association between the toy business and politics is nothing new, of course. The Teddy bear (along with the Ideal Toy Company, which got its start by being the first to manufacture him) dates back to a 1902 political cartoon depicting a confrontation between a bear cub and Theodore Roosevelt, and there have been toy dogs named Fala (though none named Checkers, as far as we know) and toy horses named Maca-

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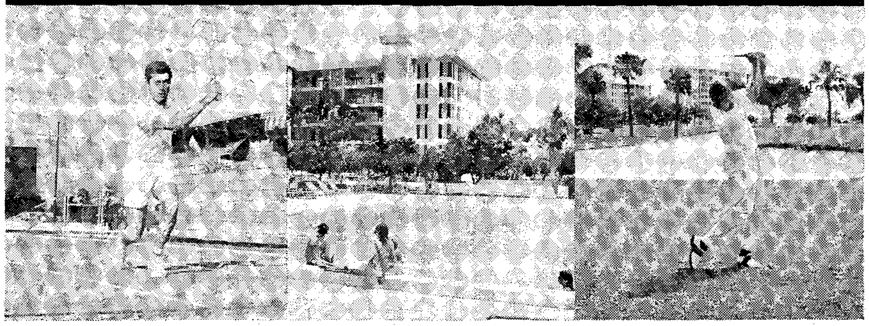

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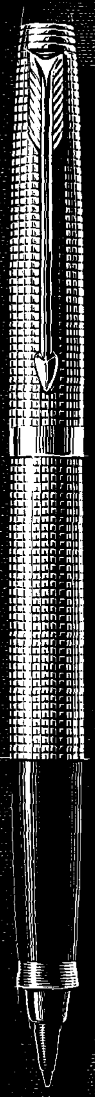

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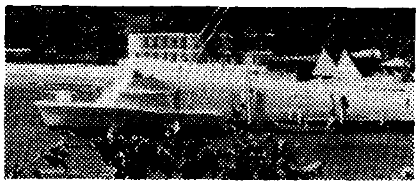
roni. For some reason, political invective often involves references to the games children play. A rival describes a senator's assessment of a Supreme Court nominee as "going up and down like a yo-yo." A critic dismisses the Nixon price-and-wage freeze as "Tinker Toy economics." A community leader in Queens complains that Lindsay's planning experts are "playing a lousy Monopoly game" with his neighborhood. And, of course, 1971 was the year that brought "ping-pong diplomacy" into the language and promised to send the sales of table-tennis sets to new highs. If you care to join in, Gimbels has a regulation-size table—that means five feet by nine—which folds in half, not only for convenient storage but so that one of the halves can be propped up and used as a backboard for practice. This table costs $44.95, and a net, four paddles, and two balls come to $4.99 additional at the same place. If you don't have room for a forty-five-square-foot symbol of international *détente*, F. A. O. Schwarz has Mini Tennis, a two-by-four-foot model that comes complete with two paddles, net, and balls for $26.50, and Altman's offers *Tini* Tennis, a board that measures only two feet by thirty-two inches and can be set up on top of almost any table, for $10, complete with paddles and the other gear. Then, there is the new respect that the Russians are said to have shown toward the United States since Bobby Fischer's Buenos Aires victory over their man. This shouldn't hurt the local traffic in chess sets. Brentano's has a fine magnetized one with a ten-inch-square board for $7, and at Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), you'll find a hinged, inlaid wooden chest that opens into a five-inch-square playing board. The pieces are well made and have peg ends that fit into holes in the board; $2.25. If your candidate for these sets is just getting his learner's permit, a paperback guide called "An Invitation to Chess," by Irving Chernev and Kenneth Harkness, is $1.75 at Macy's and in most bookstores.

To get back to the toy industry's scheme to turn Spiro Agnew into this year's Batman, the plan, like many early-spring political plans, apparently looked less and less dazzling as the months went by. Oh, you'll find Agnew on jigsaw puzzles here and there. Bloomingdale's, for example, has a five-hundred-piece one, fourteen inches by twenty-one, at $4, that shows him, in a Superman outfit, on one side and Nixon on the other. The label says "This is a Two-Faced Jigsaw Puzzle." Agnew's face also appears on the right



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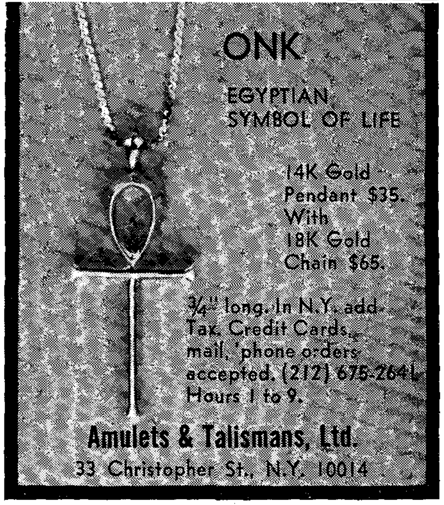

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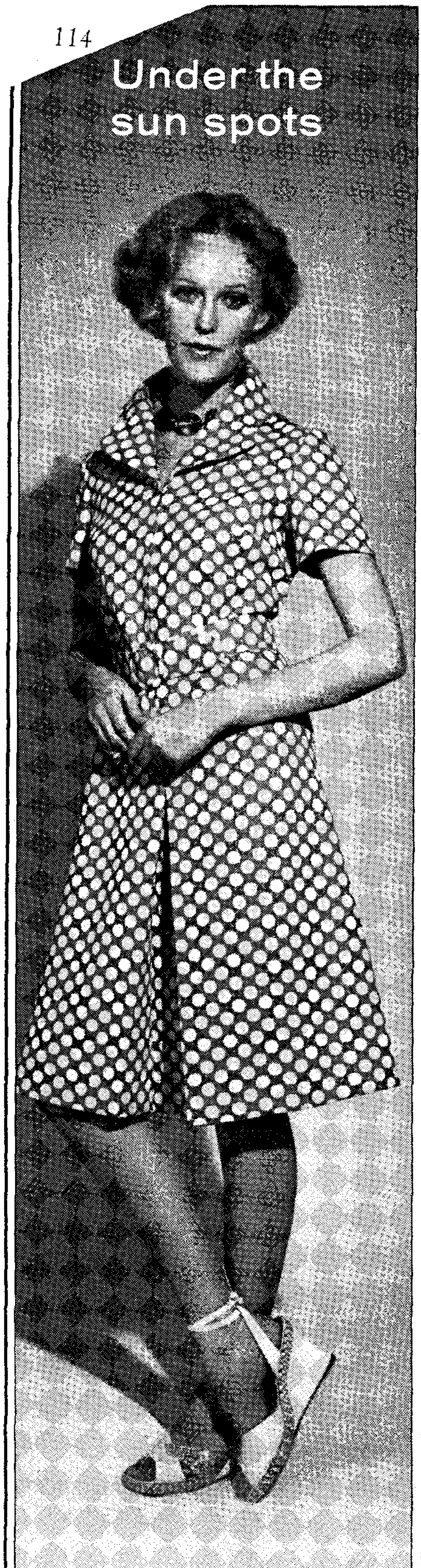

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rear wheel of a glue-together plastic truck kit called a Hard Hat Hauler. Ronald Reagan is on the right front wheel, while Senators Muskie and Kennedy decorate the wheels on the left—get it? This was a hot item for a short while, but seems to have disappeared. The name of the lately rather taciturn Vice-President was clearly not good for the instant yak that the toy industry had counted on, and the great Agnew stampede was cancelled. Possibly the manufacturers decided there wasn't time to retool for a more surefire commercial tie-in—the usual ploy is to grab the first available name from near the top of the latest Nielsen ratings—or perhaps they simply took a closer look at the economy. In any case, the industry this season seems to have concentrated a large share of its attention on basic, gimmick-free toys that are good for more than a halfhearted laugh and a few hours of fun before the batteries expire. Sometimes—as Wolcott Gibbs concluded his parody of "The Late George Apley"—things work out a lot better than we have any business to hope they will.

If the economy continues to give trouble, both toymakers and toy purchasers may find themselves paying closer attention to the fact that in the long off-season months—in midsummer, say, when the advertising hoopla is comparatively muted (a recent study reported that the incidence of commercials on children's television programs averages one every 2.8 minutes)—the best-selling toys are likely to be very simple items indeed, possibly because they are the toys children reach for when they are being spared the full attentions of some of the "behavioral engineers" whom the Federal Trade Commission recently called down to Washington to testify about the means they use to engineer children into thinking they are totally disadvantaged if their parents don't buy them the most expensive toys on the shelves. Last summer, for example, the leading items on the monthly best-seller list published by *Toy & Hobby World* were yo-yos, Frisbees, and "play balls, all kinds," of which the most frequently cited name brand was Parker Brothers' Nerf ball. You've probably heard of the Nerf ball. It's about four inches in diameter and made of "incredibly soft and spongy synthetic foam," in the words of its manufacturer. ("Throw it around indoors. You can't damage lamps or break windows. You can't hurt babies or old people.") It's $1.40 nearly everywhere, including Polk's, and this year there's a new Super Nerf ball, seven

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inches in diameter, for $2.77 at the same place. "To be truthful, it's not as safe inside the house as its little brother, the junior-sized Nerf ball. So be careful around lamps and things" is the word on the box from the Parker people, an honest crowd. As for the yo-yo, its inventor, Donald Franklin Duncan (he had adapted it in the late nineteen-twenties from an ancient Greek toy), died this year in California at the age of seventy-eight, and at that time it was revealed that he had invested some of his early yo-yo winnings in a no-fun item called a parking meter, and was the Duncan of Duncan Industries, which at one point was responsible for eighty per cent of the meters in the country. Well, yo-yos are now made in at least five different ranges of difficulty, we are told, but the two we ran across most often this season were a thin, flat-sided wooden variety called a Butterfly Yo-Yo and a fat plastic one called the Imperial. Both sell for $1 apiece at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street. And then there is the Frisbee, which, as you know, is a nine-and-a-half-inch plastic disc that skims through the air, and, as you may not know, got its name from the pie plates of the Frisbie Baking Company, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. (There is apparently no end to the tie-ins between the toy business and the baking business.) At the recent International Frisbee Tournament, at Cooper Harbor, Michigan, the Frisbee-throwing record was two hundred and fifteen feet. An N.Y.U. professor of English recently hailed the Frisbee on the Op-Ed page of the *Times* as "the toy of our age," because of its "sense of abandon and spontaneity," and he added, "This is what contemporary America seems to want so desperately—release from inner and outer compulsion." You can buy this symbol of fine, careless rapture nearly anywhere. Reiss Brothers has Wham-O's All-American Frisbee for $1.80.

THE simplest toys of all, of course, are those that might please the very newest names on your list. A polished wooden teether made of three nested, independently rotating rings of graduated sizes is $3.95 at Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street. Two colorful plastic teething rings that are also rattles, one in the shape of a free-style rocking horse and one that looks like a fish, are $4 the pair at dollsandreams, 454 Third Avenue (31st), where the upper-case key and the space bar both seem to be on the fritz. At Schwarz, for $6, there is a colorful plastic Busy

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Box that fits on the side of a crib or playpen and provides knobs, noisemakers, cranks, dials, doors to open, and drawers to pull. A stuffed plastic rabbit named Thumpy suspended on elastic cords from the side rails of a crib would make a fine target for a baby to kick, since he bounces and jingles when struck. A pair of red-striped nylon booties comes with him, and the price is $6.95, also at Schwarz. Thumpy is one of those Playtential toys designed by a Harvard professor and said to be very educational. A wooden-framed metal mirror eight and a quarter inches in diameter, in which a young person can discover that his own funny face is the most fascinating thing in the playpen, costs $4.95 at Creative Playthings, 1 East 53rd Street. Not everything in the baby's room has to be functional and academically certified, of course. Some things are just fun to look at, listen to, and have around. Creative Playthings has a bell mobile that hangs over a crib or playpen and makes a soft chiming sound in the breeze from, say, a passing Nerf ball; $7.95. A mobile that clamps to the rail of a playpen, but hangs out of the occupant's reach, consists of five hand-painted wooden circus figures suspended on nylon thread from a musical hub that plays a lullaby as they circle around it; $10.50 at Schwarz. A wooden mobile with a single performer, Winnie the Pooh, is $2.90 at the Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum.

Naturally, there are all kinds of stuffed animals for this crowd and for those who are a bit further along the ontogenetic scale. A big, fat Pooh Bear, seventeen inches tall, is $13.95 at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street (off Sheridan Square). He's stuffed with foam and covered in red or orange terry cloth, so he is completely washable, including his felt vest and the checked handkerchief in his pocket. Two small bears, a seven-inch brown plush one and his four-inch white plush friend, are $2.90 and $1.90, respectively, at the Gallery Shop. A fourteen-inch musical Mama Bear in a lace-trimmed dress is $12.95 at Schwarz. In her arms is a baby bear who moves his head around as the music box plays a lullaby. The Gingerbread House has a twenty-two-inch pink flannel mother pig with five suckling piglets (they snap on) for $15.95, and a black plush mother cat, twenty inches long, with two snap-on kittens, one black and one white, for $9.95. At dollsandreams, a washable fourteen-inch brown plush puppy wearing what can only be described as a hangdog look costs $11.50. A patchwork-covered Scottie thirteen inches long and fourteen inches high is $5, and the same dog done up in red plaid corduroy is $4.50 at the Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th Street, where, as you know, everything is made by the blind. (If ordered by mail, there is a fifty-cent postage charge. There are similar mailing charges on most of the items in most of the other stores mentioned in this list.) Schwarz has an eleven-inch chiming bee for $4.50, and we mention him because we'd never seen an eleven-inch chiming bee before. This one is made of black-and-bright-yellow plush, and he chimes when he is rocked from side to side. We can't say we'd ever run into a stuffed whale before, either—or, anyway, not a cuddly one. A twelve-inch specimen, who costs $4.50 at Childcraft, is made of blue corduroy and has a pair of droll plastic eyes that won't pry loose. If you have been driven into a state of *Sturm und Drang* by those Red Baron commercials for Lufthansa, you can imagine how Snoopy feels. Nevertheless, he was wearing his usual inscrutable smile as well as his usual ample *embonpoint* when we encountered him at Bloomingdale's. This particular Snoopy is twenty-two inches tall and costs $12. At Gimbels, we found a plush St. Bernard, twenty-five inches long, who is meant to be sat on and who wears a plastic keg around his neck. Unfortunately, the keg is empty. He costs $9.99. Another twenty-five-inch sit-on object is Choo-Choo Charlie, a sort of a train hassock, which costs $10 at Altman's. This Charlie is an odd one: he has a smokestack to grab hold of and a human face with something attached to the chin that's either a beard or a cowcatcher. To keep him company, perhaps, is a twenty-inch mustachioed locomotive engineer who is stuffed like a pillow, has a zipper on one side, and doubles as a pajama bag; he costs $8, also at Altman's.

When your favorite engineer wakes up, he might like to hit the rails with Childcraft's four-section solid-maple train, which is nearly four feet long and has rubber wheels that move on steel axles. The tops of two of the cars come off, so that they can be loaded with stuff, and the price is $17.95. At the same place, you'll find, for $4.50, a very nice small enamelled wooden

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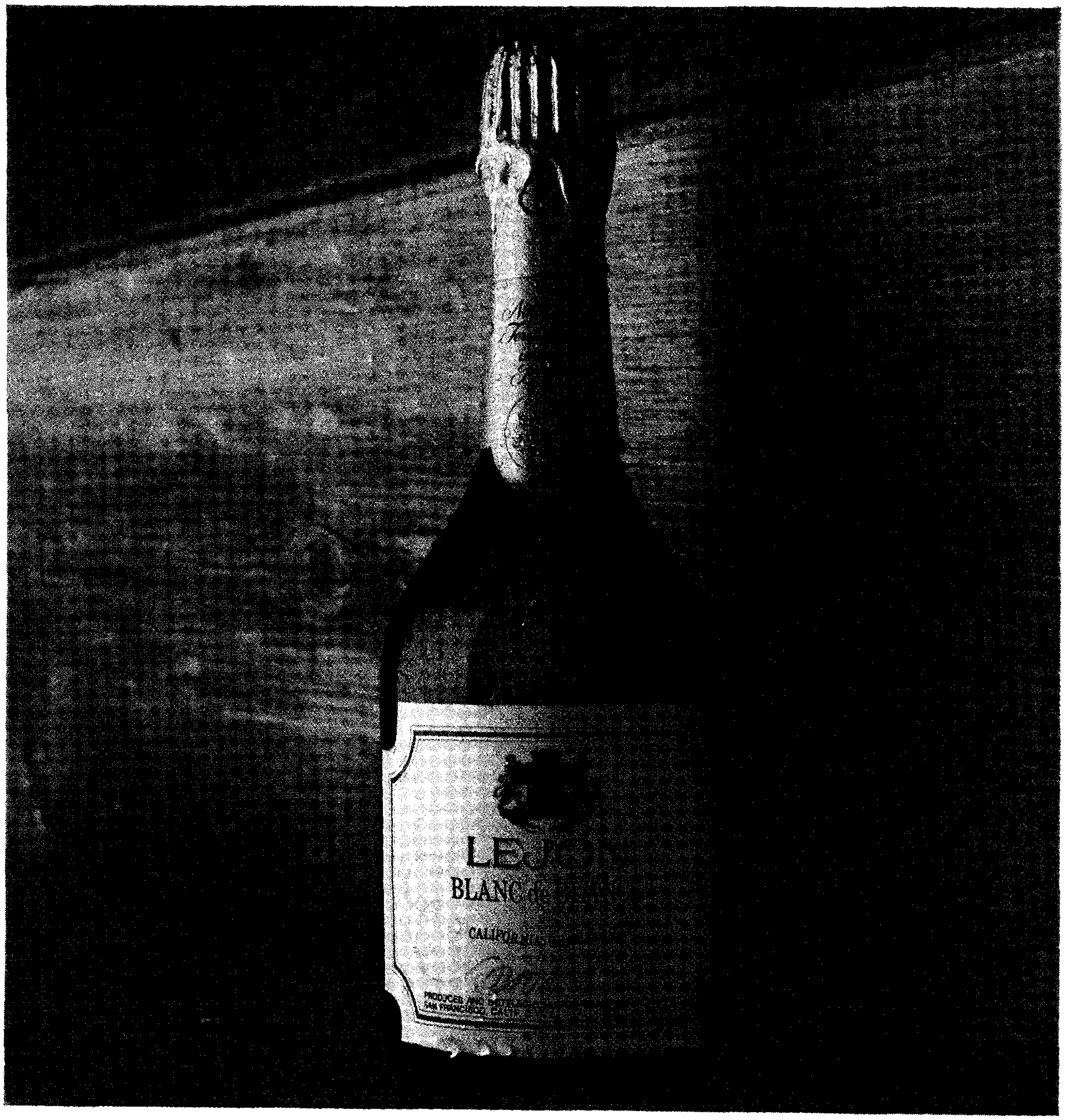

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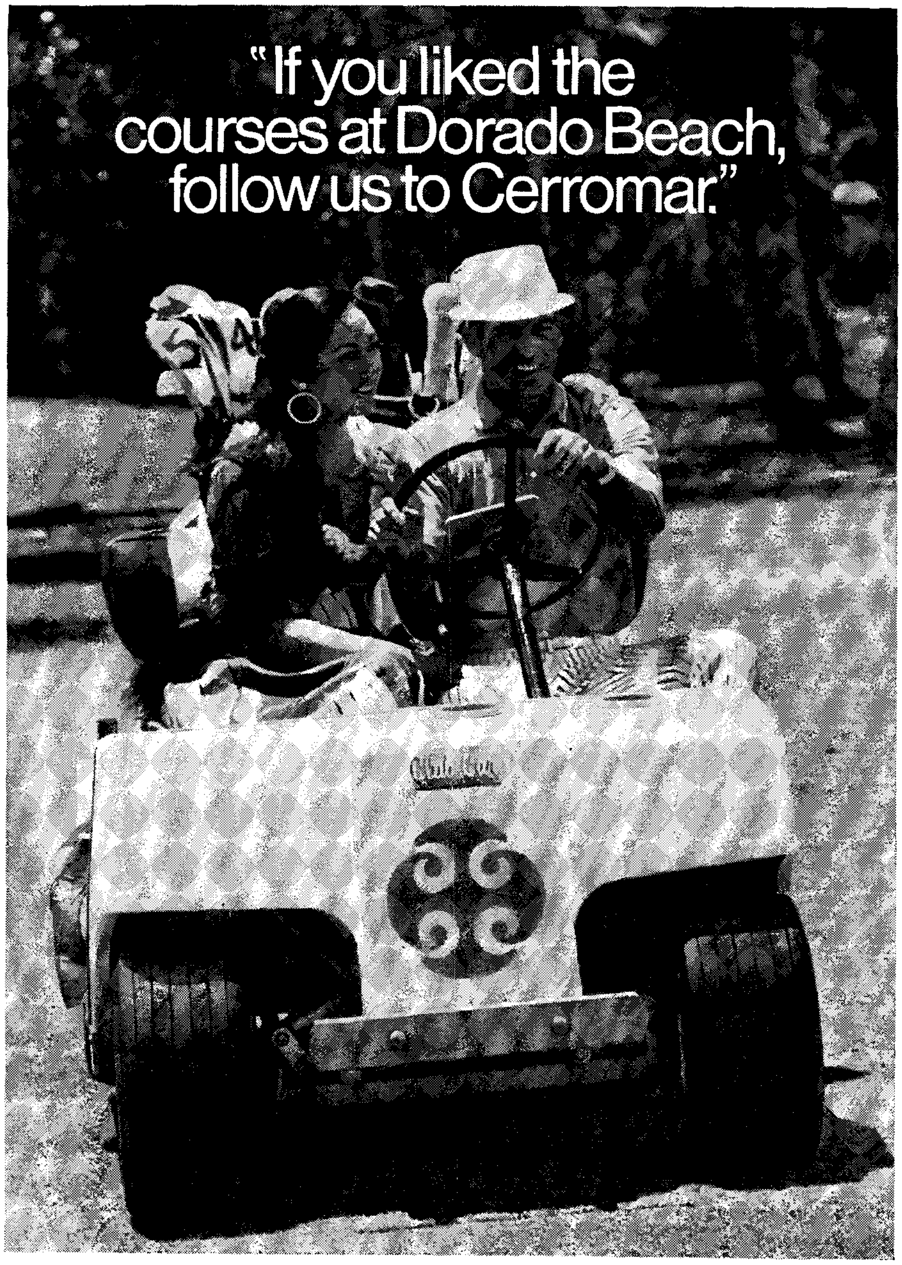
We worried for nothing. Tabac Original has become as sought-after as it is in the rest of the world. Which leads us to believe it isn't how loud a cologne speaks, it's what it has to say.

TABAC
ORIGINAL

TOILETRIES EUROPA INC., 565 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 train, about fourteen inches long, whose four sections are coupled by means of magnets. Schwarz has a beginner's electric train, battery-operated, for $12.95, including batteries. It's of bright-colored plastic and there's a fifty-by-sixty-nine-inch expanse of track plus a hand-operated signal that stops the train. A more elaborate HO-gauge diesel freight train, with a power pack and thirty-six inches of track, is $12.88 at Polk's. If all these rail bugs would like some mood music, the Marboro stores are selling, for $1.98, a twelve-inch album in which the Merrill Jay Singers do "The Wreck of the Old 97," "Casey Jones," "Lonesome Whistles," and about a dozen other "Songs of the Railroad," which is what the album is called. And, in case the baby is feeling left behind at the depot, we've found a four-section train for him, too. About a foot long, it's made of rubber, so that if he decides to fling it across the room it won't matter; $8.95 at Schwarz. Meanwhile, for members of the family who prefer the open road, Creative Playthings has a Giant Ride 'em Bus, twenty-five and a half inches long, for $26.95. It's solid wood, has rubber wheels, and comes with five wooden passengers. For water-minded babies, Altman's suggests a sturdy eighteen-inch plastic tugboat that can be pulled or ridden and costs $7.50. A Noah's Ark at Creative Playthings is too small to ride, being only nine inches long, and, besides, it's already carrying a pretty heavy load—twenty-two wooden animals and, of course, two of our kind. It's $5.95. Melody Queen, a twelve-and-a-half-inch plastic Mississippi River side-wheeler, plays "Camptown Races" as it churns about in the tub or rolls along the floor; $4.98 at Childcraft. This vessel is powered by a wind-up engine, but a simple nine-inch hardwood paddle boat, also at Childcraft, zips around the tub a good deal faster on old-fashioned rubber-band power; $3.95. And at Schwarz you'll find a Bathtub Fleet—five plastic-hulled boats with wooden decks (four are sailboats and one is an ocean liner), which range in length from about five to eleven and a half inches—for $7.95.

ARE you ready to get out of those wet clothes and into a dry doll corner? Well, *moderately* dry. Tiny Tears is back after a few years' absence, crying real tears again up and down the doll counters. Maybe it's because she doesn't have a rag to her back except two disposable diapers—one that she wears and one spare. Great tears



So say Rockresorts' colorful head pro Chi-Chi Rodriguez and his wife Iwalani. They're on their way from Dorado Beach to its new sister resort Cerromar Beach Hotel (less than a mile as the pro flies). There Chi-Chi will preside over two magnificent new 18 hole Robert Trent Jones courses after Cerromar's December opening.

Golf's not all you'll find at Cerromar. There's tennis. Gorgeous beach and pool swimming. Superb cuisine, master-minded by chefs who won all those prizes at Dorado Beach. There's even a casino, plus exciting evening entertainment. And, of course, Rockresorts standards throughout. (Every room and suite commands a sweeping ocean view.)

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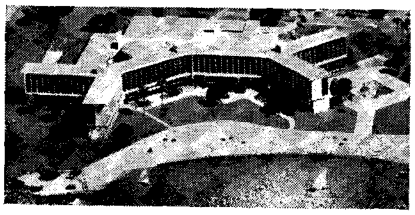

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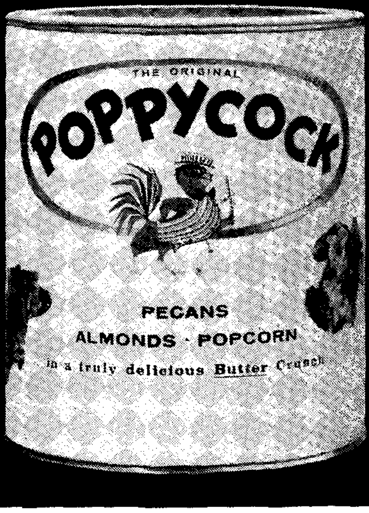

From Villa Park, Illinois, to gourmet food sections, to you.

roll out of this doll's eyes when she's lying flat, but if you pick her up she stops crying, which seems fair enough. She's thirteen inches tall and costs $5.99 at Gimbels.

We almost asked you if you had any little girls on your list who were interested in doll houses, but it was out *of sheer bad habit. The set-to over* Monster Scenes wasn't women's lib's only incursion against the toymakers this year, as you may have heard. Some members of the National Organization for Women have called on the industry to cut out their rampant sexism and concentrate on more toys that are neuter or non-sexist in character. By talking up toy brooms, doll houses, and plastic stoves for little girls, NOW charges, the manufacturers have brainwashed girls at an early age into thinking that their only proper place is in the nursery or the scullery. Meanwhile, the complaint goes on, little boys are encouraged to spend their time with toys that encourage not only violence but competition, instead of coöperation. In a coöperative spirit, the Fisher-Price people have called one of their preschool toys not a doll house but a Play Family House. Fisher-Price felt obliged to report, however, that the children in a nursery school where its products are tested didn't react in a neuter fashion at all. "The boys would pretend to be the father coming home from work; they would slam the door and demand dinner. The girls would just push the furniture around," said a *company* spokesman. Both the door-slammers and the furniture-pushers seemed to have a fine time, however, and if you'd like to try this sociological experiment on your premises, the Play Family House is $14.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). A two-story structure, fifteen and a half inches wide, nine and a half inches deep, and nine and a half inches high, it is made of wood and heavy plastic and is hinged on one of the sides so that it can be opened out to show four shallow rooms plus an attached garage with a car in it—waiting, perhaps, for Mommy to slam the door and go off with it to *her* office. Five residents are provided: a dog and four cylinder-shaped, knob-headed wooden figures that are non-sexist enough to suit the loudest carpers. Not only are the beds, chairs, and tables movable but also the staircase. Moreover, the garage door slides up and down, a bell rings when the front door opens, and when playtime is over the house can be closed up and carried around by a handle on its roof. At

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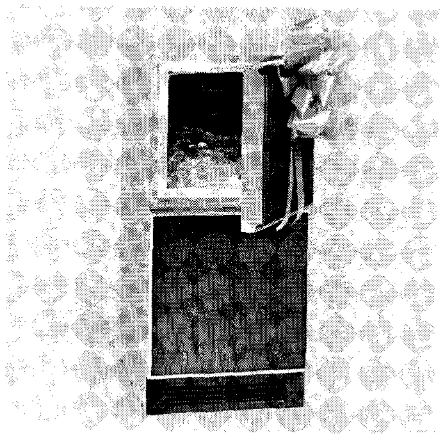

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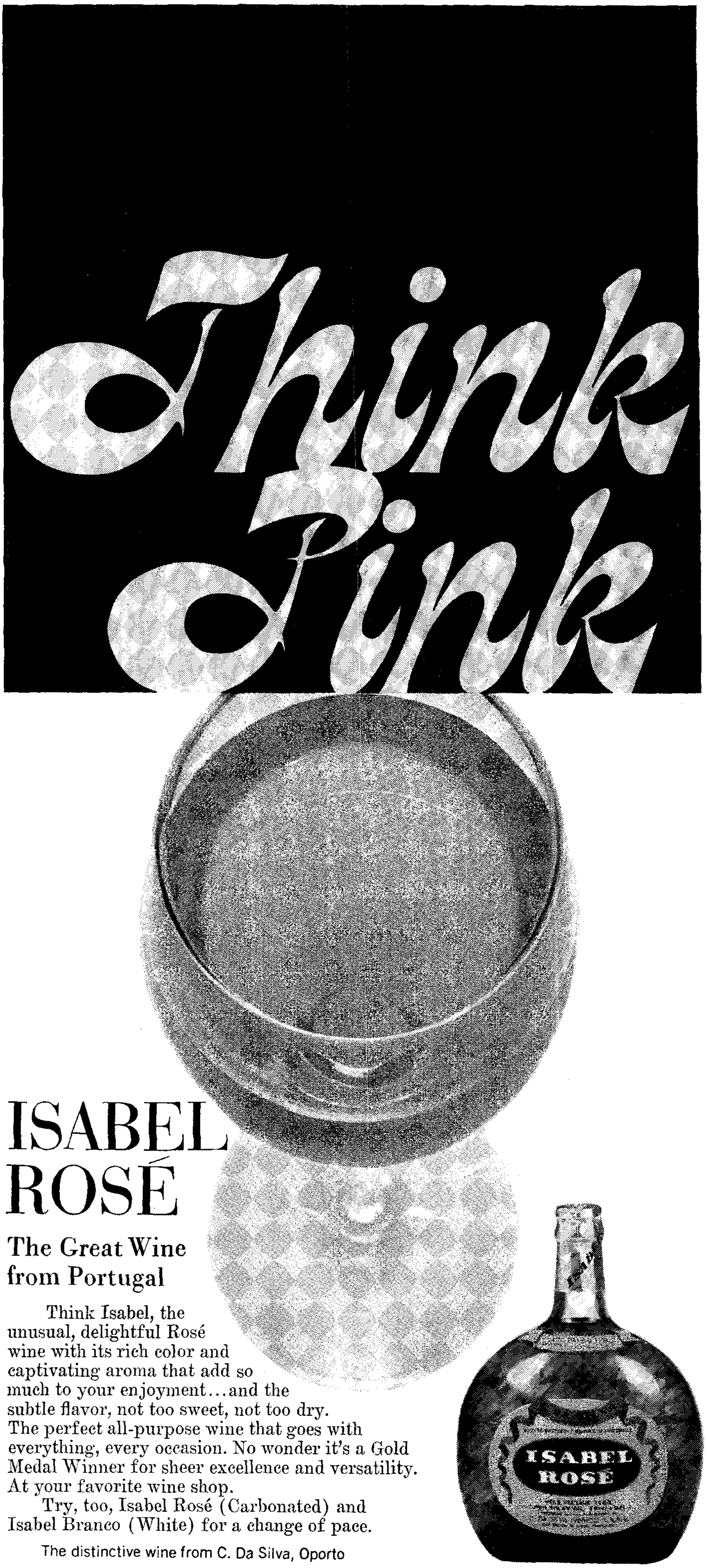
Gimbels, they come right out and call their six-room metal residence a doll house. It's a two-story one, nineteen and a half inches wide, fifteen and a half inches deep, and nine inches high, and it comes with a full set of plastic furniture and a family; $6.99. You'd better plan to open the package beforehand if you want to avoid a wretched Christmas morning: it's marked with those sneaky words "Easily Assembled." Bloomingdale's sells, for $11, a less challenging construction project—a four-story, six-room cardboard doll house that would be perfect for dedicated furniture-rearrangers. It comes with sixty-four stick-on pieces of furniture, pictures, lamps, curtains, rugs, and so on, which can be affixed wherever wanted and then peeled off and reapplied elsewhere for a whole new décor any time the owner gets bored with the old one. And a historic note: For years, we used to pore over the big Colonial doll house in the Schwarz catalogue, admiring its spacious rooms, its elegant furniture (Duncan Phyfe and such), its grand staircase, and its doll family posed in front—the starched maid, a father, a mother, a son, and a daughter, all formally dressed, as if going to the bishop's for tea. The starched maid vanished from the scene a few years ago—the same year Father turned up in a comfortable sweater and Mother turned up with a new baby. Now the whole scene has vanished. What Schwarz describes in its latest catalogue as "the ultimate in doll houses" is a four-room split-level. Its furniture is Motel Modern, and, in these days of Z.P.G., the new baby seems to have been fobbed off on someone else. Certain would-be purchasers will note indignantly that Mother is shown in the kitchen washing the dishes while Father lolls in the living room, and that Little Brother sits at ease on the outside staircase while Little Sister tends the barbecue on the terrace. The contracting economy hasn't treated this family too badly, however. There are two snappy-looking foreign sports cars in the garage, and the house itself is a substantial piece of real estate, made of hardwood and measuring forty inches in length, twenty inches in width, and eighteen inches in height. "Simple assembly requires matching numbered pegs with numbered holes" is the way Schwarz describes the night-before-Christmas chore in this case. The price for everything, excluding the labor of putting it together, is $150.

We don't know quite how to break the news to our NOW friends, but the toy that seems to draw the biggest



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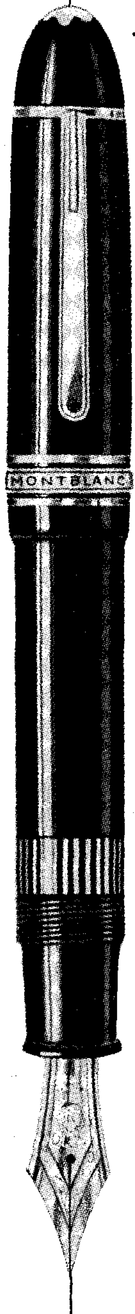

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crowd of little girls in the toy departments these days is Bizzie Lizzie, an eighteen-inch blonde who devotes her full time to ironing, running a carpet sweeper, and waving a feather duster around. She gets all her misspent energy from a power pack. She wears a sleeveless dress and two hair bows, and her large blue eyes, any fair person would agree, reflect a total lack of oppression. Complete with power pack and the necessary four D batteries, she costs $12.65 at Gimbels. As a counterpoint to this drudge, let us duck out of the doll department for a moment to inspect the Sea Horse Corral, which offers "The Thrill and Fun of Live Dwarf Sea Horses." This is a boxed set consisting of a plastic aquarium, five and a quarter inches long, three and a half inches wide, and four and a half deep, a supply of sea salts for making seawater from fresh water, some colored sand, a plastic tree, a pamphlet about sea horses, and a certificate entitling the owner to delivery of three guaranteed-live ones. The literature explains that sea horses have "heads like horses, tails like monkeys, pouches like kangaroos, and *the daddy sea horse gives birth to the little ponies*." (Italics ours.) We doubt very much whether this spectacle will persuade the boys in the family to help with the doll housework, but it might shake them up a bit. Schwarz offers this enlightening item for $4.95, and for $10 you can get a larger aquarium and nine sea horses—including, we hope, quite a few daddies. Back in the doll corner, however, the little girls are now crowded around a doll called Crumpet. ("He used to call me his little strumpet, which I think is some kind of a muffin," ran the testimony of the alleged victim in one of those trials of a generation ago involving a famous movie star and moral turpitude—the kind of courtroom show that doesn't seem to come along much anymore, one generation's moral turpitude being another generation's life style. This unseemly recollection, which somehow just came to us, has nothing whatever to do with the new doll, who is outrageously well behaved.) Crumpet is eighteen inches tall and arrives with her own tea table, a cookie plate, a teapot, four cups and saucers, and the D battery that animates her. When she is set up properly at the table and a magic ring at her waist is pulled, she pours real tea (if the owner has filled the pot with it) into the cup before her; a second tug on the ring and she withdraws the teapot and, with her other hand, hospitably extends the plate of cookies (provided by her owner); with a third tug, she with-

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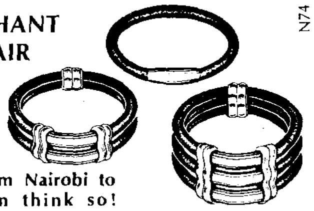

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draws the cookie plate and is ready to start the cycle all over again. Once the tea ceremony is over (it could go on all afternoon), Crumpet can be stood up on her feet and put through another pretty show of graciousness. When the *magic ring* is pulled then, she will—we give you our word—turn at the waist, bat her eyes, and incline her head politely to any assembled partygoers. Snack time at your house may never be the same again. Crumpet, as you would expect, comes dressed to the nines—in a red velvet jumper, a lace-trimmed blouse, and red Mary Janes. Her long blond hair can be combed and brushed for the occasion, and the fact is that she's a nice-looking doll that a child might enjoy playing with long after the tea things are washed up. Formality comes high, however; it's $21.95 for this doll at Reiss Brothers. Perhaps we ought to mention that while little American girls are helping Crumpet preside over tiffin, the big new doll hit in England is Lucky Lisa, a battery-powered swinger who comes complete with her own dice, which she shakes, rattles, and rolls with the skill of Nicely-Nicely. As far as we know, she hasn't yet made any of the gaming tables over here. Among the accomplished battery-powered dolls you *will* find is Smarty Pants, an eighteen-inch blonde who wears a lace-trimmed pink dress. She says "This is my left hand" when you touch her left hand and "I have five little toes" when you lift either foot, and there are three other routines, which the engineers no doubt worked all hours to program. She costs $17.28, with the necessary D battery, at Reiss Brothers. A nine-inch doll called In-a-Minute Thumbelina comes with a high chair and a set of feeding utensils. You pull a magic ring in her back and she rattles her cup against the high-chair tray in an imperious way that any grown mother will recognize. She wears a yellow terry-cloth romper suit and bib, and costs $9 at Polk's. Or perhaps you'd prefer Baby Tender Love, a fourteen-inch baby doll who doesn't demand anything at all except to be hugged and played with a lot. She is made of a new kind of vinyl foam that is wonderfully soft and silky, and she brings nothing with her except a lace-trimmed playsuit and her own bottle; at Gimbels for $11.99. A fourteen-inch doll called Little Luv, who is also known as Frontier Doll, has a lot more clothes—a calico dress and bonnet, a lace-trimmed apron, and high-button shoes. She's $11 at Altman's. At the Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum you'll find a hand-made twelve-inch stuffed cotton doll in her native Haitian costume, for $4.90, and, at the same place, for $2.25, a three-inch Eskimo doll named Inuk and made in Canada of leather and wool. As for Raggedy Ann, there seems to be virtually no end to Macy's display in honor of her and her friend Andy. Both come in sizes ranging from fifteen and a half inches, at $3.49, to forty-five inches, at $27.99—and that's a lot of rags. Musical versions ("Rock-abye Baby") are $4.99 in the fifteen-and-a-half-inch size. Both dolls also come in a twenty-inch teach-and-play version, meaning that they have buttons, snaps, zippers, and the like, on which the kids can practice the skills that help them get themselves together in the mornings. These are $4.77 each. Also at Macy's are Ann and Andy sleeping bags, their round stuffed heads serving as pillows. These sleeping bags are only four and a half feet long, so don't put one down for a hulking Boy Scout who plans to go off into the wilderness. The price is $14.99.

SAVING the environment is as fashionable on the toy shelves as it is everywhere else this year. We understand that there's a whole line of toys in the works built around a character called Auntie Pollution, but we haven't run across her—maybe she'll be next year's Batman. Of course, Smokey the Bear, an old friend, is around, wearing his Ranger hat and badge, and trying not to look superior to all these *arrivistes* in the conservation game. For $8.88, Gimbels has a pull-a-string talking version of Smokey, fifteen and a half inches tall, who says a dozen things, including "Don't play with matches" and "Forest animals are my friends." The magic word "ecology" has even invaded the kiddy-car field. Introducing their A.T.V. Explorer, the Fisher-Price people describe it as a "composite of many pieces of equipment used today by ecologists . . . when their work takes them off the beaten path." Maybe so; in any case, it's a good, solid vehicle for the beaten path of the front hall or the driveway if you're not much over three feet tall. Eighteen and a half inches long and thirteen inches high, it has six balloon tires and a steering wheel that turns both front and rear axles. It is made of high-impact polystyrene, which means that it can take some pretty hard kicks and can be ridden outdoors. Prominently painted on its side is an American flag, but the headwear on two removable plastic figures in the

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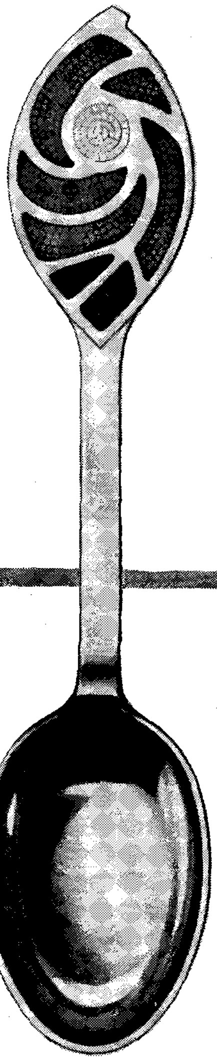

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cab turns out to be not hard hats but pith helmets; $16.95 at Rappaport's.

For older, card-table explorers (say nine and up), Wild Life, which has been around for a few years, has joined the parade and calls itself "an Ecology Game." The instructions are headed by a section of the official pledge of the National Wild Life Federation ("I will never forget that life and beauty, wealth and progress, depend on how wisely man uses his gifts . . . the soil, the water, the air, the minerals, the plant life, and the Wild Life"), and the players move plastic trappers around a map of the world, each trying to be the first to fill his zoo with the desired kinds of birds and animals; $7 at Brentano's. When the animal trappers return home, they'll discover that ecology has now been recognized as a career; that is, Parker Brothers this year added an Ecology category to its Careers game. (Some of the others are Big Business, Sports, and Politics.) In Careers, after choosing their field, the players (eight years old and up) move their men around a board, winning and losing money and encountering various setbacks on their way to Fame, Fortune, and Happiness, and the price is $4.98 at Rappaport's. If the players are twelve or older, they might consider taking up ecology as a full-time career—for an afternoon, anyhow—by playing either Smog or Dirty Water; $10 each at Bloomingdale's. In the first, the players battle business interests, public indifference, and federal funding policies to try to clean up the air; in the second, they fight nuclear-power plants, upstream dumping, and industrial wastes in a struggle to clean up the water. With '72 practically upon us, games involving political conventions are in evidence. The older kids in the family might be interested in The Next President, which is $9.95 at Rappaport's. Up to four players compete to nominate their favorite candidate and get him elected. The vital equipment includes a political map of the United States, a regional polling board, a convention-vote scoreboard, Favorite Son cards, State Profile cards, dice, and, of course, stacks of campaign money. Or are your young friends more involved in the local scene? Try The Cities Game, subtitled Urban Tension and Negotiation. It's $7 at Brentano's. "You make secret deals. Apply economic muscle. Buy votes. . . . Like it or not, you must form coalitions with other players or risk riots, unnecessary police action, and unpredictable change," it says on the box. (Anybody for the Pain Parlor?)

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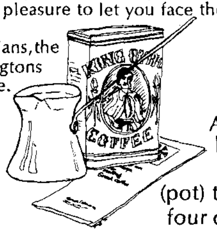

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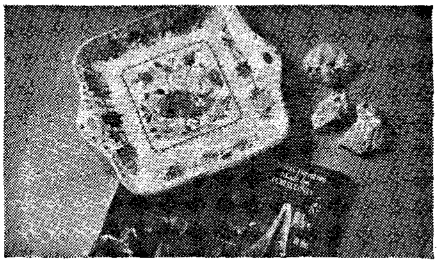

Perhaps it is time to double back and find some jolly game for the younger children on your list. Well, there's Trouble, Headache, Tension, Vertigo, Havoc, Crackup, Stay Alive (The Ultimate Survival Game) . . . Actually, these won't rack any first grader's nerves—they might even be called by names that include the word "fun." Stay Alive, for instance—it's $4.50 at Schwarz—involves nothing more perilous than marbles and players who try to maneuver their opponents' marbles through holes in a board and thus out of play. Tension features different-colored discs and a spinning board with matching colored wells around the edge. The children try to fit discs into the wells while the board spins, and the first to get rid of all of his discs wins the game. This is $3.98 at Rappaport's. Trouble is a parcheesi-like metal-board game whose special feature is a small transparent-plastic dome with a die under it. When a player presses the dome, the die tumbles around inside—an arrangement that does away with the hazard of losing the thing under the Tini Tennis table. At the Gingerbread House, Trouble costs $3.50, which is a quarter less than Brentano's price for parcheesi. And before you leave the game corner you might note that the toy companies have finally done something about the fact that a lot of kids like to play games while lying flat on their stomachs. A red-and-black polyester checkerboard rug, thirty-two inches square, is $15 at Childcraft, and the giant checkers that come with it are three and an eighth inches in diameter. (The tiniest checker set we ran into was a wooden one, an inch and three-eighths square, that costs seventy-five cents at Federal Smallwares.) And a thirty-inch-square rug with a Monopoly layout on it is $10 at Altman's. If you need the game, too, the standard size is $5. We don't know what the record is for Monopoly played on a rug, but records were broken during 1971 for the longest game (seven hundred and sixty-eight hours, at Racine, Wisconsin), the longest game played without sleep (eighty hours, at Danville, California), and the longest underwater game (twelve hours, at Cupertino, California, with the players submerged in a pool and using special diving equipment). So far, no one has matched the record for the longest game played while the players were going up and down in an elevator (fifty hours, set last year at Lawrence, Kansas), or the record for the *largest* game, played in 1967 at Juniata College, in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, on a game board consisting of the campus

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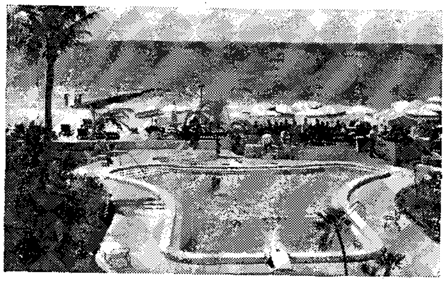

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sidewalks and streets, which had been renamed for the occasion.

IF you had children's records in mind, we have a few to tell you about. Unless we note otherwise, these are all long-playing and stereophonic, and can be bought almost anywhere that children's records are sold. The "Sesame Street" crowd is still doing wonders. Jim Henson's Muppets are the stars of the Muppet Alphabet Album (Columbia, CC 25503; $5.95), delivering a rollicking song or skit, each in a different style or rhythm, for each letter of the alphabet. (For the second letter, Oscar the Grouch makes a "B" sandwich of such items as brown bread, Boston baked beans, a bunch of bananas, and "a busted old balloon.") With this album come a paper blackboard, some chalk, twenty-six cardboard letters, and a pipe cleaner for children to bend into letter shapes. There is also a Carry About version of the album, in a case with a handle on it; this one has the same songs on seven 45-r.p.m. records, and six tiny eight-page booklets, each cut in the shape of a letter (Columbia, CC 25504; $5.98). "The Year of Roosevelt Franklin" (Columbia, C 30387; $4.98) is sung by two black habitués of "Sesame Street" in easy accents more familiar to most kids in Harlem than the accents normally used by Ralph Ellison, for example. Though it has a special appeal for blacks and Puerto Ricans (there is a brief section in Spanish), the familiar sense of fun and the jumping-around beat should make it welcome in all houses. It's not only about learning the days of the week and the months of the year but about trying to do something even if you think you aren't up to it, and not hurting people even if someone tells you to. One song is "I Love the Skin I'm In"—black *or* white is the message. A record called "The Sea of Glup" (Playhouse 909; $4.95) comes with a game that involves a cardboard disc with a spinner, cardboard tokens, and a trip around the Hawaiian Islands. The winner is the first player to make his way from one Hawaiian point to another in alphabetical order. The recording, produced and sung by Jim Copp and Ed Brown, is a musical comedy that tells about the perilous adventures of the Glup family, which meant to go from San Francisco to Maine but ended up inadvertently in Hawaii. The music is jingly (as you might expect, there is a lot of ukulele), and the jokes seem to convulse people up to eight or so. ("Who stole my nose?/ Two inches long and nice and

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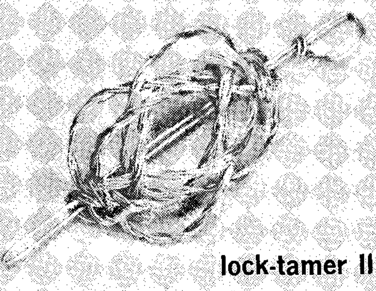

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slim/ With nostrils both in place/ I don't know where it's gone to. It/ Was right here on my face!") This one is available only at Schwarz and Bloomingdale's. The company known as Dimension 5, which produced the "Dance, Sing, and Listen!" records a few years back, have a new one, called "Together" (Dimension 5, D 151; $5 at Schwarz). This time, they don't seem entirely sure what age group they are trying to get together with: very young listeners, who are told not to get chewing gum in their hair, and to fetch their crayons and draw what the song says, or teen-agers, reared on the Beatles, who will be dazzled by the record's electronic music—and much of it *is* dazzling—and will know that in some of the numbers they're not supposed to be able to hear very clearly the faint words in the background for which the little children, looking puzzled and anxious, are straining their ears. There is a lot of imaginative fun here, however, and the music does get the kids up off the living-room rug and dancing around to much of it. This is that comparative rarity an *interesting* children's record. "Bible Ballads, Songs from the Old Testament" (Columbia, CC 23523; $3.98) are sung by Hunter Payne and a chorus called, rather appropriately, the Lost Tribe. This version of the religious legends is recommended for children ten and under, and is obviously not a serious introduction to Bible study. But if the tone is light, it isn't irreverent, and the insistent rhythm, which invites foot-stamping and hand-clapping, isn't very different from that sometimes heard at revival meetings down South. The subjects range from the Creation ("On day number two/ When He looked up high/ He knew that it was gettin' time/ To make the beautiful sky") to Daniel in the Lion's Den ("The lion is my brother, that's what the Bible tell/ Move over, Brother Lion, I know we'll both sleep well") and, along the way, touch on such characters as Samson, Noah, and David and Goliath. The truth is, this record makes the Old Testament sound like a pretty lively and dramatic book, which isn't such a bad lesson to learn at an early age.

There are so few G-rated movies around that you may have found yourself shepherding a delegation to "Bedknobs and Broomsticks," the latest Disney musical enterprise, which deals with England in 1940. The heroine, named Eglantine, tries to help the war effort by taking a mail-order course in witchcraft, and eventually repels a Nazi landing party by activating the medieval

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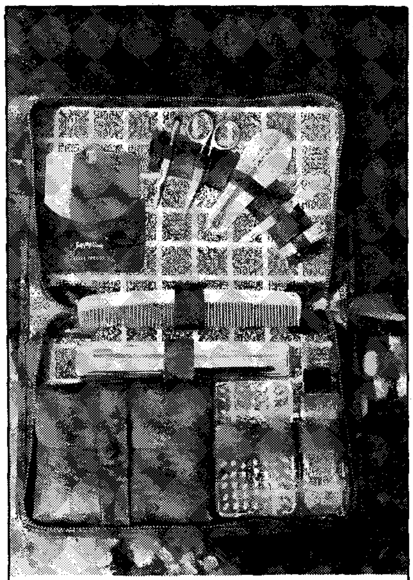

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armor in the local museum—that kind of thing. The words and music of "Songs from Bedknobs and Broomsticks" (Disneyland, 1326; $3.98) are rather unmemorable, but children don't seem to mind. The Battle of Britain wasn't all that jolly a time, of course, but then did you spend all your time at "Oliver" lecturing the kids on what nineteenth-century slum life was really like? And here's an odd one. When they commissioned "Elvis Sings the Wonderful World of Christmas" (RCA, LSP 4579; $5.98), the people at R.C.A. possibly had it in mind that many of the little girls who screamed over Elvis Presley in his first days of fame might by now be on the lookout for a Christmas record for their children. Or possibly they were counting on a whole new generation of susceptible teen-agers. Either way, this is a curiosity—a sexy Christmas record. Although the former blue-suède-shoes boy starts out with "O Come, All Ye Faithful" and ends with "Silver Bells (It's Christmas Time in the City)," and although he touches some of the other standard bases, there are added starters, like "Merry Christmas, Baby (Sure Did Treat Me Nice)," that don't often keep company with "The First Noël," and, whatever he sings, it's in the same old lazy but urgent voice. Included with this record is a "signed" Christmas postcard showing Elvis in his new floppy hairdo. You could leave it out on the mantelpiece and see which one of the girls in the family grabs it.

In a special category is a series of eight 45-r.p.m. records of a kind that almost every family has needed at one time or another. They explain in song and story and in terms that quite young children can understand the problems that come up when you have pets in the house. There's one called "Training Your Dog." The seven others are all entitled "The Fun and Care of . . ." something—a puppy, a kitten, a gerbil, birds, guinea pigs and hamsters, goldfish, and tropical fish. (With those sea horses, you're still on your own.) Rappaport's has these records for $1.50 each. And one last special item: The Marboro stores are selling a two-record set taken from the broadcast by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the night of October 30, 1938. It's "The War of the Worlds," of course, rechannelled for stereo, and the price is $4.98.

AND now for a miscellaneous roundup. To go with the new bicycle, "Anybody's Bike Book (An Original Manual of Bike Repairs)" devotes a

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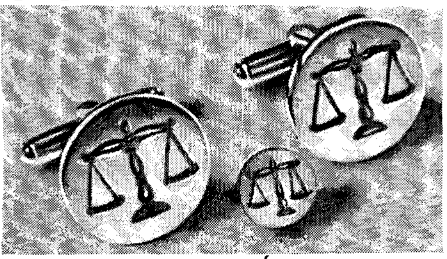

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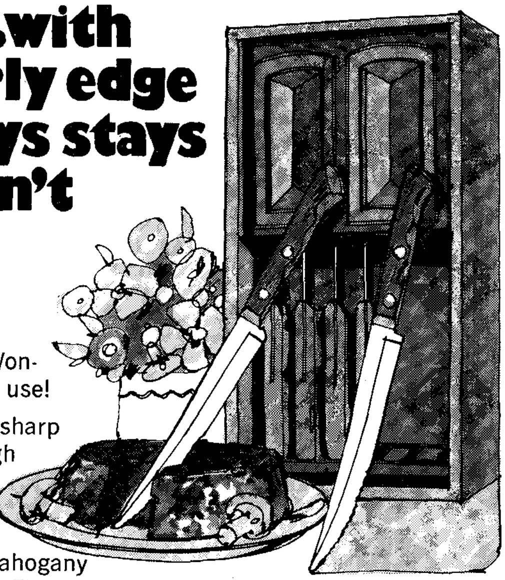
Zodiac remembrance for those born under *Libra* (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) or as a gift for those in the legal profession (Scales of Justice). Cufflinks $95. Tie Tac $20. Charm, pendant $32. Pierced earrings $40. All in 14K yellow gold. Other zodiac signs available. See your nicest jeweler.

hundred and seventy-six paperbacked pages to enlightenment about side-pull mechanisms, cotterless cranks, and other problems that may turn up. It's $3 at Macy's. A more elaborate hardback book (three hundred and forty-two pages), which covers not only repairs but the history and significance of the bicycle, is "The Complete Book of Bicycling" ($9.95 at Brentano's). In a newspaper interview, the author, Eugene A. Sloane, has expressed the belief that the primary reason eight million new bicycles will be sold this year (according to industry estimates) is that they are "earthy and simple." "It's a Kafkaian thing," he said. "We live in too complicated a world." Even if you'd just as soon leave Kafka out of it, you'll find one of the best selections of bicycles in town at Stuyvesant Bicycle & Toy, 178 First Avenue (11th). The largest collection of toy soldiers and models of all kinds is at Polk's, and the best array of doll-house furniture is at Federal Smallwares, where we particularly admired a wooden rolltop desk four inches high and four inches wide, with a matching chair ($4.50 for the set), and an old-fashioned wall telephone an inch and three-quarters tall, also of wood ($1.50). Any young person who might think highly of these would probably also welcome a special kind of present—a trip to the Brooklyn Children's Museum, where from now through December 31st they are showing a hundred and seventy-five choice examples from their historic doll collection, which includes everything from Roman cult effigies to French fashion dolls. If the museum visitor should get the notion that, after all, old dolls, even damaged ones, are better than new ones, the New York Doll Hospital, one flight up at 787 Lexington Avenue (61st), can help out, as it has been doing since the turn of the century.

Children whose career category is Arts and Crafts have been particularly well provided for this Christmas. Some of the suggestions are brand-new and some go back quite a way. Dream Drops is described by its sponsors as an "amazing new color-burst painting discovery! Colors change, expand, ripple, and run—right before your eyes!" Included are eight fourteen-by-seventeen-inch black-and-white designs (a lion, a boat, ascending balloons) on specially treated paper, and five plastic containers from which paint is squeezed out a drop at a time. The paints—their secret is combining pigments with molecules of different sizes, if you are interested—flow and expand to the heavy



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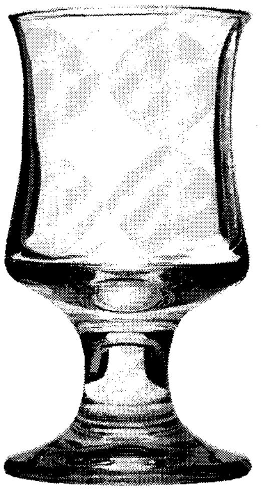

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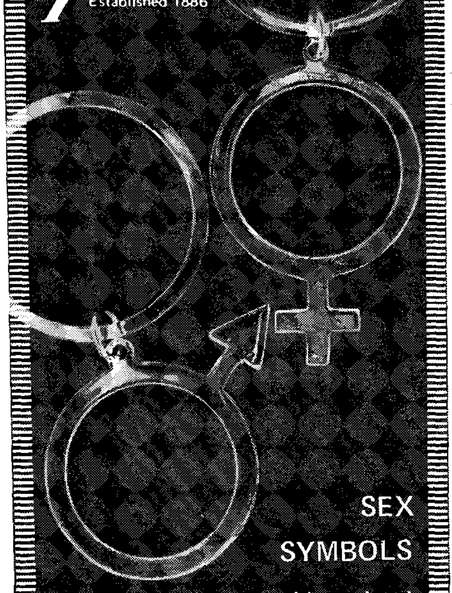

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black outlines of each design but don't slop over. The suggested ages for this set are four to eight, and it costs $5 at Rappaport's. Ironically, the special attraction of one of the new items from what is called the Fun Group at General Mills is that it *doesn't* go in the oven. This is Play-Stone, a complex combination of natural earth clays that will harden overnight without firing and without any shrinking or cracking of the day's masterpiece. ("The first significant advance in permanent modelling materials in seventy-five years" is the boast.) In a Play-Stone Project Kit, which is $2.98 at Rappaport's, come two cans of Play-Stone, three sculpturing tools, four jars of paint, a paintbrush, and an instruction booklet showing how to make all kinds of objects, starting with a simple bowl and working up to human figures on wire frames. Six years old and up for this. Younger children would probably settle happily for a set of fifteen blocks of colored modelling clay, with some tools and instructions, which costs $6 at dollsandreams, or for a set of six pots of washable finger paints at the same place, for $4.50 ("Safe for thumb suckers," the management notes). Recommended for ages eight and over is a set called Macramé, the Craft of Creative Knotting. This craft, which gets its name from the Arabic word for ornamental fringe and braid, dates back at least to the thirteenth century and is one of the simplest forms of handiwork, being based on endless variations of the half knot and the half hitch. At Rappaport's, for $9.95, you'll find a macramé set that includes six skeins of yarn, a crochet hook, T-pins, beads, buckles, a knotting board, and an eighty-page instruction book with dozens of patterns. And how long has it been since you heard the term "melting pot" used in a functional sense? A melting pot is included in the Candle Maker ("Everything you need to create your own candles"), which is also at Rappaport's; $8.95. Along with the pot come four and a half pounds of wax and six pellets of dye, a vial of sandalwood scent, some molds, some wicking, an asbestos pot-holder, and instructions for making candles of numerous sizes and shapes, including one that looks like a water lily. Of course, candlemaking isn't small child's play; this set is meant for a responsible teen-ager, and even then you'd be wise to keep an eye on things. But the results are beautiful and give everyone involved a real sense of how people used to manage before A.C. and D.C. complicated everything.

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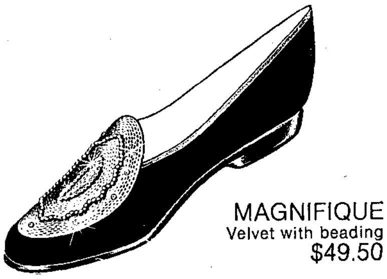

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Those teen-agers on your list who are willing to put up with a little modern technology—or at least a couple of C batteries—in a good cause will admire Zoom, a battery-powered telescope that will magnify from ten to forty times; $19.95, batteries included, at Reiss Brothers. Or maybe an Argo electric corn popper, at Macy's for $6.61. It has a glass lid and pops four quarts at a time. While the corn is popping, there should be time for a jigsaw puzzle. A five-hundred-piecer, fourteen inches by twenty-one, has a Currier & Ives print on each side—a view of the old skating pond in Central Park on one, and "The Challenge of the Mississippi," a race between two riverboats, on the other. This is $4 at Bloomingdale's. Another five-hundred-piece puzzle, at Brentano's for $3, is a map of the New York City subway system. And anyone who has been wondering what a young pro-football fan will do in his spare time when the season ends—*if* it ends—might take a look at the new Springbok jigsaw puzzles. There is a different one, of a hundred and fifteen pieces each, for each of the twenty-six teams in the National Football League; $2 at Brentano's.

Did you get almost down to the goal line without remembering to lay in some odds and ends for the Christmas stockings? A generous set of stocking stuffers—five knob-headed wooden angels, a top, a set of toy buildings that fit into a matchbox, a doll in a basket, and one of Mr. Duncan's yo-yos—come to $5.75 at dollsandreams. And, finally, don't forget to take a look at the Peanuts banners, each about thirty inches of bright-colored felt, that sell for $2 apiece at Bloomingdale's. There's Snoopy ("Suddenly I Can Think of Ten Things I'd Rather Be Doing Right Now"); Linus, covered with black snowflakes ("Polluted Snow!"); Lucy, her mouth open, angrily shouting for all members of her embattled sex this year ("I'm My Own Person!"); and a pensive Charlie Brown ("I Feel the Need to Have the Feeling That It's Good to Be Alive"). Come on, Charlie—*smile*. It's almost Christmas!

•

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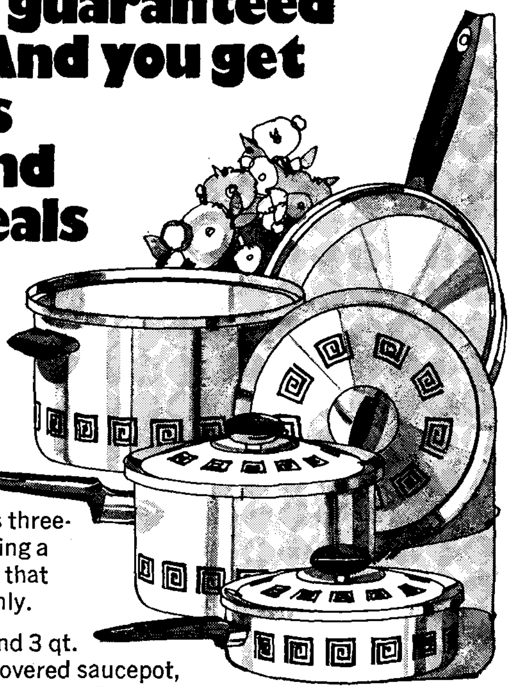

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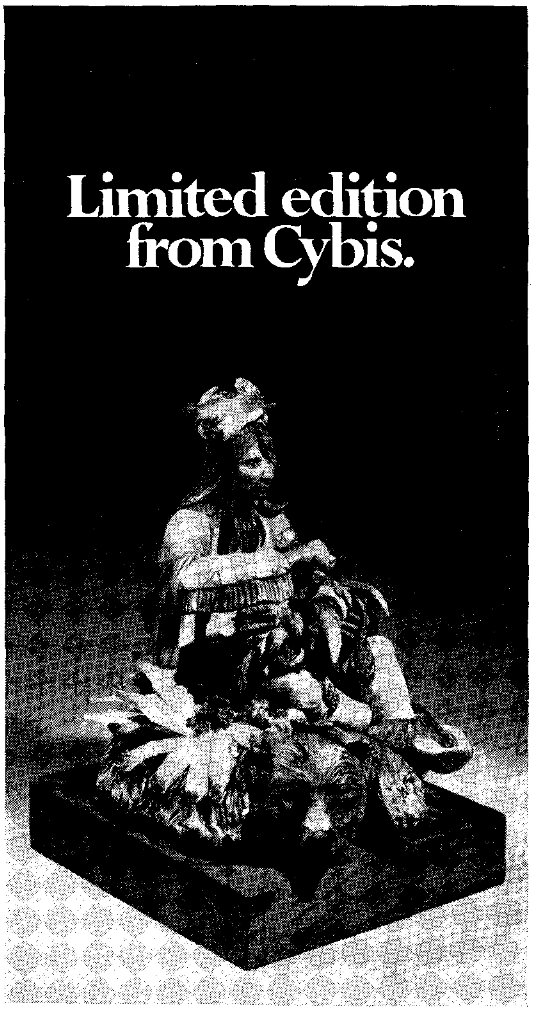

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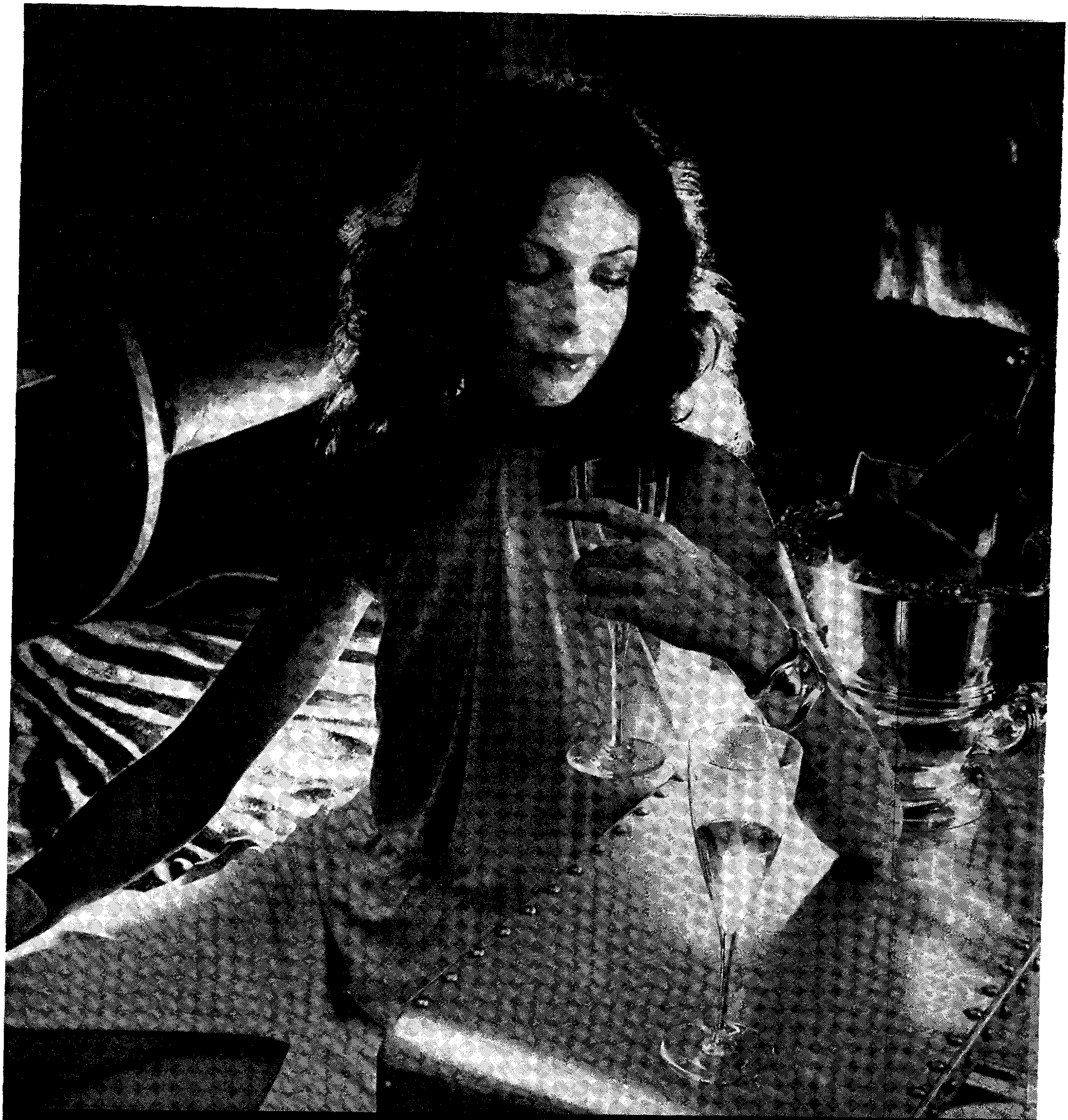

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Peter Brook's "Night of the Living Dead"

PETER BROOK'S "King Lear" is gray and cold, and the actors have dead eyes. I didn't just dislike this production—I hated it. The fact that it's *intentionally* gray and cold and dead doesn't redeem it; a slob of a director might have let the actors take over and some of "King Lear's" emotional poetry might have come through, but Brook has a unified vision and never lets go of the reins. There are no accidental pleasures in this movie—and, as I see it, no deliberate ones, either. I think I understand why Gloucester's eyes are plucked out in giant closeup (though I averted my own eyes); I guess I know why the black-and-white cinematography is predominantly dark gray and pale gray and why everyone is lighted in a flat, *unlighted* way, and why Cordelia is sullen and mechanical—a walking corpse, like the others. One can glimpse the intention to make Lear himself less centrifugal and to use the icy, empty landscapes (the film was shot in northern Denmark) as a metaphor for the unyielding, ungoverned universe, in which all men are pawns and there is no hope for anyone. There are no apparent light sources, and surely the dead eyes are metaphorically linked to this blind, godless desolation. The movie is all nightmare images of blindness and nothingness; Brook has retained the metaphors of "Lear" and thrown out the play. Ideas in theatre are rare, but to have a conception is not the same as having a good conception. The world's exhaustion and the light's having disappeared may open up new meanings in Shakespeare's play to us, but as the controlling metaphors in this production they don't enlarge the play, they cancel it out.

The performances are kept so dry and rigidly mannered that you don't get involved in who is who in time to catch hold of the plot strands, which are clipped short and presented in a loony, egalitarian manner, as if all the elements were of equal importance. Obviously, Brook intends to make them so, because when the several subplots have the same weight as the story of Lear and his daughters the action of the play tends to become meaningless and the characters are drained of emotional force. If Lear is not allowed to be a titanic unreasonable man, a vain, impetuous old fool who stands for all of us when he brings torment upon himself—if he is cut down to life-size, so that he no longer represents supreme human rashness—then he is merely one of us, and what happens to him becomes part of a generalized meaninglessness and despair. This "Lear" is made essentially plotless not by removing the plot (that is practically all that *remains* of the play) but by using the plot as a diagram for movement abstracted from psychological and dramatic meaning. By the time you've seized the outline, the cutting has become jaggedly mannered, with sudden shifts from one angle to another and from long shots to closeups, often while someone is speaking, and then your eyes are punished by blinding flashes that are like exploding bombs. The cutting seems designed as an alienation device, but who wants to be alienated from Shakespeare's play and given the drear far side of the moon instead? A number of critics pointed out that although Peter Brook's production of "Marat/Sade" was certainly theatrical, the play itself wasn't dramatic. Brook has managed to make this "King Lear" theatrical and to destroy the Shakespearean drama. His theatrical conception is all there onscreen, fully realized, in the first shots of the soulless people; there's no development—the movie simply grinds on from ellipsis to ellipsis. His theatrical conception kills not only the drama but most of the poetry; Shakespeare's words are a celebration of the mysteries of personality and destiny—they ring with all the meanings and emotions that this production denies. But when people with dead souls are saying Shakespeare's lines the emotional resonances die away. You may feel dead while you watch.

Dubious as the mechanism of the play always was, it had a fairy-tale grandeur, and Lear's error of judgment in disinheriting Cordelia, the youngest princess and the only one who truly loved him, had both psychological and dramatic power; now this act, too, is void of meaning—just another thing that happens, senselessly. In Shakespeare's "Lear," lack of filial piety is a form of barbarism; when Lear's older daughters treat him with contempt once they have gained their thrones and riches, the underpinnings of civilization fall away and there is chaos. But in Brook's interpretation the chaos that comes "again" is not man returning to barbarism because of cruelty and ingratitude—he has put it there in the first frames, with those implacable faces. And so the treachery or loyalty of Lear's and Gloucester's children and friends doesn't make much difference. Everything is doomed, even before Lear's decision to disinherit the daughter he loves best; Cordelia's eyes are as dead as Goneril's and Regan's, and her fatal refusal to flatter her father is not candor but odd, unfathomable behavior. There is no tragic heroine, nor does the light in the world go out; it *is* out. Nothing matters. The movie is cruelly detached: we are allowed to feel some tenderness only when the mad Lear and the blind Gloucester—the ruined pieces of nature—meet at Dover; that is, when Brook has brought the old derelicts to Endgame. The setting might be the world's elemental basement; the northernmost part of the Jutland peninsula, where they meet, is an icy desert with Arctic winds sweeping the snow-covered dunes. If, as Jan Kott suggested, "Endgame" came out of "Lear," what purpose does it then serve to base one's "Lear" on Beckett? Doesn't that merely reduce "Lear" to the elements Beckett transformed and made his own, and thus turn Shakespeare into imitation Beckett?

I don't think one can hate an inept production the way one can hate a production that is willfully, ideologically displeasing. I know that this means that a reviewer may attack those who dare to experiment, though tolerating incompetents and hacks for whatever pleasures may be found in their work. But what is gained by performing Shakespeare so monastically, without ever letting the actors scale an emotional peak or letting a line soar? Only in a few remaining long speeches can one still be swept up by the rhythm of Shakespeare's language. And Brook wouldn't dream of letting us have so much as a bar of music. Rasping sounds—that's what we get. The conception is resolutely joyless and unbeautiful—a "Lear" without passion, "Lear" set in a glacial desert. A merciless view of theatre is implicit in this movie: the performers are so disciplined to do exactly what the director wants that they have lost their free will, and, with it, their temperament and their excitement. This, too, is part of Brook's conception, but it's ensemble acting carried to Zombieland. You feel as if you were meant to admire the discipline for its own austere sake. Paul Scofield's Lear is world-famous, but onscreen Scofield is a freezing actor, haughtily handsome—an actor who keeps us at a distance. There is no ter-

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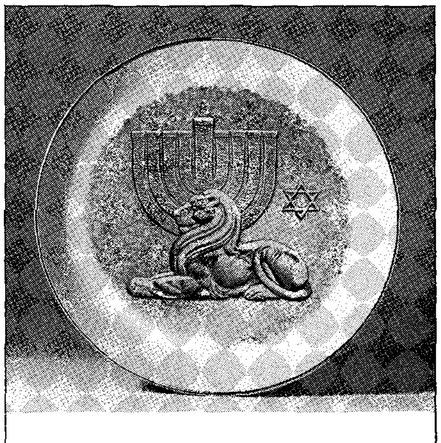

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ror in Lear's madness, because Scofield is intelligent and magisterial throughout. In the opening sequence, he takes so long to say his words that we lose the sense; after an hour, I no longer cared when I lost the sense of a line. This, I would guess, is Peter Brook's aim—to reduce Shakespeare's lines to words that no longer communicate. Only Alan Webb's Gloucester has a sneaking humanity that occasionally flickers through the stylized acting. What Brook has done in "Lear" is to kill the performers in camera terms. And in doing so he has reduced the multiplicity of elements that is the saving grace of movies. If one rejects his idea of "Lear" as an expression of cold nothingness, there are no performances, no readings, no stray images to sustain one. Peter Brook, as everybody knows, is an unspecified sort of genius, and the world keeps waiting for him to define himself. But maybe he can be defined only as an oscillator—a man with more talent than judgment. This "Lear" isn't a daring conception (one could forgive the irritating, derivative film techniques if it were)—it's a second-rate conception. Shakespeare transfers to film so extraordinarily well because his plays are open in structure, not closed in time and place. This greatest dramatist is also, as it happens, the greatest scenarist. And the greatness of Shakespeare has been like the greatness of movies: the richness of what one can find there. To have limited "King Lear" to a single idea and then to have made a movie of this limited "King Lear" is an excruciating double folly.

RICHARD HARRIS is mauled by a grizzly bear at the gory beginning of "Man in the Wilderness" and spends the rest of the movie dragging himself across iridescent landscapes while flashbacks reveal his past life. It's a beautiful-looking movie, photographed by Gerry Fisher, and set in the United States in 1820; the natural atmosphere is so paradisiacal that one luxuriates in it, thinking that all this must be around somewhere to have been photographed. It is, but not over here; the movie was shot in Spain.

There's always a certain fascination about the Crusoe survivor theme—about how people manage to make it alone with nothing but their wits and skills, and how it changes them. What's best in such stories is the factual account of the way practical problems are solved. But now "the kids" are known to be "into survival" and high on mysticism, and that, I suppose, explains how

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"Man in the Wilderness" was born and got to be made. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian, from a sub-literate script by Jack DeWitt, the movie doesn't bother to locate the hero clearly for us, so that we might judge how far he has to go. It's all rather ethereal—a survival fantasy—and more concerned with imagery of the wilds than with his problems, though he also has a ringside seat at a circus. Enough events (murders, impalings, childbirth, and so on) take place in the wilds close to him to satisfy the heartiest voyeur lost on a camping trip. In addition, there is a mystical revenge theme: the man is sustained by the desire to avenge himself on the captain of the expedition he was with, who left him to die. The movie is supposedly based on historical documents, but everything in it seems improbable, and it's never explained why the captain (John Huston, at his most idiosyncratic), who is the Ahab-Noah of an ark being pulled across the land by mules, doesn't just put the wounded man on board instead of abandoning him. In the movie, the vengeful man and the remorseful expedition crew haunt each other, and when a crew member asks the demi-maniac captain if he thinks there's any chance that Harris could have made it on his own, Huston says, "Yes, Fogarty, he's alive. I've known all along." How? Did the birds tell him? Or did he see the last pages of the script? This kind of superstitious bilge—characters look at each other with fixed expressions, intoning lines like "It ain't natural"—was considered very artistic in twenties movies, and now it's back. In the interests of cultural sanitation, I hope young audiences guffaw it off the screen.

Richard Harris is a cheerlessly powerful actor who is sometimes magnificent, and once, in "Major Dundee," he actually revealed a little dash and charm. But his power has become a physical resource that he exploits as mechanically as other actors turn their profiles to the camera. After you've seen him on TV going through his whole repertory of agonized expressions while singing a lachrymose ballad—he wrenches Bobby Breen songs from his gut—you know how little it signifies when he goes through the same wrenched-gut suffering in a film. I think he must recover from these scenes much faster than some of us in the audience, who come out of a movie like this feeling as if we'd been put through a wringer. "Man in the Wilderness" may be for Boy Scout heads, but I don't know where Richard Harris's

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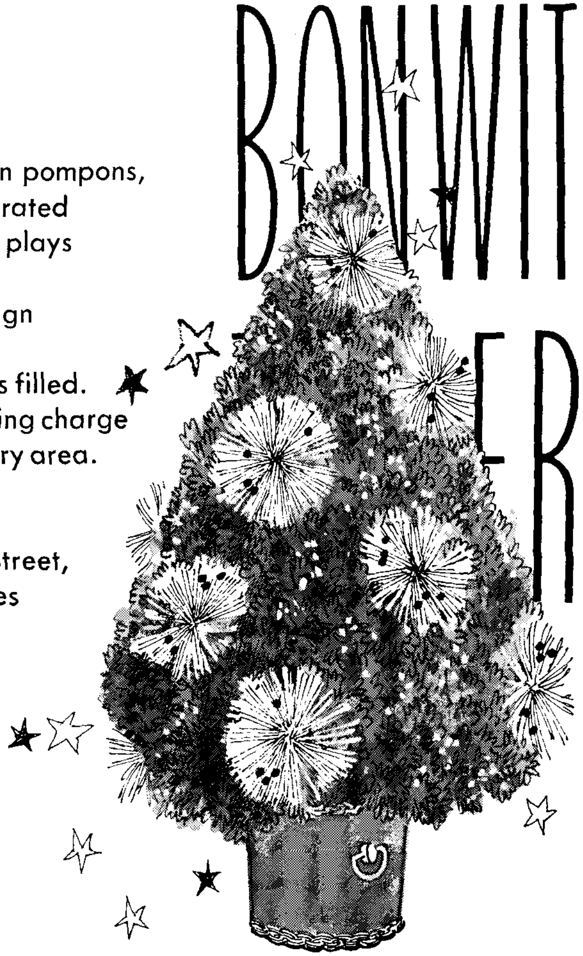

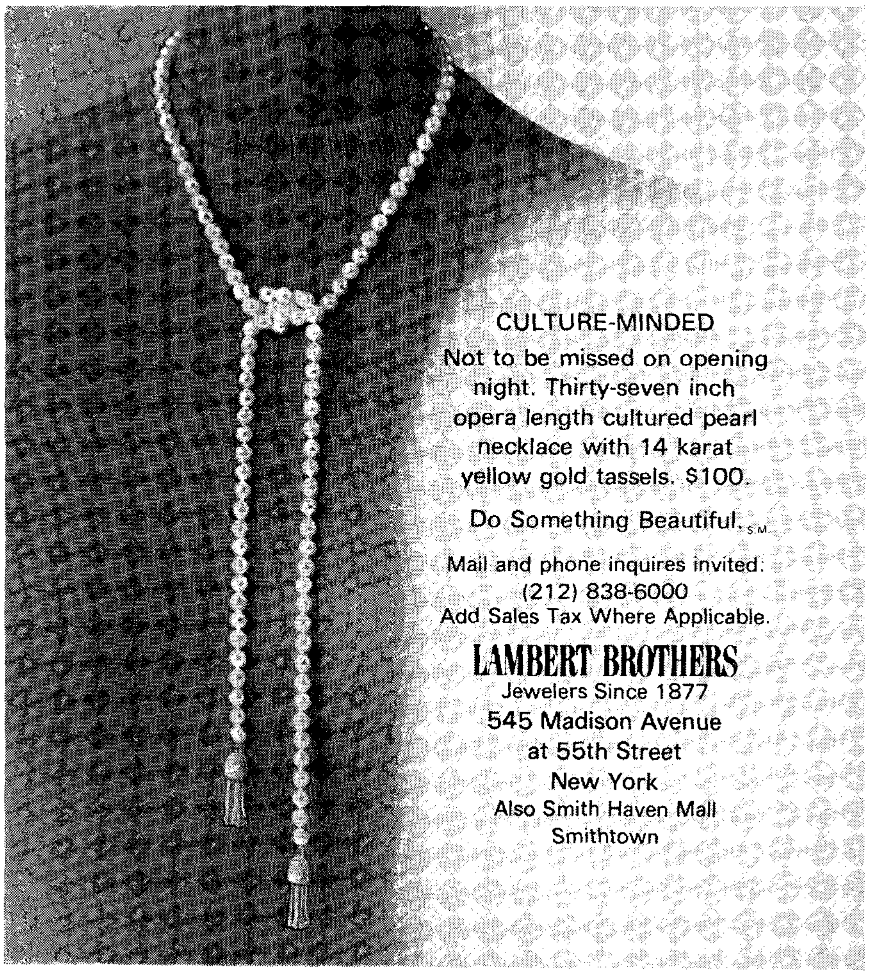

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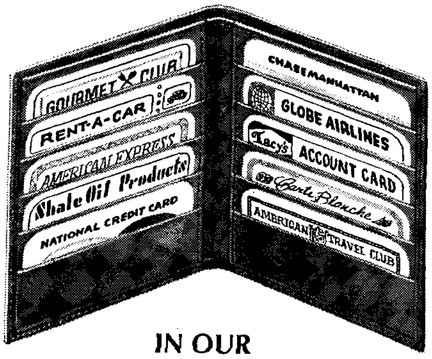

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head is. He hauls his surly carcass from movie to movie, being dismembered. I'd just as soon wait out his next pictures until he's finished.

"BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS," from the Disney studios, a fantasy starring Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch in Second World War England, is from time to time enjoyable. It is also, however, a bewildering index to the confusion in the movie industry and in the empire Walt Disney left behind. "Bedknobs and Broomsticks" is a big, mongrel production; it combines live action and animation in some fairly long sequences and includes an elaborate ballet in a mockup of Portobello Road (inspired, one assumes, by the "Consider Yourself" street ballet in "Oliver!"), and at the end there is a sequence, perhaps influenced by some of the Russian and Central European movie fantasies, that is magical animation in a tradition different from the usual Disney work. Miss Lansbury, on a broomstick, commands a ghostly army of knights on steeds against the Nazis; her army is made up of empty armor from the local museum, and this bloodless battle has the quality of fairy-tale imagination, which is the quality so painfully absent in Disney's cartooned fairy tales. But the movie is execrably shot and edited. I've never seen worse photographic framing in a big-budget film; pieces of bodies are frequently cut off by the top of the frame or by the sides. In the Portobello Road sequence, though one can see that the choreographer, Donald McKayle, had some ideas, the dance seems to have been photographed by a passing cameraman who didn't know where to turn his lens to catch the next movement. The choppy editing in this sequence is dumbfounding; Miss Lansbury begins a dance step, then the movie cuts away for an instant, and when it returns to her she's not dancing at all, she's doing something else. It is, I guess, the most poorly put-together big dance number I've ever seen on film; I think it beats out the editing in "Song of Norway." And the color, even in the cartoon sequences, which the Disney technicians used to make so bright and clear that kids' eyes popped open (remember the yellows in "Three Little Pigs"?), is pallid and tired-looking.

There's no logic in the style of the movie. It tries to integrate early-period Silly Symphony animation (climaxed here in a frenzied—and, I thought, ugly—animal soccer game) with a story that dribbles on so long that it exhausts the viewer before the final

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magical battle begins. And this story is suffused with patriotic sentimentality, circa "Mrs. Miniver," and suffocating notions of domestic tranquillity. Miss Lansbury gives up witchcraft when she gets a man, David Tomlinson, who twinkles like a sexless pixie and touches her lips chastely as he goes off—a reprobate reformed by love and duty—to join the Army. He is escorted by a detachment of the gallant, doddering Home Guard, for an extra emotional tug. And, of course, the movie includes the Disney inevitable—this time in the shape of three lovable Cockney orphans for the reformed witch and her reformed mate to adopt. Even the kids get reformed in this compulsively moral tale. The director, Robert Stevenson, a veteran in this genre, found an appallingly simple solution to the problem of enabling Americans to understand the children's Cockney intonations: every time one of the children speaks, we get a closeup, so that our full attention is focussed on the piping little speaker and we can practically read the lips. To judge by the laugh reactions, the audience didn't miss a single childish witticism, but the visual line of the movie is impacted by all these closeups—it's as if a TV show had been cut into the movie every few seconds.

The picture also plays a subtly deranging trick on our senses; it's something I don't recall ever before seeing sustained through an entire film. Though the children are photographed in their normal proportions, and though the adults don't look distorted in close shots, whenever the adults are at a distance they are elongated. This gives Miss Lansbury the greatest stems imaginable, and when she dances in an underwater ballroom with Mr. Tomlinson she is enchantingly lanky. But the dancers in the Portobello number seem to be moving on toothpicks. Adults who take children may not be bored as much as they fear; they may find themselves fixated on the eccentricities and anomalies of this film, which is part wizardry and part unholy ineptitude.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

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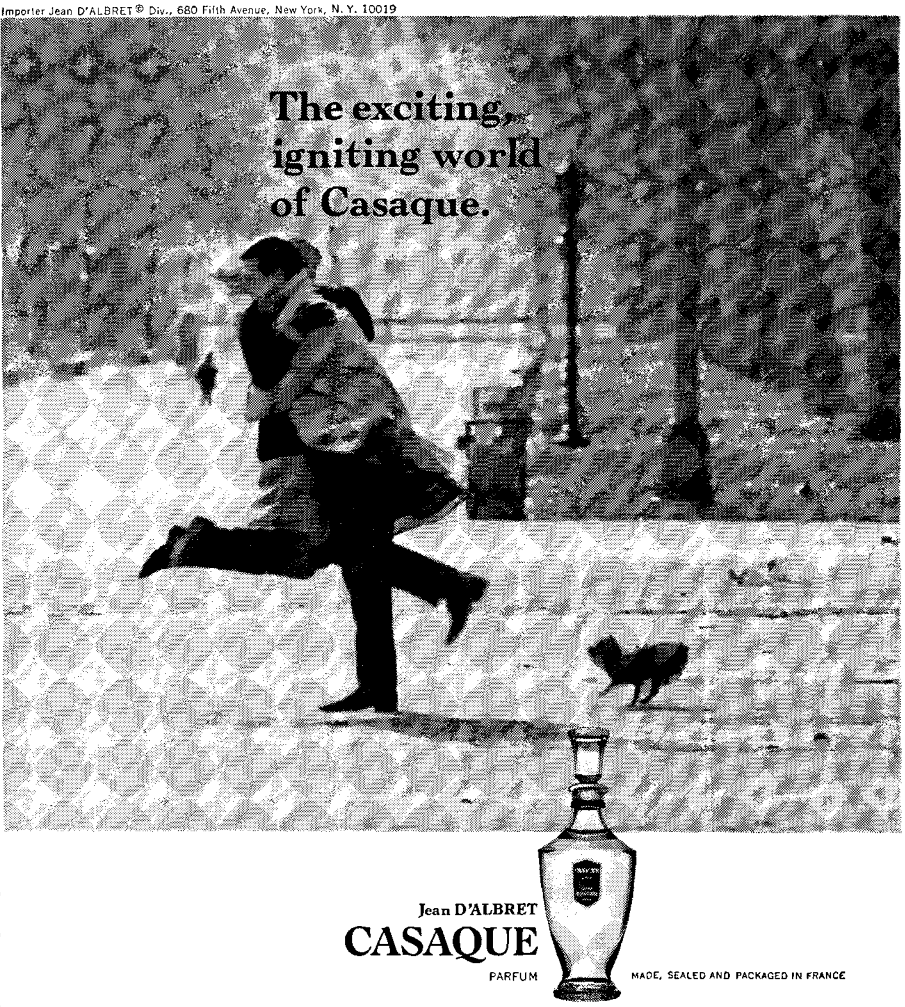

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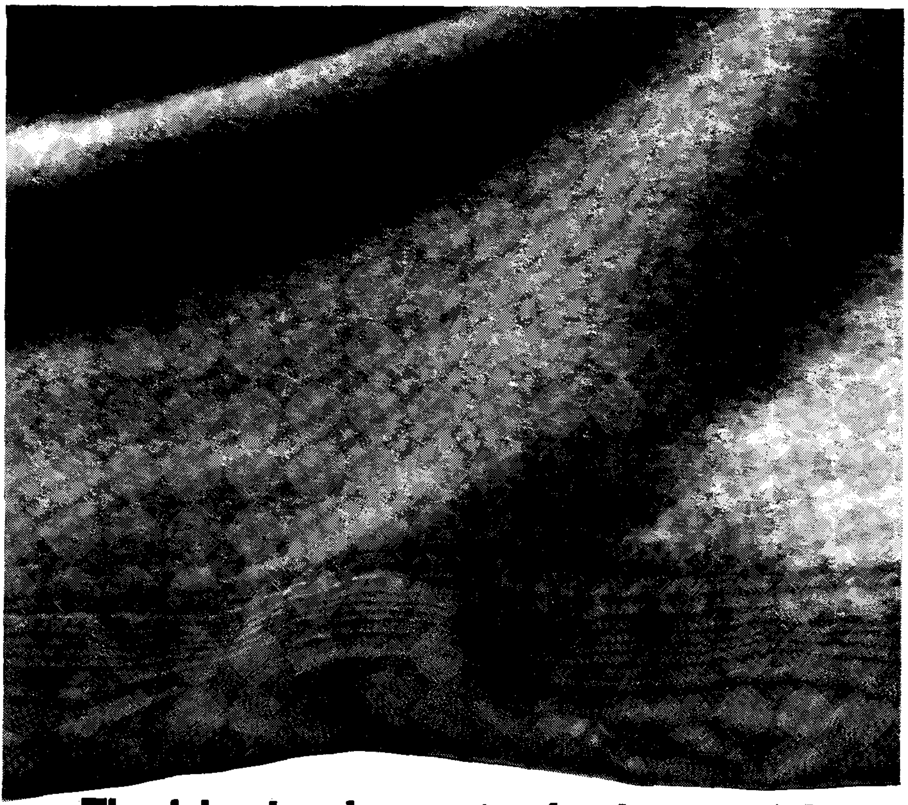

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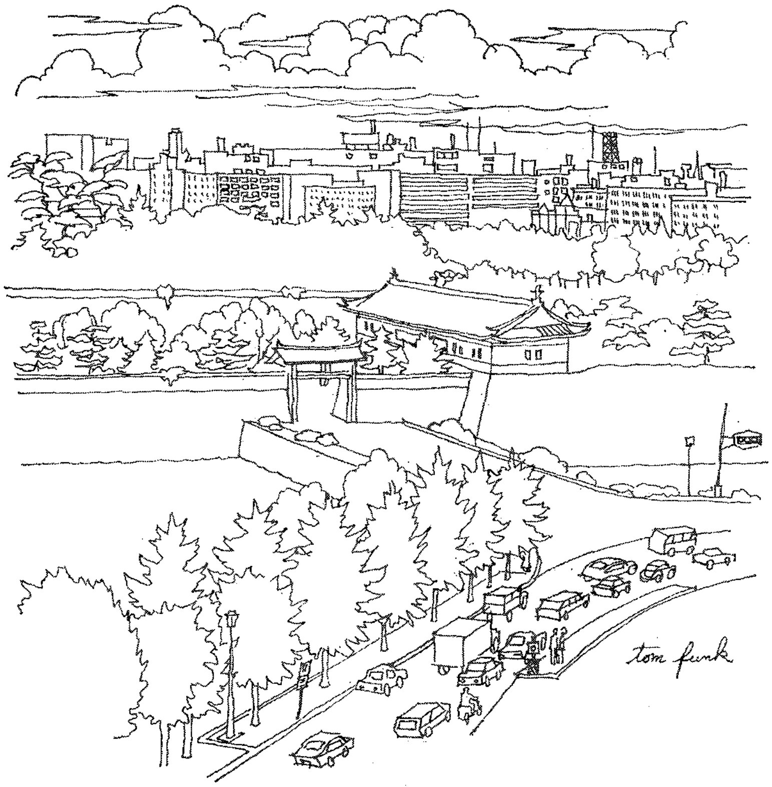


EMPEROR HIROHITO returned to Japan so exhausted from his recent European tour that at the Tokyo International Airport he had to clutch a railing for support as he left the airplane. A few days later, however, he was opening a special session of the Diet, originally scheduled to deal only with Okinawa but subsequently obliged by events to debate Japan's relations with China, the revaluation of the yen, and the limitation on textile exports to the United States as well. The day before that, the Japanese equivalent of the World Series, which followed by three weeks the championship sumo wrestling matches, ended in a victory for the Tokyo Giants over the Osaka Braves. The department stores had already inaugurated their busy season—a Christmas selling spree unrestrained by even the shadow of a thought about Christ. A couple of vast luxury hotels—the Keio Plaza, with a thousand and fifty-seven rooms, and the Pacific, with an even thousand—have just opened, and the Okura, which may be the city's best hotel, is building an annex. Shinjuku, an area in the northwestern part of the city which is dominated by a vast underground shopping center, coffeehouses, and small clubs and theatres, is being cleared to become the new seat of the Tokyo municipal government. The Tokyo subway is being extended to the seat of the national government in the district of Kasumigaseki and also to the outlying suburbs. Rush hour seems to go on all the time and in all directions, and the downtown subway construction has intensified the city's traffic problems—already made horrendous by a fourfold increase in automobiles over the past ten years—to the point where an official city guide acknowledges that the movement of cars may eventually "come to a complete stop." The suburban subway construction foreshadows the advent of office buildings and factories in the suburbs (Tokyo has virtually no zoning laws), and is causing land prices to soar. The scarcity of space is such that many middle-class families here live in a couple of rooms. The value of one large home I visited—a ten-room house that might cost a hundred thousand dollars in Scarsdale—is expected to rise from about three million American dollars to over seven million when the subway extension is completed. Even the original core city—the Ginza shopping district and the Marunouchi business district, near the Imperial Palace—is in motion. A new department store featuring European luxury goods has just opened there. Mitsukoshi, a staid, older department store at the heart of the Ginza, has set up next to its ground-floor entrance a McDonald's hamburger stand, complete with the rainbow arch. A million yen's (or about three thousand dollars') worth of business a day is being done by the Mitsukoshi McDonald's, and what that says about Japanese eating habits has been confirmed in a survey made by the Marunouchi Hotel, which showed that the average time taken for lunch by people who work in the Ginza area is seventeen minutes.

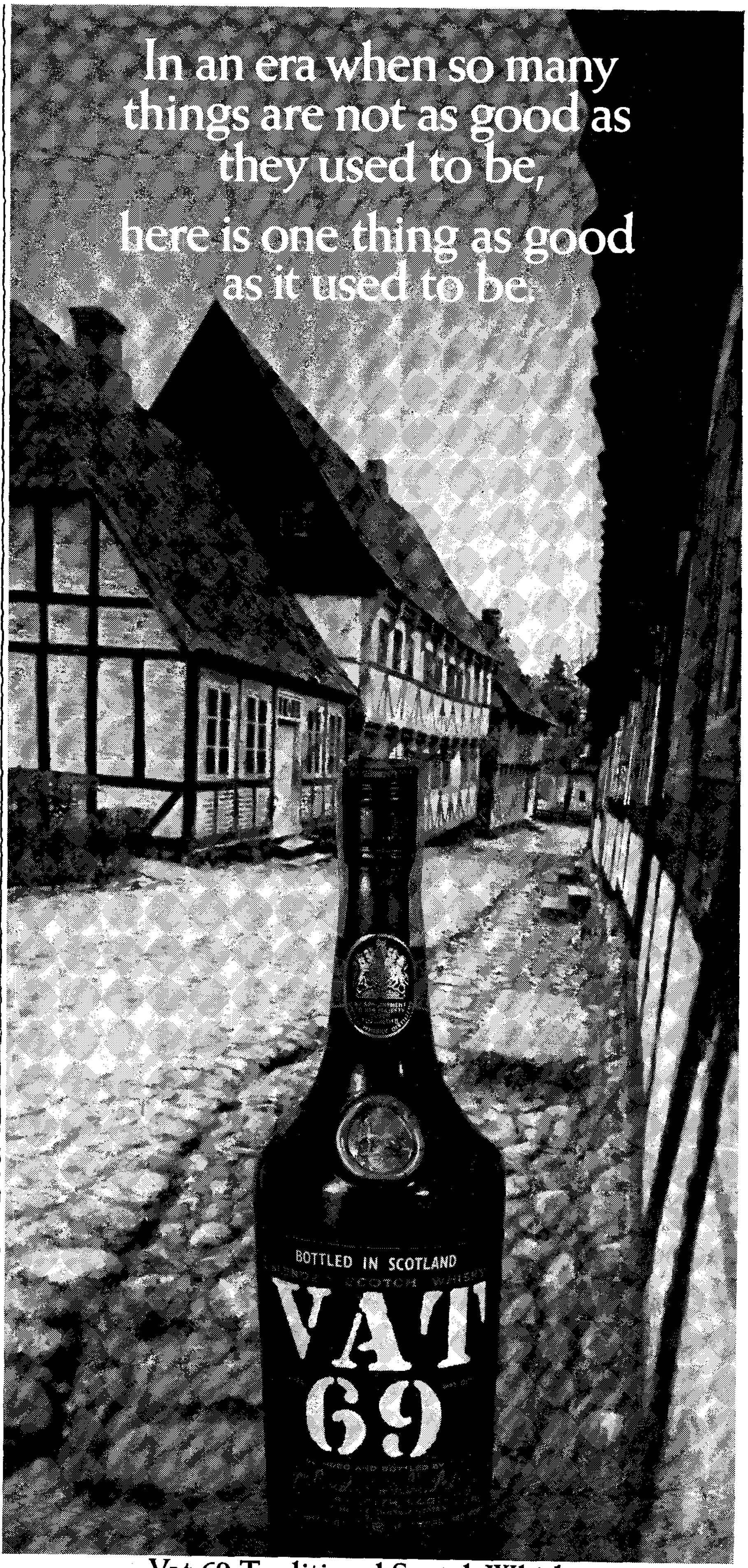
Dizzy as this pace may seem, it represents something of a slowdown. In the past year, a recession has lowered the Japanese growth rate from twelve per cent to an estimated five and a half per cent; that is to say, from a fantastic rate, which caused people to think that Japan might soon overtake Russia and the United States in economic strength, to a rate that is merely quite good. Now, on top of that, there have come what the Japanese, with their penchant for earthquake metaphor, call "the Nixon shocks": first, the announcement, on July 15th, of the President's coming trip to Peking; next, on August 15th, the new economic policy, with an import surtax imposed largely in order to produce a revaluation of the yen; and, third, the demand for restriction on textile exports, which Japan formally accepted on October 15th. While the full consequences of these moves by the United States are not yet clear, they have fostered a climate of doubt and uncertainty, a disposition to take new bearings and cast about for some new course, and an inclination toward self-examination and self-compassion. The old idea that Japan was a monolithic community striving toward well-established goals—that it was, in effect, a conglomerate of conglomerates—has been called into question. Although Japan, Incorporated, as that unity is sometimes called, may not be coming apart, the seams are showing. The predictions that Japan would break with the United States and become a superpower on its own now look highly implausible, especially in light of the meeting scheduled for January 6th and 7th between President Nixon and Prime Minister Sato.

Probably the surest sign of the times is the range of opinion in the business community. Thanks to a complaisant government, some of the big banks have been able to make a good thing out of President Nixon's measures to force yen revaluation. Over the twelve business days following August 15th, the Japanese treasury paid out yen for dollars at the going rate of three hundred and sixty to one. Almost everybody understood that the rate would have to come down, and some of the large banks traded in dollars for yen in a very big way. The Bank of Tokyo, for instance, sold six hundred and two million dollars for yen, the Mitsubishi Bank sold four hundred and ninety-two million, and the Fuji Bank sold three hundred and ninety-four million. On August 28th, after these and other interests had taken care of themselves, the government stopped supporting the yen at the old rate and allowed it to float. The price immediately fell to nearly three hundred and forty yen to the dollar, and it has slipped ten points further since then.

Quite a few businessmen in high-technology work still glow with confidence about what they're doing. For example, Akio Morita, the president of Sony, was full of businesslike bustle when I visited him recently at the company headquarters, in Tokyo. "We don't have any problem selling to the United States," he said. "People buy our products because of the quality and the design and the name. Even with the ten-per-cent surtax, nobody can beat us much on price. We don't suffer from uncertainty about the value of the dollar against the yen, either, because we have our own sales organization in the United States. But we're not typical. Some of the smaller producers are in trouble. Especially in textiles."

The wails of the textile manufacturers have been particularly loud since October. In fact, the wails have been more loud than convincing. An anti-American demonstration I watched in downtown Tokyo on the eve of the October agreement was positively prim, with marchers carrying umbrellas against the rain and mouthing slogans in the most perfunctory way. It seems likely that the textile manufacturers and the union leaders are simply pushing for a larger settlement from the Japanese government, which has promised compensation for losses resulting from the agreement. But there is nothing ersatz or subtle about the complaints of the people in heavy industry. The makers of steel and chemicals and ships prospered mightily in the past decade and expanded their capacity apace. Now they have been badly hit by the surtax, and they will be further affected by legislation currently before Congress that—if passed, as it is almost sure to be—will give American producers of capital goods an important competitive tax break in calculating depreciation. Japanese heavy industry is also suffering from the uncertainty that was caused by the floating yen. As a result, its leaders are casting about vigorously for new markets.

Shigeo Nagano, the chairman of the board of Nippon Steel, who is also active in Prime Minister Sato's Liberal Democratic Party, sees two new sourc-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es of demand for steel, both of them connected with politics. One is a government program to provide Japan with basic services that have been largely ignored in the postwar years. "We have to have new roads," Nagano told me during an interview I had with him in his huge downtown office. "Our houses are too flimsy. And it is about time we spent a great amount of money on hospitals and schools and that sort of thing." Mr. Nagano's other big idea is China trade. Though he has been a close supporter of Prime Minister Sato and Japan's alliance with America, he announced a visit to China in September without even telling Mr. Sato in advance. Speaking of that visit, he said to me, "My interest in China is that we should make the Chinese our friends, so that we can discuss ways of doing business. Why should we not? Even Mr. Nixon is visiting China. Anyway, one thing I know is that there is no way to keep producing and exporting and still expect Japan to be universally loved."

A more thoughtful assessment of Japan's present economic condition was offered by Morihisa Emori, who, as the managing director of the Mitsubishi Corporation, which has extensive interests in Southeast Asia, is an elder statesman of Japanese business. "We industrialists are all Hamlets," Mr. Emori said. "We don't know what to do. Everything depends on the growth of the economy. That depends on what governments do. I think we'll continue to grow, but less than in the past—maybe six per cent a year. The economy can't go only upward." Mr. Emori advanced several basic reasons for the economic slowdown. He pointed out that only sixteen per cent of Japan's territory is available for development. "We've practically used up all our territory," he said, and he went on, "There's pollution everywhere. Even the politicians see that we have to do something to halt pollution." In addition, he cited the strains put on the existing labor forces. Fifteen years ago, forty per cent of the Japanese population worked on the land, and the high economic-growth rate was fuelled largely by the absorption of those workers into industry. Now, Mr. Emori said, there are hardly any such labor reserves left for further expansion. "Seventeen per cent of our labor force is now in agriculture but most of these agricultural workers work part time in industry," he said. "A third of the work force is blue-collar. The rest is white-collar. But once a man becomes a white-collar worker he never changes. So we have a shortage of labor." As a

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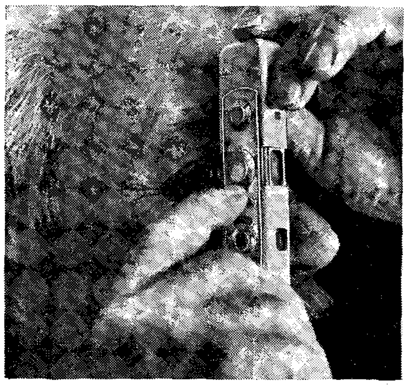

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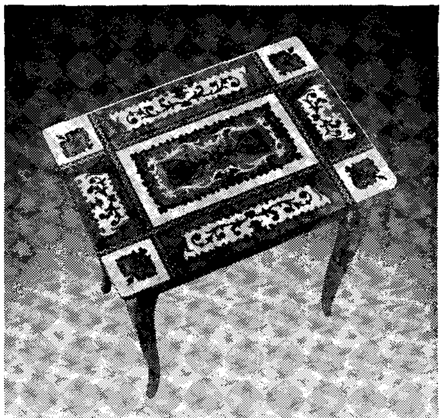

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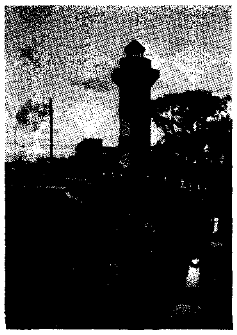

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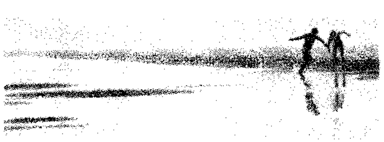

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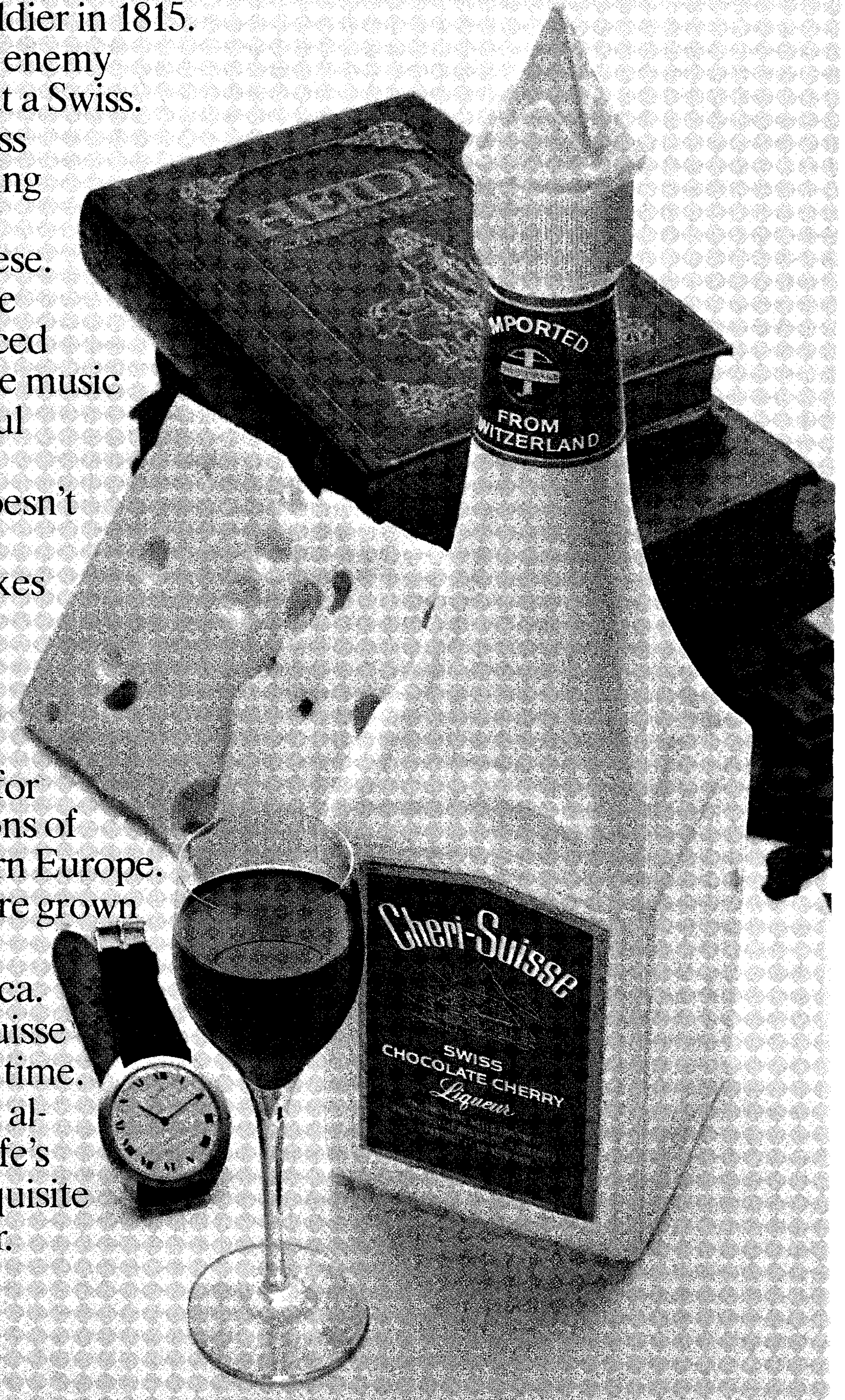

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remedy for the shortage, Mr. Emori advanced an idea that has already been adopted by some large American companies—and one that is not exactly unfavorable to the interests of Mitsubishi. This was the idea of exporting Japanese management and capital abroad in heavy industry. "Our condition is the same as that of the United States," he said. "We have to diminish our labor-centered industry at home and concentrate on our brain-centered industry. We have to move overseas. We should export our industry in the form of plants abroad. The great chance is for the underdeveloped countries to build for the developed world."

In actuality, the Japanese have already pushed the move overseas fairly far. In South Korea, Taiwan, and most of the islands of Southeast Asia, they are the predominant foreign economic power. But resistance to this situation—colored by memories of wartime occupation—is setting in. The Philippines, for example, have yet to ratify a Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation that Japan's Diet passed a decade ago. Europe's attitude toward Japanese economic penetration of its territory found some expression in the hostile reception accorded the Emperor in such trading nations as Britain and Holland. In consequence of all this, skepticism about the chances for further expansion abroad is now common among Japanese businessmen.

Perhaps the most eminent of these skeptics is Taizo Ishizaka, the former head of the Tokyo Shibaura Electric Company, of Expo '70, in Osaka, and of the Keidanren, or Federation of Economic Organizations, who is now eighty-five years old and is known as the Prime Minister of Business. I met him not long ago at the Industry Club, a lovely Georgian structure built in 1919—which makes it one of the oldest buildings in Tokyo. Mr. Ishizaka is a director of the club, and we talked there in a private room that he uses as an office. When I mentioned to him the possibility of Japan's concentrating its own development efforts in the underdeveloped world, he smiled and, to illustrate how certain other nations regard foreigners, told me of the way he had learned about his appointment as director of Expo '70. "I was in Cairo at the time, staying in a hotel," he said. "The manager came up to say that there was a call from Tokyo and that I should take it in his office. I said to put it through to my suite. He said, 'No, you're not allowed to speak long distance in Japanese.' "

Mr. Ishizaka thought there might be hope for the Japanese economy in an understanding among the business leaders of the industrialized world. "The top businessmen in Japan and the United States—we understand each other," he told me. But he was doubtful whether that was enough. "Our middle people don't understand your middle people, and the other way around. And when it comes to our Diet and your Congress—well, they're just stupid." What he actually expected for Japan's economy was a long period of uncertainty. "Opinion in Japan is badly confused," he said. "I think that a big change in conditions is just getting under way. You know, in Greek and Roman times they had pantheism. Then they changed to monotheism. But that change took hundreds of years, even thousands. It was still going on at the time of the Crusades. And that is the kind of change we are embarking upon now."

I asked him if he thought that amid all this change there might be a revival of Japanese militarism.

"I certainly hope so," he said. "We now have burglars and thieves everywhere. Somebody has to stop them. It wouldn't be a bad thing for Japan. Right now, the young are against war, but only in order to fight one another."

IF businessmen are uncertain about the future, the Japanese political leaders have their eyes glued on the past. This preoccupation is not hard to understand, for in the postwar period the Liberal Democratic Party has made a genuinely new contribution to the art of rule by conservatives in a mass society. The Japanese formula includes such familiar features of conservative politics as a base in the countryside, business connections that are helpful in finances, and the use of issues with patriotic overtones to paint the opposition into dark corners associated with Communism. But a remarkable string of Liberal Democratic Prime Ministers, beginning with Shigeru Yoshida, have supplemented the familiar mixture by incorporating into it an élite bureaucratic corps. Yoshida, who served as Prime Minister from 1948 through 1954, had spent twenty-eight years before that in the Foreign Ministry. Nobusuke Kishi, who held the leadership from 1957 through 1960, emerged from the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce. Hayato Ikeda, who succeeded him, came from the Finance Ministry. And the incumbent, Eisaku Sato, came from the Ministry of

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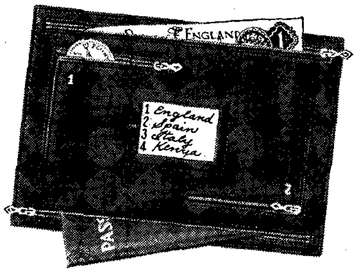

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Transport. One thing this means is that all of them, unlike conservatives in most countries, have had both a liking for government and a real feeling for it. They have been masters in taking care of supporters through arrangements—exchange rates and credit policies, for instance—remote from public gaze. Manipulating events by bureaucratic means in order to achieve political results has been second nature to every one of them. A classic example is Prime Minister Sato's management of the last Japanese general election, on December 27, 1969.

At the time Sato went into that election, Japan was in the full flush of a boom in heavy industry fostered partly by government-induced investments and partly by surging foreign sales promoted through government maintenance of exchange rates. Moreover, he was fresh from a visit to Washington, where he had achieved a major patriotic triumph for use against the opposition—a promise from President Nixon to return Okinawa to Japanese control before the end of 1972. Though Japan's rural population had declined substantially—from forty per cent of the labor force in 1955 to twenty per cent in 1969—those who stayed on the farm were assiduously courted: rice subsidies reached an annual figure of three billion dollars in 1969, and there were incessant visits from local boys who had made good in the city, especially Sato himself, who is a native of Yamaguchi Prefecture, in the remote southwest of the main Japanese island, Honshu. When the 1969 votes were counted, Sato and the Liberal Democratic Party had won two hundred and eighty-eight seats in the lower house of the Diet, out of a total of four hundred and eighty-six, and their majority was increased to three hundred and two by independents who joined forces with them. It was one of the most striking electoral victories achieved in any major country in the postwar era.

Ironically, the very size of the victory weakened Sato's position. For one thing, it tended to unify the opposition. The Japanese Socialist Party, the largest of the opposition groups, had presented itself as sympathetic to violent anti-American demonstrations staged by various student groups. It lost fifty seats out of its previous total of a hundred and forty. Following this disastrous defeat, there emerged a new Socialist leadership, whose aim, Party Secretary Masashi Ishibashi told me, is "less violent confrontation" with the parliamentary majority. That modification has

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healed some wounds that had caused a revisionist group, the Democratic Socialists, to leave the regular Socialist Party back in 1959. It has also smoothed relations with the Komeito, an opposition party, controlled by a Buddhist sect, that makes the same kind of appeal—populism with strong law-and-order overtones—that the Poujadists did in France and George Wallace does in this country. The new moderation, oddly, has even facilitated joint action with the Japanese Communist Party, an orthodox group, intensely hostile to Maoism, that advertises its Japaneseness by using a picture of Mount Fuji as its symbol. Thanks to greater harmony, the opposition parties made a twenty per cent gain in seats in the mid-term elections for the upper house of the Diet, which were held last June.

As to the Liberal Democrats, the huge majority achieved in the general election of 1969 weakened their internal discipline, and the reins slackened still more at a Party conference held in Tokyo in October, 1970. On being reëlected Party president—which is the practical equivalent of Prime Minister—Sato let it be known that he would not seek reëlection when his term expired, in the fall of 1972. At that point, jockeying for the succession began, and the factional components of the Liberal Democratic Party emerged as the critical units of Japanese politics.

The role of the Liberal Democratic factions is not easy to understand. They are not distinguishable by regional base, economic interests, or political philosophy but, rather, are essentially self-interest groups that bind certain Liberal Democratic backbenchers in the Diet to certain leading Party figures in an almost feudal relationship. The backbenchers receive three things from their chosen leaders: help in getting the Party nomination at election time; money for campaign purposes and for running their offices; and connections with businessmen who can give even more money. In return, the faction members support the leaders in their own competition for Cabinet office, and for the biggest plum of all, the Prime Ministership. All Prime Ministers have headed large factions in the Liberal Democratic Party.

In the recent past, the factions have lined up in a coherent way, with a dominant group of them, the so-called Party mainstream, electing the four Prime Ministers who came from the higher bureaucracy, and an opposition group, or anti-mainstream, supporting

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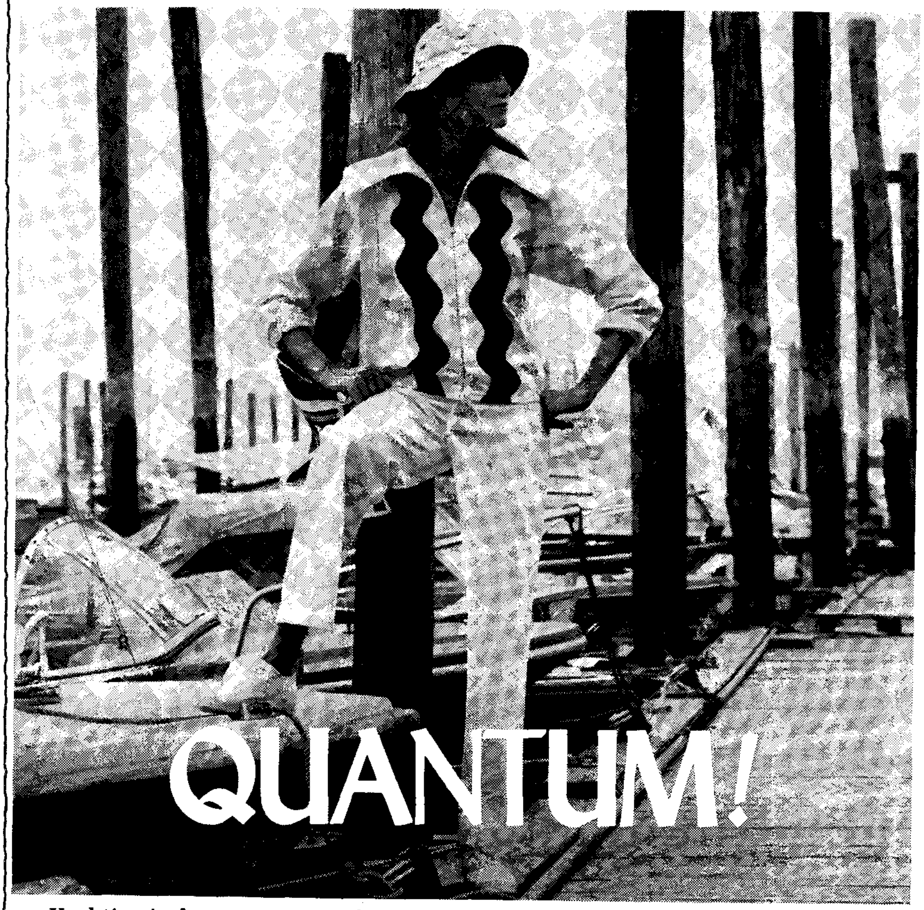

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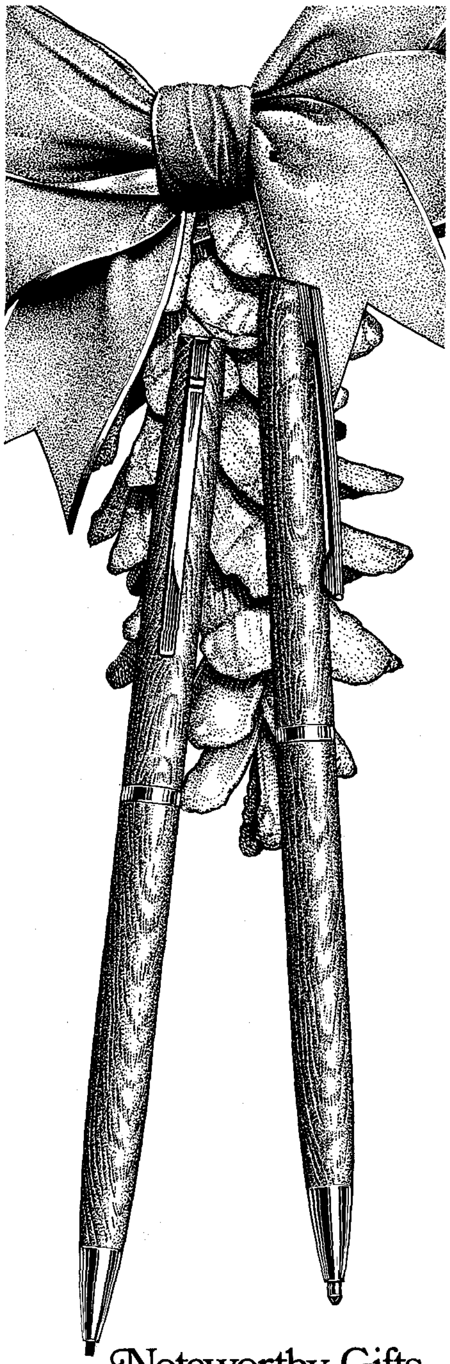
for Prime Minister not bureaucrats but politicians—figures who rose through the ranks from the office of local assemblyman to a position of leadership. This year, however, there were twelve completely separate factions in the lower house, the largest being the Sato faction, with sixty seats out of the three hundred and two. That provided abundant possibilities for working out new combinations. There even seemed to be a chance for the politicians to overcome the bureaucrats—particularly since there were such sharp issues as the recession, relations with the United States, and relations with China which could be used to influence the ebb and flow of factional alliances.

Sato, who is known around the Diet as Eisaku the Quick-Eared, was not slow to sense the dangers. Immediately after the upper house election in June, he set out to reëstablish Party discipline through a Cabinet shuffle centering on three changes that bore heavily on the leadership competition. Sato selected as Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, a sixty-six-year-old former bureaucrat and Finance Minister who was the head of a faction closely allied with the Prime Minister's, and who is known as the Eel, in tribute to his manipulative abilities. The designation of Mr. Fukuda for the senior Cabinet post was generally taken as a sign that he was next in line for the office of Prime Minister. The second important change involved the naming of a new Minister of Justice. Sato picked an elder statesman from the second-largest Party faction—that of Masayoshi Ohira, another bureaucrat and former Finance Minister, who had been on and off in his support of the mainstream. The designation of Ohira's man was taken to mean that Ohira himself, who is now sixty-one years old, was second in line, behind Fukuda, for the office of Prime Minister. The third important change was the selection of Kakuei Tanaka—a man who had become a millionaire in the construction business, and who had been serving as the Party's Secretary-General—as Minister of International Trade and Industry. Since Tanaka has independent ties to some two-thirds of the Sato faction, and since he is a man of great ambition, it was assumed that he, too, might be a future Prime Minister. But because he is only fifty-three—a juvenile by the standards of Japanese politics—and is also somewhat in need of polishing, the thought was that Tanaka would seek the leadership only after Fukuda and Ohira had had their turns. In the meantime, as a tough operator with a knowledge of the Party's inner workings, he was supposed to maintain discipline, holding the factions together for Fukuda and Ohira. He was given the Ministry of International Trade and Industry so he could get Japanese businessmen to swallow the restrictions on exports to America—restrictions that the Nixon Administration had been demanding with increasing urgency ever since the President and Sato accepted the principle of the Okinawa agreement in 1969. Indeed, in announcing the new Cabinet, on July 5, 1970, Sato indicated that the realignment was aimed at achieving an "important improvement in United States-Japanese relationships."

Against that background of finely calibrated economic, political, and diplomatic calculation, it was no exaggeration—indeed, it was a kind of understatement—to refer to the events of recent months as "the Nixon shocks." In July, the announcement of Mr. Nixon's visit to China raised a big question about Foreign Minister Fukuda, who had been even more vocal than Prime Minister Sato in supporting an alliance with Taiwan. The economic measures of August 15th demonstrated that Minister Tanaka's task of making Japanese businessmen accept the concessions Washington was demanding was, as he himself said, "very difficult." With both Fukuda and Tanaka in trouble, Ohira had scant reason to wait in line for his chance to become Prime Minister. At a meeting with his faction on September 2nd, Ohira announced that he favored Japan's taking an independent line from the United States on the exact terms of Chinese admission to the United Nations. That declaration virtually announced that Ohira was ready to run an immediate race against Fukuda for the leadership of the Party. It also meant that Sato's carefully prepared plans for controlling the Party had been shattered.

In the next few weeks, the Prime Minister slowly and laboriously reassembled the pieces of his plan for the succession. The first requirement was to remove Foreign Minister Fukuda from the line of fire on the issue of China, so Sato undertook to make the decision himself on exactly how Japan would handle the issue of Chinese representation at the United Nations. Fukuda, thus excused from taking a stand, was even further removed from the battle by being sent off on two high-level missions. In September, he led a Cabinet delegation that visited the



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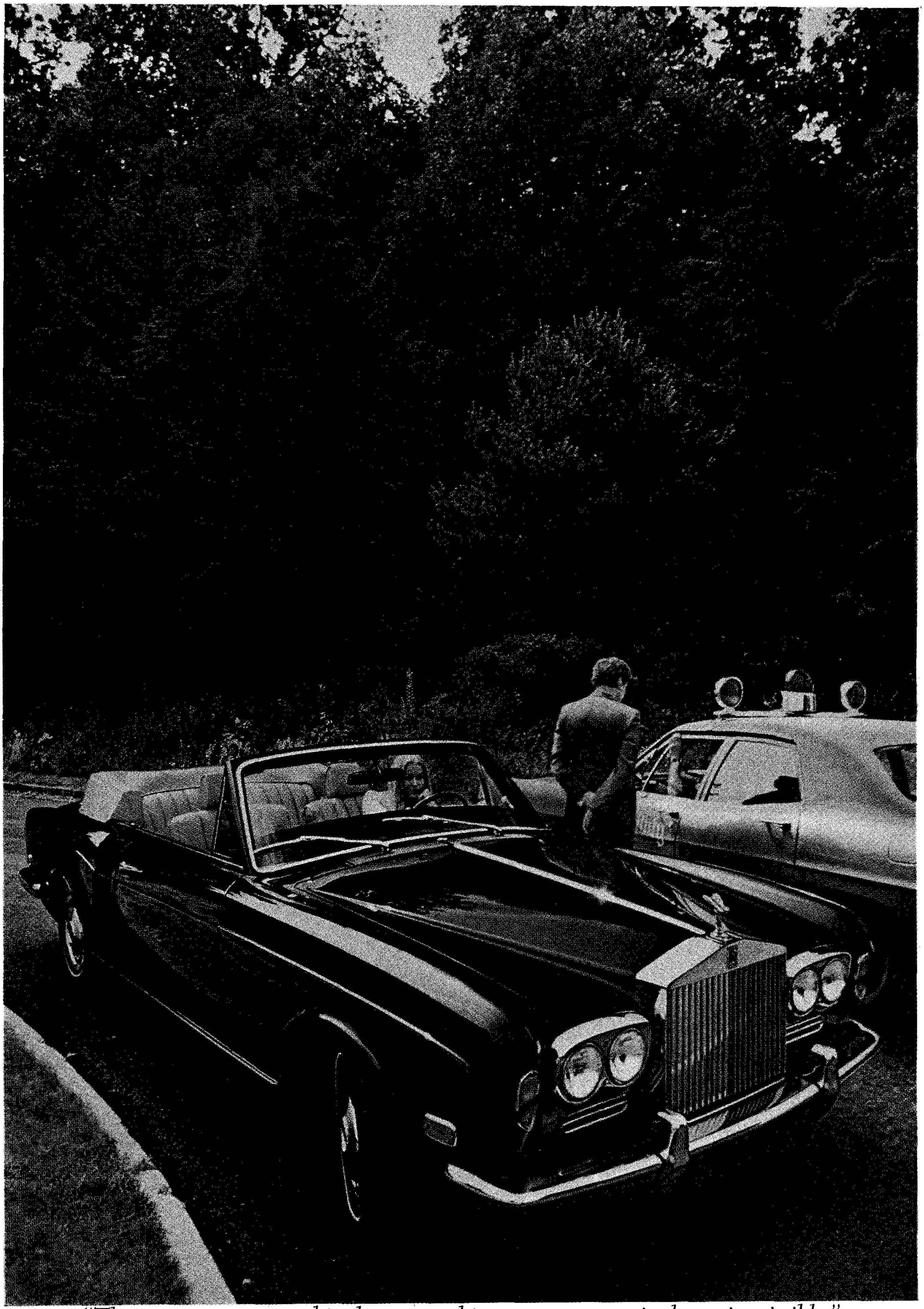

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United States, during which he met alone with President Nixon—a clear sign that he was successor-designate to the Prime Minister. And in October he accompanied the Emperor and the Empress on their European tour—another mark of distinction. Thanks to that trip, the Foreign Minister missed the China debate in the United Nations entirely.

Forcing Ohira to back off from his leadership challenge was Sato's next task, and that may explain the otherwise puzzling decision he took to make Japan co-sponsor with the United States of the resolution which in effect proposed that both mainland China and Taiwan be members of the United Nations. The Japanese Foreign Ministry had warned the Prime Minister that such a resolution had almost no chance to succeed. Common sense suggested that, with the whole world turning toward Peking, Tokyo's interest was best served by taking a relatively neutral position—certainly not the position of co-sponsorship, which the Chinese Communists would be sure to resent. But Sato had political as well as diplomatic fish to fry. As envoy extraordinary to the Japanese delegation to the United Nations he named Kenji Fukunaga, a leading member of the Ohira faction, who, as it happened, differed with Ohira on the China issue, and, indeed, supported co-sponsorship of the resolution with the United States. Even after the resolution went down to defeat, just as the Japanese Foreign Ministry had warned it would, Fukunaga asserted that the co-sponsorship served to "enhance Japan's prestige." His taking this highly visible stand on the issue drawn by Ohira naturally showed that the Ohira faction was divided.

There remained for Sato the task of pushing Tanaka to play the role of Party disciplinarian. For that purpose, there came marvellously to hand the third Nixon shock. Late in September, Washington demanded that Japan sign by October 15th, under pain of having unilateral quotas imposed, an agreement limiting exports of Japanese woollen and synthetic textiles to the United States. By any fair measure, the responsibility for dealing with the ultimatum belonged to the Prime Minister. Back in 1969, when Sato was making the Okinawa deal, he had promised President Nixon that he would do something about textile exports. For months and months, he had done nothing. When the pressure mounted, the Japanese textile industry had worked out a voluntary limitation with Representative Wilbur Mills, the chairman of the

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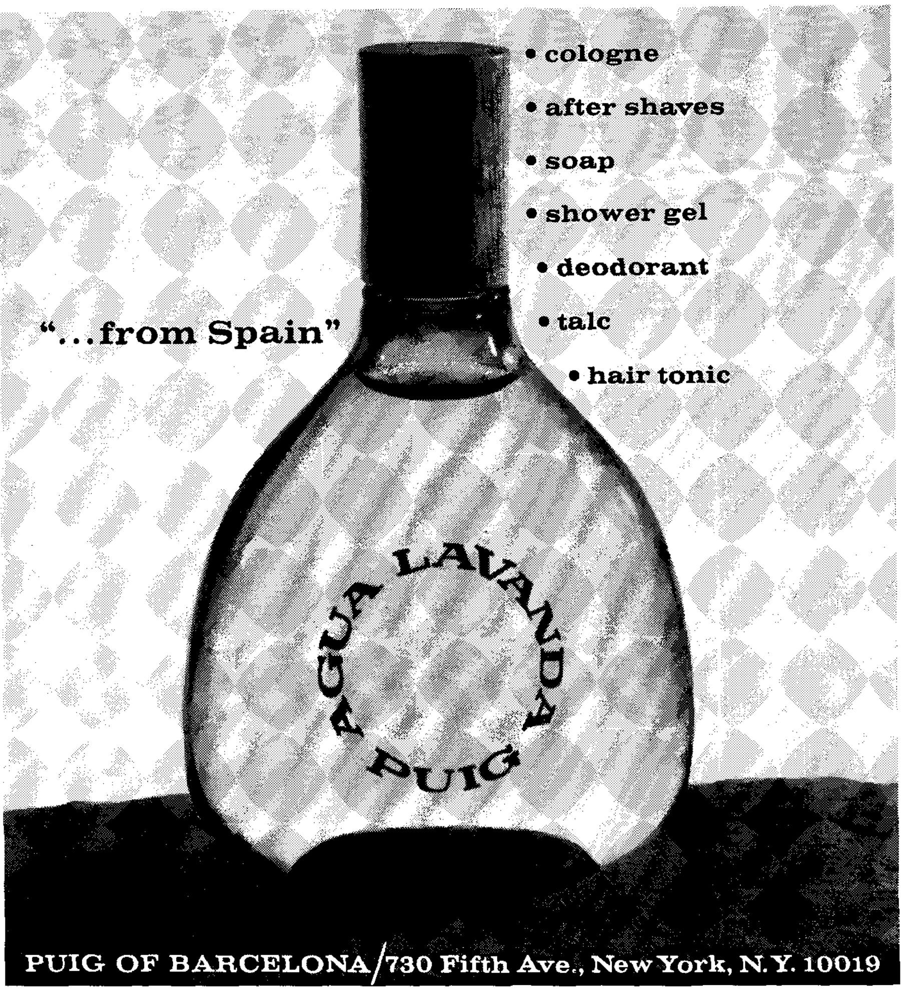
House Ways and Means Committee, which handles tariff legislation. That action, which Sato approved, had served only to annoy President Nixon, since it meant that he had been upstaged by a congressional leader. The ultimatum was born of the President's anger, and the Prime Minister's responsibility was obviously central. Nevertheless, Sato blandly passed the ultimatum on to his Minister of International Trade and Industry. Tanaka tried privately to wrest concessions from the Americans on the terms of the ultimatum, and he tried to make the textile manufacturers yield gracefully—all to no avail. On October 15th in Tokyo, he and President Nixon's representative, former Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, initialled the agreement on textile limitations. Willy-nilly, Tanaka had been cast in the role of disciplinarian.

By the time the Diet met, in mid-October, the Prime Minister had his package together again. In a vote of confidence, two hundred and seventy-four members supported Foreign Minister Fukuda, and even Ohira voted for him. Clearly, Party discipline had been restored. A supplementary budget with big new outlays for more housing and more roads, which would both stimulate the economy and ease some living problems, shot through the Diet. Debate then moved on to the Prime Minister's favorite subject—ratification of the treaty for the reversion of Okinawa to Japanese control. The opposition charged that under the treaty the United States would be allowed to keep bases on the island that could be used for nuclear weapons, and for ten days union and student groups staged massive street demonstrations against the clauses in the treaty providing for continuation of American base rights on Okinawa. At the height of the protests, on November 19th, a hundred thousand persons paraded in downtown Tokyo; more than a thousand were arrested, and a well-known restaurant, the Matsumotoro, was burned. But the Prime Minister had the votes. On November 24th, the treaty went through the lower house of the Diet, by a vote of two hundred and eighty-five to seventy-three, with the Socialists and the Communists abstaining. The treaty automatically becomes law in Japan on December 24th (possibly without even coming to a vote in the upper house, where Sato has a majority). It has already been approved in the United States Senate, by a vote of eighty-four to six. Detailed assurances against the stationing of nuclear weapons on the island remain to be settled, as does



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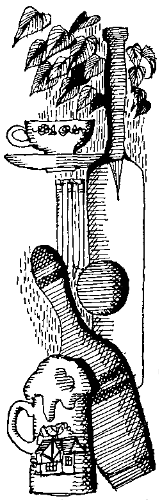

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the exact date of transfer. Presumably, the Prime Minister will take that up with President Nixon when they meet in San Clemente on January 6th. Then it is only a matter of time before the formal arrangements for Japanese takeover of the island are completed and the Prime Minister retires, with his historic mission accomplished.

ALL this was evident when I went to see Sato at Nagata-cho, the official Tokyo residence of the Prime Minister. He is a vigorous seventy years old. He has a prominent nose, big ears, ruddy color in his face, and black hair only slightly tinged with gray. Everything around him spoke of fused cultures. He had five telephones in his office, and a bowl of chrysanthemums on his desk. A picture of the imperial couple showed the Emperor in a business suit, the Empress in a kimono. Fake laces tied in a bow gave the impression that the Prime Minister was wearing Western shoes; in reality, there were little elastic gores in the sides of the shoes, so that he could slip them off easily, like loafers, before entering a Japanese-style room. Sato was in fine humor and talked expansively about himself. He mentioned a period he had spent in the United States during the Depression, and a period, just after the Second World War, when he was the Osaka director of the Japanese national railways. He joked a lot about his English (which seemed quite good) and my Japanese (which is practically nonexistent), and whenever he said anything funny he dropped his jaw, raised his upper lip, and moved his head up and down vigorously, in a close approximation to the way a horse laughs. The main reason for his high spirits was the Okinawa treaty. "We are about to achieve the successful return of an island with a million people," he said. "That is a lot of people. Just think how many countries there are in the United Nations with less than a million people. It is quite an achievement to do that without war, through peaceful negotiations. It should be valued quite highly."

Sato was also pleased about the supplementary budget, and he acknowledged that the stress on welfare projects reflected a new emphasis in Japan. "Up to now, we have had as our primary objectives, first, rehabilitation from the war and, second, the expansion of trade," he said. "We have concentrated solely on those objectives. But the future does not lie in expanding trade. It lies in expanding wel-

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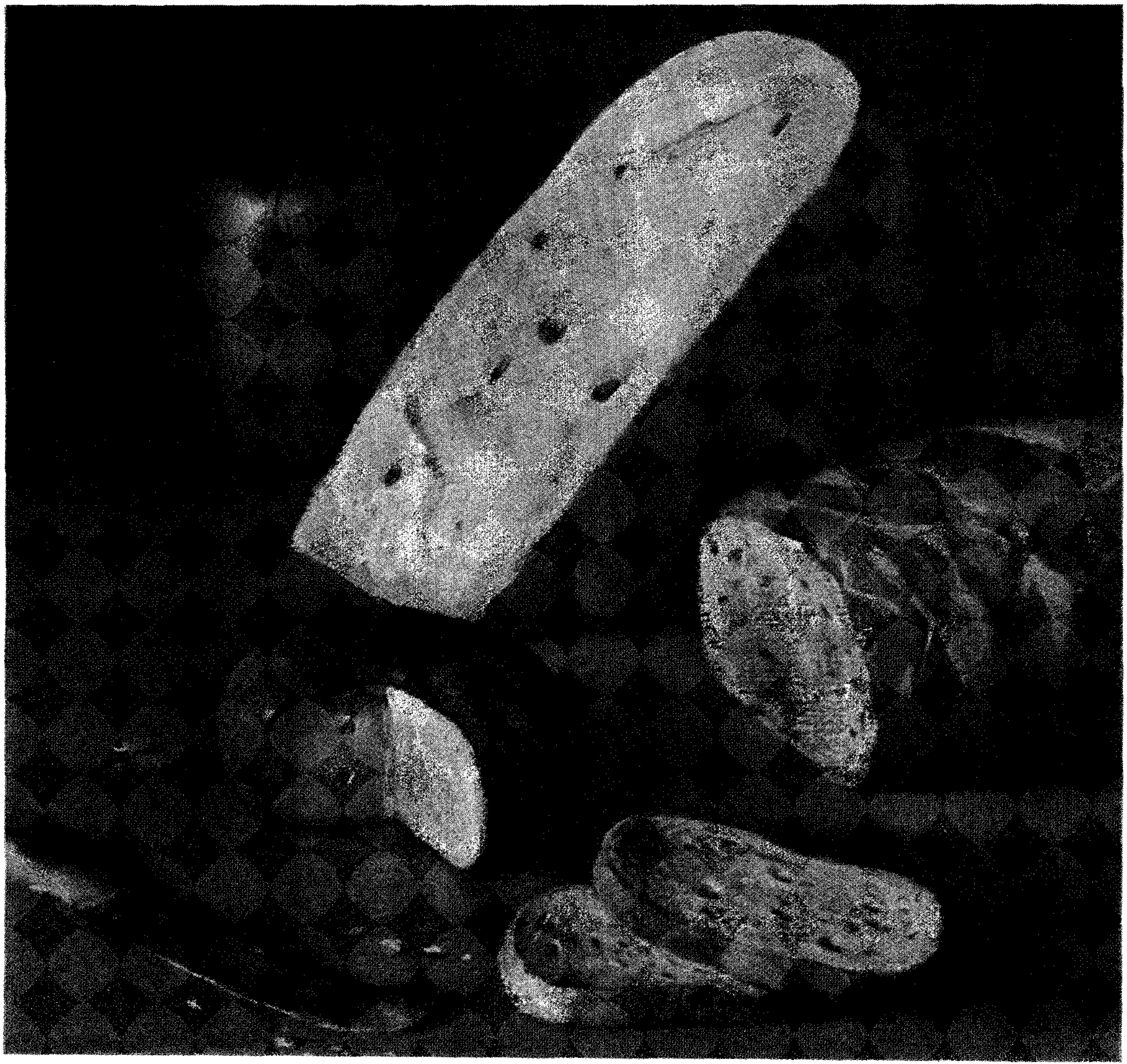

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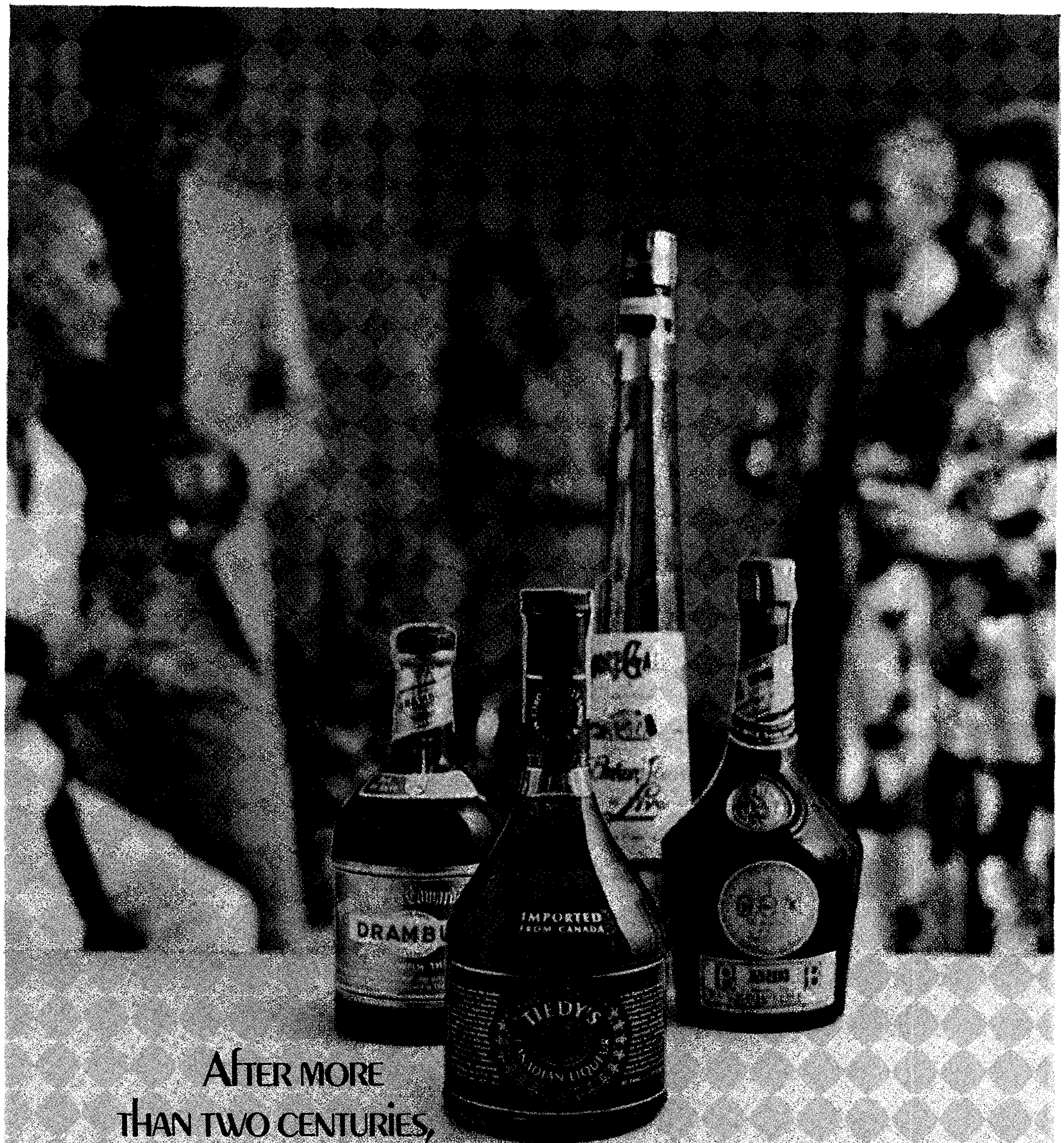

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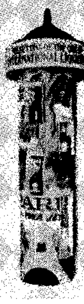

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Over and over, Sato rejected the notion, widespread in the United States, that Japan would change its role in the world. When I asked him about China, for example, he expressed the hope that President Nixon's visit to Peking might lead to an agreement linking Russia, China, the United States, and Japan in a non-aggression treaty. He seemed to share none of the businessmen's worry that his policies might cause Japan to be squeezed out of trade with China. "We have been more active in trade with China than the United States has, and our exchanges of people have been quite substantial," he told me. "Since we have no political ties with China, some people say that we have to jump on the bandwagon—or, rather, as our saying goes here, that 'every weed and tree must be bent toward Peking.' But my view is that we haven't missed the bandwagon. Even if we have missed it, there is always a plane."

I asked him about the possibility that Japan might strike out on its own as a superpower with nuclear weapons, and suggested that it was holding that option open by its refusal to ratify the non-proliferation treaty.

"Japan will never have nuclear armaments," he replied. "We are showing some reluctance to ratify the non-proliferation treaty not because we wish to have nuclear arms but because we do not want to be discriminated against in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. If we can have some guarantees against such discrimination, we will be quite ready to ratify the treaty."

Sato was no more prepared to see Japan grow aloof from the United States than he was to see it cozy up to China or to strike out on its own. At one point, speaking of limiting textile exports and making arrangements for revaluation of the yen, he said, "The United States is the Number One economic power in the world. Also the Number Two and the Number Three and the Number Four power. It is only at Number Five that you can begin counting other countries."

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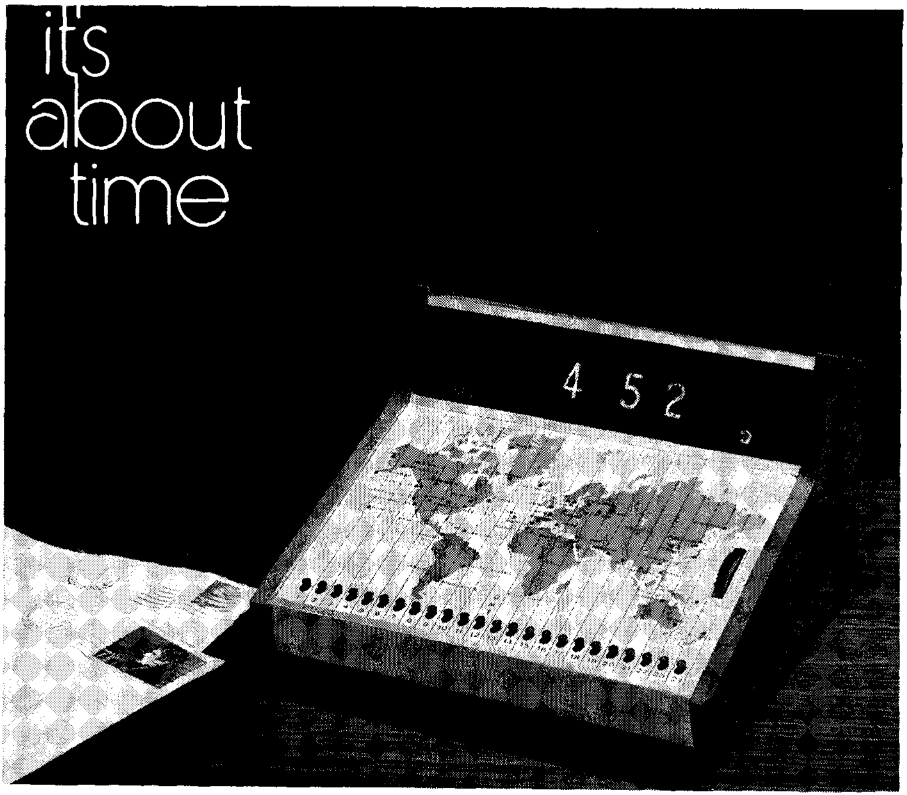

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Tale of Hoffmann

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann (1776-1822), who changed his name to Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann in honor of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a contemporary whom he greatly admired, retains a shadowy presence in the modern world because the ballets "Coppélia" and "The Nutcracker," as well as Offenbach's opera "Tales of Hoffmann," are based on stories he wrote. He was an interesting man—a lawyer, a theatre director, a music critic, a conductor, a caricaturist, a painter, a humorist, and a composer whose most successful opera, "Undine" (he is said to have written eleven operas, a Miserere, a symphony, a piano trio, and some other works), is still occasionally performed in Germany. (Its libretto was written by a friend, the inventor of the story, Baron de La Motte-Fouqué.) Hoffmann was a precursor of Edgar Allan Poe, his stories having mixed the macabre with the Romantic. In fact, he is sometimes referred to as the Father of German Literary Romanticism, though his claim to this title is widely disputed, since Goethe, Schiller, and others were ahead of him. But his stories and his music criticism make lively reading even today. (I have never heard any of his music; perhaps some enterprising conductor might resuscitate that symphony, or even an opera or two.) His work has always been popular in France as well as in Germany and Austria, and has been translated into a number of languages, including Spanish and Russian.

Having always been curious about this versatile man, I went to the library the other day to read some of his literary output. To my great surprise, I discovered that there is no existing English translation of his complete works, though translations of bits and pieces (the earliest by Carlyle) are to be found. I was, of course, looking for the stories that related specifically to those familiar characters in Offenbach's opera. I found that old rascal Coppelius in a story called "The Sandman." Coppelius seems to have had another name, or a double—one Giuseppe Coppola. He seems to have been, like Hoffmann himself, originally a lawyer, but he became a "mechanician" and an alchemist, studying the black arts. As the translation says, "The evil principle had entered into him." His rival, Spalanzani, also appears in this story, along with the mechanical doll Olympia, with whom somebody named Nathaniel (reduced to a minor character in the opera), furnished with special spectacles made by Coppelius, falls in love. This turns out to be a disaster, because Nathaniel (unlike the Hoffmann of the opera) goes mad, tries to murder his original sweetheart, a girl named Clara, and finally falls off a balcony and is killed, much to the delight of Coppelius. Another story, called "The Cremona Violin," is obviously the source of the Antonia episode of the opera. Antonia's mother is a famous singer and her father is Councillor Krespel, and she has tuberculosis but wants to sing in spite of it. But there is no Dr. Miracle here. Perhaps Dr. Miracle is drawn from another story, called "Signor Formica," in which an evil Dr. Splendiano Accoramboni, who is only four feet tall, figures in a narrative about the painter Salvator Rosa. Anyhow, this is as far as I got. I unearthed nothing about the Venetian courtesan Giulietta. If I could read German fluently, I would have consulted the original.

The thing that strikes me about Hoffmann's stories is that he so often deals with mad inventors, or scientists, if you want to call them that, and unhinged, homicidal doctors, along with insane violinists, art collectors, and so on. Clearly, Hoffmann had considerable misgivings about technology and science in general. In our day, when there is so much worry about the bomb and pollution, he ought to be revived as an early hero of the revolt against uninhibited technological advance. Hoffmann looked at life from a metaphysical point of view. Reality to him was a conditional thing. What you saw, and particularly what you conceived a romantic passion for, was not necessarily the real thing. All kinds of scamps like Coppelius and Spalanzani were conspiring to deceive your senses and emotions. The so-called Father of Romanticism was really aware of the pitfalls of the genre, and many of his stories teach caution where the toils of romantic love are concerned. This last

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point is distinctly of the eighteenth century, to which the first part of his life belonged. But then the idea of progress through technology got its serious start in the eighteenth century, too.

All this is a prelude to a consideration of a television broadcast of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" that will be given next Monday evening by the N.E.T. Opera Theatre over the N.E.T. network; it will be heard here on Channel 13. I was privileged to see a preview of it last week. The production is British (B.B.C.), with Charles Mackerras conducting the London Symphony and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, direction by John Gorrie, sets by Eileen Diss, and costumes by Juanita Waterson. Generally, it is as charming as one could wish, really demanding a color-television set to make its full impression. Our own Michele Molese is the Hoffmann, and most of the time he sings beautifully. The roles of Lindorf, Coppelius, Dr. Miracle, and Dapertutto are done in a memorable manner by the great Welsh bass Geraint Evans. Elizabeth Harwood is the Stella, Olympia, Antonia, and Giulietta, and though I think her Giulietta is a bit innocent in appearance, she is certainly pretty enough to attract anybody, and she sings both her florid music and her mezzo-soprano music cleanly and fluently. Derek Hammond Stroud is the Nathaniel and the Spalanzani, John Lawrenson the Hermann, Crespil, and Schlemil, and Gillian Ramsden the Nicklaus. The lesser roles are all well done. Particularly striking is the Franz sung by Graham Allum—a young man instead of the old one usually encountered in performances of this opera. The opera is sung in English, with spoken dialogue instead of recitatives. This English version has only one flaw: the scene of the death of Schlemil is always spoken, even in the recitative version, and the bald dialogue lends a special spookiness to the episode. But when everything is spoken the element of contrast is lost. The excitement of a live performance is lacking, and it is not easy to tell whether Miss Harwood, for instance, would be as effective in an opera house as she is on the screen. But the performance is good of its kind, and I recommend it.

THE rest of last week was pretty cut and dried, except for a ballet called "Symphonie pour un Homme Seul," put on by Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century at the City Center on Tuesday evening—and that was a disappointment. In this ballet, the stage is hung with a dozen ropes dan-

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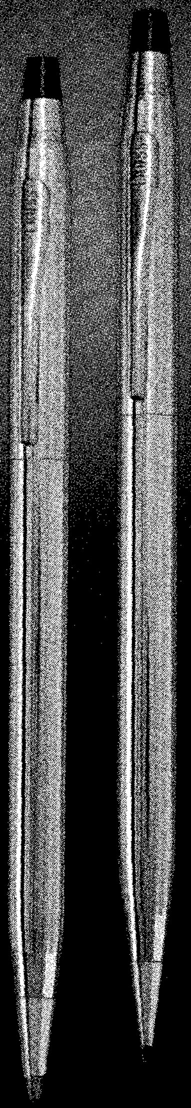

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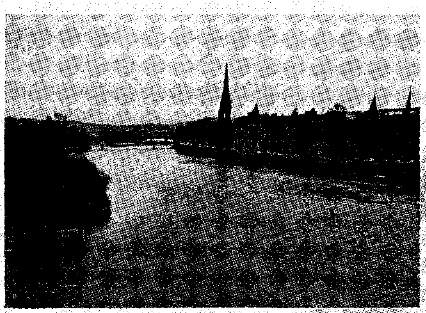

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gling to within a few feet of the floor. The plot is a sort of boy-meets-girl-boy-loses-girl-boy-meets-girl-again-and-then-boy-hangs-himself thing, with an admirable dancer, Jorge Donn, staring insanely at the audience and going through strenuous athletics while Suzanne Farrell, the girl, has practically nothing to do.

THE symphony concerts last week were not very interesting, either. The Boston Symphony came to Philharmonic Hall with a program consisting of Schumann's Second Symphony and excerpts from Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet," under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf. Having nothing new to say about either of these works, I did not attend. Thursday night's New York Philharmonic concert, under Leonard Bernstein, in Philharmonic Hall, was more attractive, being made up partly of chestnuts of a slightly less familiar kind. It started out with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and ended with Shostakovich's First, the lean and hungry little item that he composed at the end of his conservatory days and that to me is the finest of all his symphonies. Between them, Itzhak Perlman appeared as soloist in the Berg Violin Concerto, a work in which the violin is merely one voice amid the numerous orchestral ones, and in which Perlman's greatest gift—that amazing rich tone—had no opportunity to manifest itself. Nevertheless, it was an absorbing experience to hear this concerto again. It is a twelve-tone work, with a few tonal passages, and Berg has used the system with a flavor of his own, making it express real feeling here and there. Mr. Bernstein conducted everything ably and without theatrics.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

I wonder. I had just read a campus newspaper that carried a feature on psychological counseling. Their particular student clinic had been in operation for thirty years, under the same director. He said he had never had so many students seeking help, and never had so many meant by that sexual help. Fear of homosexuality and of generally mounting statistics.—*Carry Wills in the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Now you've got *us* wondering.

•

WENATCHEE, Wash. (AP)—Arizona's Rep. Morris Udall says he would back Sen. Henry M. Jackson's presidential candidacy "except for differing views on war and defense and national priorities."
—*Tucson (Ariz.) Daily Star.*

Congressmen are so picky.

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Something Marvelous Is About to Happen, by James Stevenson (*Harper & Row, $7.50*).

This album of picture-essays, the first of its kind, includes "Goodhue: Forgotten Hero of American Science and Technology," "Waiting for Wingfield," "Pastry in Motion," "The Indian Problem," and other old sweet (and stinging) songs.

Upstate, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

Since 1950, Mr. Wilson has been spending part of every summer in an old house in Talcottville, New York, which has belonged to his family for many generations. This "upstate" journal is a record of encounters with neighbors and friends, of observations on the countryside and other matters, and of long, long thoughts, sometimes regretful but seldom downright pessimistic, about the books he is reading or has read, the writers he knows or has known, and a style of living that is vanishing or appears to be vanishing. His introduction is a family memoir.

Living Well Is the Best Revenge, by Calvin Tomkins (*Viking, $6.50*).

A Profile of Gerald and Sara Murphy, who first appeared in print in the guise of Dick and Nicole Diver in "Tender Is the Night." The book is, as well, an account (and an evocation) not only of the enchanted circle of artists who became their friends—Cole Porter, Stravinsky, Hemingway, Picasso, MacLeish, and, above all, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald—but of the style of their life in Antibes back in the twenties and, by indirection, of the quality of friendship itself, which they perfected into an art. Illustrated with family snapshots and with reproductions of Gerald Murphy's paintings.

Getting Even, by Woody Allen (*Random House, $5.95*).

Woody Allen here makes his hard-cover début as parodist and commentator, and as protean jester in no man's court but his own.

The White Nile, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper & Row, $15*).

This new edition of Mr. Moorehead's history of nineteenth-century Africa and of the British explorers who went there to solve the great puzzle—the source of the Nile—has been amply illustrated with maps and photographs and with handsome engravings of the period.

She Knew She Was Right, by Ivy Litvinov (*Viking, $6.95*).

Twelve short stories. The opening ones are about a proud, high-spirited English girl in the early years of this century—first at home with her family, and then on her own and in love with a Russian revolutionary who is temporarily in London. All but one of the rest of the stories are set in present-day Russia. After a lifetime of translating Russian literature into English, Mme. Litvinov, at eighty-one, has published the first collection of her own work.

U. S. Journal, by Calvin Trillin (*Dutton, $6.50*).

A series of reports by the peripatetic Mr. Trillin on, *inter alia*, a representative of the Dow Chemical Company at Yale; an ill-fated television crew in Harlan County, Kentucky; the Black Womens of Gees Bend, Alabama; and an auctioneer on the boardwalk in Atlantic City—each of these phenomena being indigenous to its locale but indicative of the whole.

The Truth About Them, by Jose Yglesias (*World, $7.95*).

Reminiscences of family life during the Depression, when the author was still a boy. The members of the family—volatile, passionate, and unshakably loyal émigrés from Cuba—lived and worked (when there was work) in an enclave in Tampa and (when there was none) made occasional forays to New York.

At The Pines, by Mollie Panter-Downes (*Gambit, $6.95*).

In 1879, Algernon Charles Swinburne and his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton took up residence at No. 2, The Pines, in Putney, and they lived there amicably for the next thirty years. Miss Panter-Downes, in examining every aspect of this odd household—the rules laid down by Watts-Dunton and obeyed by Swinburne, their domestic arrangements, the food they ate, the servants who waited on them, the furniture they used, their sparse visitors—resurrects a poet long out of fashion and, at the same time, pays her respects to a companion and unofficial guardian who rescued a miserable alcoholic and managed to keep him sober and alive.

Must They Die?, by Faith McNulty (*Doubleday, $4.95*).

"They" are the prairie dog and the black-footed ferret, now in danger of extinction at the hands of a division of the Fish and Wildlife Service (of all people!) whose job it is to poison animals "held to be injurious to agriculture, forestry, livestock." Mrs. McNulty also takes note of the battle within the Service between those in favor of pest control and those in favor of hands off.

Pursuit of Honor, by L. E. Sissman (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95*).

Mr. Sissman has again mysteriously transformed the sticks and stones of everyday reality (and every man's memory) into talismans. Of the poems in this volume, many are recollective, all are personal, and none has appeared in the poet's previous collections.

Secrets, by Nancy Hale (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $4.95*).

A short novel about growing up in a suburb of Boston. The secrets are those that parents keep, or think they keep, from their children, and that children keep, or think they keep, from their parents and from one another.

John Is Easy to Please, by Ved Mehta (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.50*).

Six reports, written over the past ten years or so, on men who, like the author, live, and make their living, by the word. Mr. Mehta's subjects include George Sherry, U.N. interpreter, at his apartment on the upper West Side; Sir Basil Blackwell, bookseller, at his shop in Oxford; a passel of linguistic tinkers in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and the great Indian novelist R. K. Narayan, casting his enchanting Malgudi spell as he moves about the East Fifties.

Encounters with the Archdruid, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

A Profile of David Brower, former executive director of the Sierra Club and stalwart protector of our wilderness, along with sub-Profiles of three of his adversaries. These adversaries, all of them as passionately convinced of their causes as he is of his, are Charles Park, geologist and mining engineer; Charles Fraser, real-estate developer and builder of resorts; and Floyd Dominy, commissioner in the Department of the Interior and plugger-up of rivers to build dams. Mr. McPhee confronts his readers with a paradox: a portrait of a conservationist standing firm while on the move—climbing Glacier Peak in the Cascades, wandering around Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast, and riding the Colorado River rapids on a rubber raft.

The Put-On, by Jacob Brackman (*Regnery, $4.95*).

Notes toward a definition of this modish brand of mockery. Mr. Brackman offers many examples of straight-faced fooling, from many sources. Drawings by Sam Kirson.

The Marquis de Custine, by George F. Kennan (*Princeton, $6*).

A hundred and thirty-two years ago, the Marquis de Custine visited Russia, and in a book called "La Russie en 1839" he recorded his grim impressions of the tyranny, secrecy, and duplicity he found there, along with his even grimmer foreshadowings of the country's future. Mr. Kennan reflects on the Marquis's reflections, finding many of them applicable to *la Russie en 1971*.

What Happens Next?, by Gilbert Rogin (*Random House, $6.95*).

A modern comedy, with melancholy overtones. The hero is Julian Singer, sportswriter, husband, son, stepfather, friend, and secret biographer of his own father; during the six years of the action, which mostly takes place in this city, he nimbly steps into one patch of emotional quicksand after another.

Extraterritorial, by George Steiner (*Atheneum, $7.95*).

In this set of ten critical essays, Mr. Steiner guides the reader through the private verbal landscapes of Borges, Beckett, Céline, and Nabokov, among other necromancers who have transformed modern literature.

London War Notes, by Mollie Panter-Downes (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10*).

Taken together, these Letters from London that Miss Panter-Downes wrote for this magazine from 1939 to 1945 constitute a record of the small events of day-to-day life that so often impinged on the large events of history—the phony war, Dunkirk, the blitz, the bad news, the losses and defeats, the good news, the victory. The largest event of that history—and of this book—is easily the presence of Winston Churchill.

The Innocent and the Guilty, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $5.95*).

The pure and the impure, and the often fatal attraction that they have for each other. The nine short stories in this collection are set either in London or in the English countryside.

The Closing Circle, by Barry Commoner (*Knopf, $6.95*).

A report on the dangerous ways in which man, technologically racing ahead, is disrupting the normal processes of ecology. Dr. Commoner is a scientist, not an evangelist. His voice is steady; his warning is clear.

In the Village, by Anthony Bailey (*Knopf, $5.95*).

An anatomy of Stonington, Connecticut, by one of its most loyal and affectionate citizens. Mr. Bailey describes some of the people he knows and greets on his walks around town, briefly records the history of Stonington, and records, as well, the ways in which the present-day villagers respond to or bypass the events that seem to control our urban lives.

Herbert Warren Wind's Golf Book, by Herbert Warren Wind (*Simon & Schuster, $7.50*).

A collection of reports filed over the past twenty-three years on the players and the matches they won and lost and on some of the courses—here and overseas—of Mr. Wind's true love.

The Affair of Gabrielle Russier, by Mavis Gallant (*Knopf, $5.95*).

Gabrielle Russier (nonpolitical) was a French schoolteacher of thirty-one who in 1968 had an affair with one of her sixteen-year-old pupils (a Maoist), which resulted in her imprisonment at the insistence of the boy's parents (Communists) and eventually led to her suicide. Miss Gallant, in her preface to this collection of Gabrielle Russier's letters, sets forth the story of the case, offering, at every step of the way, astonishing sidelights on French justice and jurisprudence, French sexual and political mores, French yellow journalism, and the French capacity for moral outrage on all sides.

The Time of Adam, by Elizabeth Cullinan (*Houghton Mifflin, $5.95*).

Toward the end of this book, one character says of another that she is "someone you could tell a small thing to and know she'd understand the whole of what it came out of." Miss Cullinan's short stories about Irish-Americans here and Irish people in Ireland are composed of small things—nuances of feeling, domestic abrasions, trifling incidents—but ever present is the whole of what they came out of.

Cruising Speed, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (*Putnam, $6.95*).

Mr. B. as diarist here chronicles his manifold activities as writer, editor, television host, public speaker, private speaker and social companion, music lover (of Johann Sebastian Bach), worshipper (of Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach), and, at least for the crowded week under consideration, landlubber.

On Doing Good, by Gerald Jonas (*Scribners, $5.95*).

A report on the American Friends Service Committee and its accomplishments—civic (slum clearance in Chicago), national (draft counselling and draft resistance all over the country), and international (shipments of penicillin to the North Vietnamese). Mr. Jonas also notes with admiration the Quakers' unparalled knack for collecting money and hanging on to it.

On the Side of the Apes, by Emily Hahn (*Crowell, $7.95*).

This book is a record of recent pilgrimages that Miss Hahn has made to the objects of her lifelong affection, wherever they happen to be, and an investigation both of their circumstances and behavior and of the scientists who are investigating *them*.

Risk, by Rachel MacKenzie (*Viking, $3.95*).

In the form of a short story, in which the patient, whose name is "I," appears lightly disguised as "she," Miss MacKenzie records the progress of a case of open-heart surgery to its triumphant conclusion. The heroine, while not invariably able to maintain her composure in various X-ray and operating rooms and intensive-care units, always kept her eyes and ears open, and always asked the right questions—when she was able to speak at all—and she was supported at every turn by her devoted doctors, by numberless nurses, technicians, residents, and internes, and by her loving family.

Selected Poems, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $6.95*).

All that Mr. Moss wishes to preserve from his previous collections, and seven new poems.

Decision, by Richard Harris (*Dutton, $5.95*).

A report on the successful hairbreadth campaign within the Senate, led by Senators Birch Bayh, Edward Brooke, Edward Kennedy, Joseph Tydings, and Charles Goodell, to reject on ethical grounds the nomination of Judge George Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. "This was one of those cases where most senators were statesman. In the privacy of the night, they thought about the Republic"—Douglas Jones, legislative assistant to Senator Mike Gravel (Dem., Alaska).

The Orange Man, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $6.95*).

Thirteen first-hand reports on medical detection, combined in every instance with a discussion of the disease detected. As readers of Mr. Roueché's Annals of Medicine need hardly be reminded, the sleuths and gumshoes are doctors, laboratory pathologists, and officials in health departments all over the country. Among the clues on exhibit are dead tree squirrels in a little girl's back yard (plague), a little boy's bluejeans contaminated with insecticide (phosphate poisoning), and sulfa drugs (hiccups).

The Astonishment of Words, by Victor Proetz (*University of Texas Press, $6.75*).

As Round One of a new game of his own invention, the late Mr. Proetz assembled a sampling of French and German translations of familiar poems and passages from Eng. Lit.—such as "Der Jammerwoch" (the one about "*die schlichten Toven*"), *von* Lewis Carroll—and wrote an informal, informative commentary to go with them. Foreword by Alastair Reid.

Selling Death, by Thomas Whiteside (*Liveright, $5.95*).

A report on the scientists' discovery of the probable connection between cigarette smoking and lung cancer, heart trouble, and other serious diseases, and on how the tobacco merchants and their representatives on Madison Avenue looked upon this discovery less as a warning than as a challenge to their ingenuity. The report also covers the activities of their representatives in the halls and lobbies of Congress and the activities of their antagonists, notably John F. Banzhaf III and the American Cancer Society, who tried to stop them with legislation and with anti-smoking commercials.

The Rocky Coast, by Rachel Carson (*McCall, $6.95*).

A sizable portion of "The Edge of the Sea," Rachel Carson's study of marine life along the Eastern shore, is here used as the text for an album of photographs by Charles Pratt and drawings by Bob Hines.

Paris Journal: Volume II, by Janet Flanner (*Atheneum, $12.50*).

The second volume of Miss Flanner's Letters from Paris covers the years between 1965 and 1971 and becomes, perforce, a record of the years of de Gaulle. The book begins with her description of his towering, reminding presence at a memorial service for a hero of the Resistance and ends with her obituary of him, which is at once an objective appraisal and a heartfelt appreciation of his temperament and accomplishments. In between, matters of art, music, theatre, literature, and politics receive her usual scrupulous attention, as do the crucial *jours de mai* of 1968 and their permanent impact—physical, emotional, and intellectual—on France, its people, and its leaders.

The Citizen Kane Book, by Pauline Kael (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $15*).

The shooting script of the movie, plus a long introduction by Miss Kael. The first half of the introduction is both a mosaic of facts, gossip, and anecdotes of Hollywood in the thirties and a Profile of Herman Mankiewicz, wit, drunk, and holy terror, who alone provided the idea for the movie and wrote the script. The second half is a critical analysis of the "shallow masterpiece," combined with the actual story of William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies, on whom it is based. Miss Kael praises the photography of Gregg Toland and pays full tribute to the bold, innovative brilliance of Orson Welles, director and star, whose career was stopped in first flight by circumstances beyond his control.

LETTER FROM WEST BENGAL

ON December 3rd, India and Pakistan began a full-scale war. Whatever the immediate provocations, it is generally agreed that the cause of the war is rooted in the fact that since March of this year—in the biggest single forced migration in the world’s history—nine million men, women, and children have fled from East Pakistan to India, where all they appear to have left now is their classification: “refugees.” Yet the world at large does not seem even to have become interested in their plight. For someone accustomed to a society in which people are concerned with nutrition, not starvation, with the quality of life, not mere survival, in which people think of life in terms of liberty, justice, equality, and human dignity, it is difficult to imagine what it must mean to be one of these refugees. Although some of them were doctors, lawyers, professors, students, businessmen, or landowners, most of them never had much in the way of worldly possessions and, like their forefathers, would have died as poor as they were born, leaving no mark on the world. Family ties, associations, and memories must have been everything to them, and now the families of most of them have been killed, scattered, or shamed by unspeakable indignities; the few objects that had associations for them have been torn from them; and their memories have been dimmed by who knows what deprivation and anguish. Until their migration, these people were bound by their caste and occupation to a particular place, with nothing special to look forward to, nothing special to hope for—even, perhaps, nothing special to live for. Now they have still less. Is there anything, then, that distinguishes them from animals? Gandhi once said of their parents’ generation, “The more I penetrate the villages, the greater is the shock delivered as I perceive the blank stare in the eyes of the villagers I meet. Having nothing else to do but to work as labourers side by side with their bullocks, they have become almost like them.” If the refugees had all died in a single natural catastrophe, would that have been easier for the rest of the world to face? The conditions they are living under seem to drag the entire human species down in a sort of reverse evolution. Yet the fact remains that each of these nine million refugees has his private history of human agony.

Hundreds of thousands of the refugees are now in Calcutta, where, as Kipling wrote, “The cholera, the cyclone, and the crow/Come and go.” He also described it as a city “By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer/Made impure,” and said, “As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,/So it spread . . . And, above the packed and pestilential town/Death looked down.” Since Kipling wrote these lines, eighty years ago, the city has spread and spread, and the dominion of death as well, until today Calcutta encompasses over seven million wretched people—not counting the refugees. Now all of eastern India, where refugees are camped in more than a thousand settlements, threatens to become a sprawling outgrowth of Calcutta; it is predicted that if the refugees remain, their number will swell in ten years to thirty million. A third of India’s population already lives in this region, where the worst famines, pestilences, and cyclones always strike, and this third includes the poorest of the Indian poor; the refugees, having nothing more to lose, and having no stake in the political system under which they find themselves living, are ready tinder for any political movement and have made eastern India more nearly ungovernable than ever, casting the stability of the entire country in doubt.

Sending to learn for whom the bell tolls, I went to visit several refugee camps in West Bengal. The misery that paralyzes its victims does not spare its observers, and it is with a great emotional reluctance that I attempt to describe what I found there. No two camps are alike. Some camps have as many as a hundred and sixty thousand people, while others have only ten thousand; some have tube wells, while others have no water supply of any kind; some have structures of tarpaulin and thatch, and trench latrines, while others have no structures or latrines at all; some are knee-deep in water, while others are choked with dust.

In one camp I went to, which has over a hundred thousand people living in an area of about a square mile, old men, old women, and young childred, all looking wasted and weak, were sitting dully on a strip of ground between makeshift shelters and a long open drain brimming with brown sludge. The stench was so overpowering that the camp official who took me around kept a handkerchief over his nose.

“There appear to be no young men or young women,” I remarked.

“Young women never seem to get through,” he said. “The soldiers rape them and keep them for themselves or carry them off to the military brothels. As for the young men, we Indians train them for guerrilla warfare and send them back to fight in the Mukti Bahini, the liberation army.”

We passed some elderly women squatting over the open drain and defecating, with a total lack of self-consciousness. A few steps beyond them, some other women were washing clothes and utensils in the drain. I wondered whether these women were too ignorant to know any better, or too weak to go searching for clean water, or whether there was no clean water to be had in the vicinity, or whether they were not allowed to leave the camp, but when I put these questions to the women, they seemed dazed and uncomprehending, and it was hard to get even the slightest response from them. As for the official, he merely waved the questions aside as unpleasant reminders of the way things were or had to be.

“They all have dysentery,” he said, moving on.

“Why don’t you at least get them to dig some latrines?” I asked.

“We would have a riot on our hands,” he said. “That would be taking work away from the local laborers. We’ve already had a lot of trouble with the local people over the refugees.”

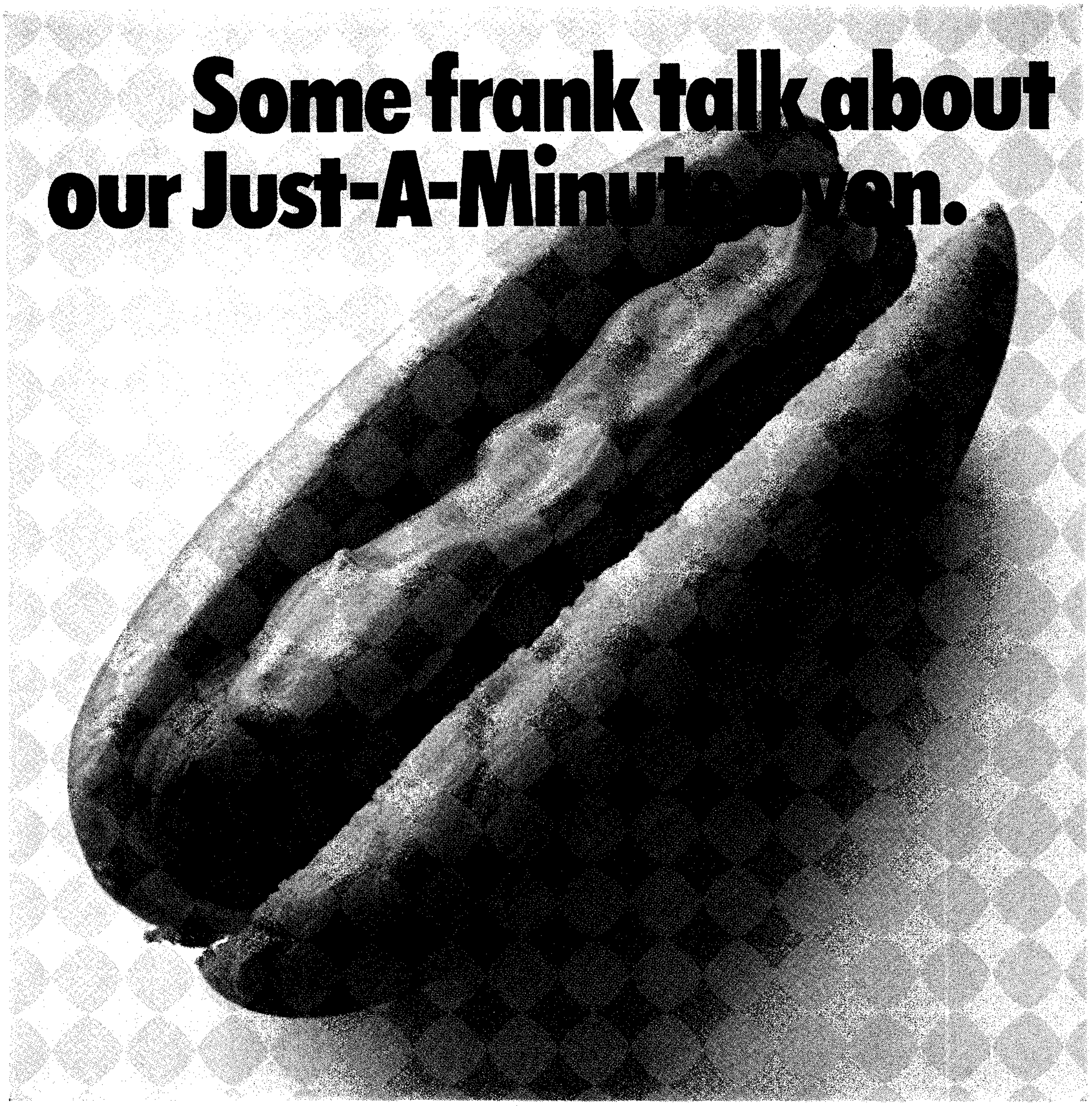
“And the tube wells?”

“We’ve given out the contracts. The contractor should get around to this camp soon.”

We passed some children sitting listless and still by the open drain. I had already noticed that the usual train of curious children and beggars who attach themselves to visitors in the bazaars and streets was missing here.

Another camp I visited was full of commotion. It has a population of about twenty thousand, and it is encircled by security guards and has a fence of barbed wire. As I drove up to it, children closed in around the car and followed me. Inside the camp, a few enterprising men were sitting hawking baskets of rotten fruit and vegetables. A security guard escorted me to the camp headquarters—a tarpaulin structure. It was surrounded by a noisy group of men shaking their fists. The security guard carefully made his way through them, and I with him. Inside was the commandant of the camp, a small, elderly Bengali with his head bandaged. Three or four men were shouting at him, but he sat bowed over

Some frank talk about our Just-A-Minute oven.



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Lasagna	17 minutes
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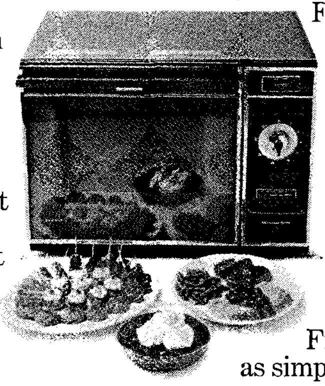

One more thing you should know. Our Just-A-Minute oven not only cooks fast, it defrosts fast too. For example, it can thaw out and cook an 8-lb. frozen turkey in about 2 hrs. and 40 min. (If that's not flying, nothing is.)

For more information on our Just-A-Minute oven, have a frank talk with your GE range dealer. Also, hear what he has to say about our Versatronic® ranges. Frankly, they make cooking as simple and fast as can be.

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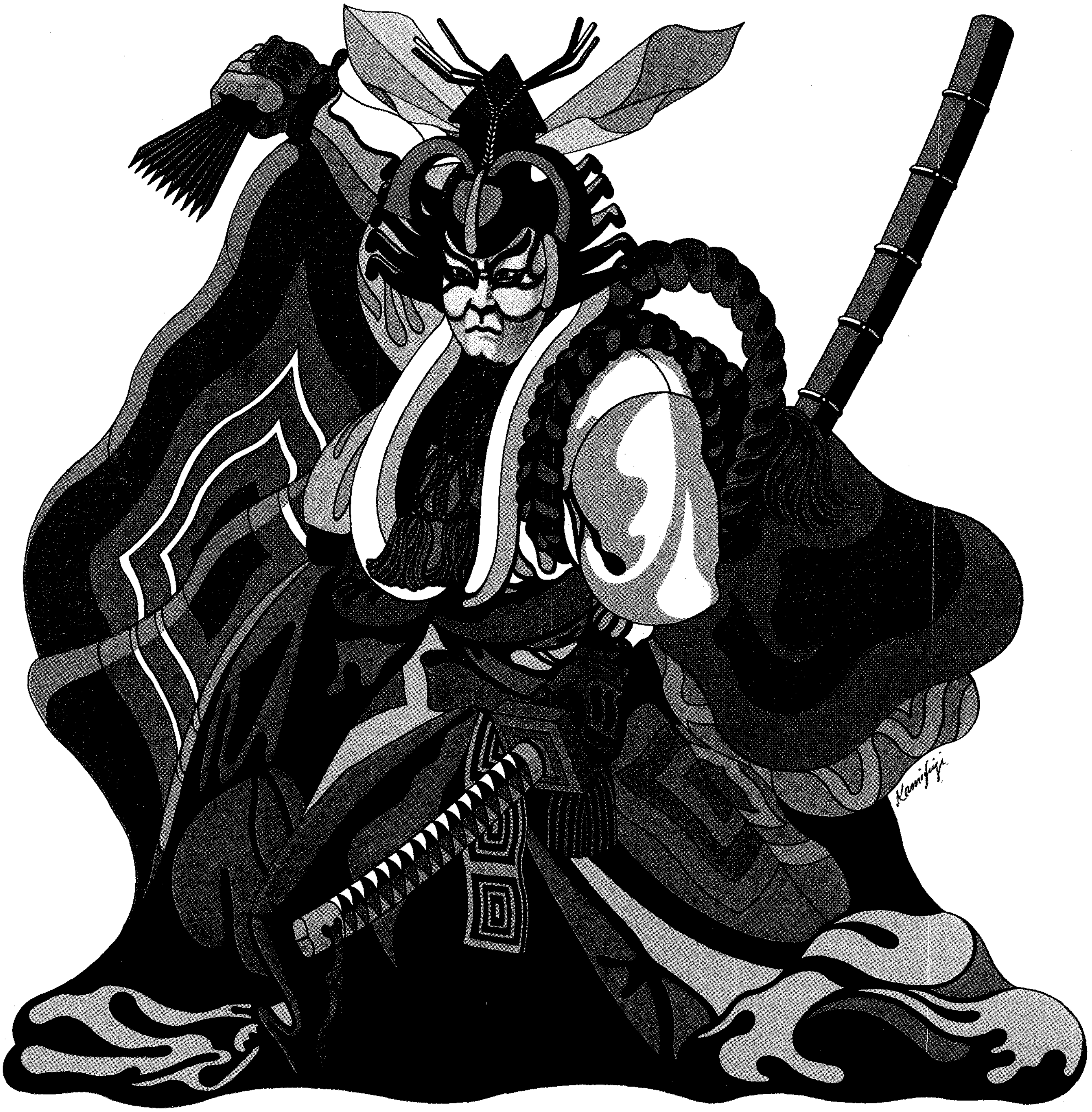

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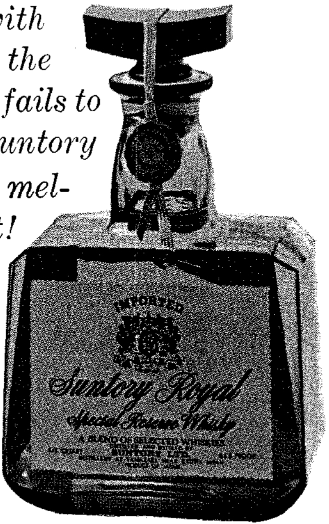

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an empty desk, saying nothing. As soon as the men noticed our arrival, they fell silent.

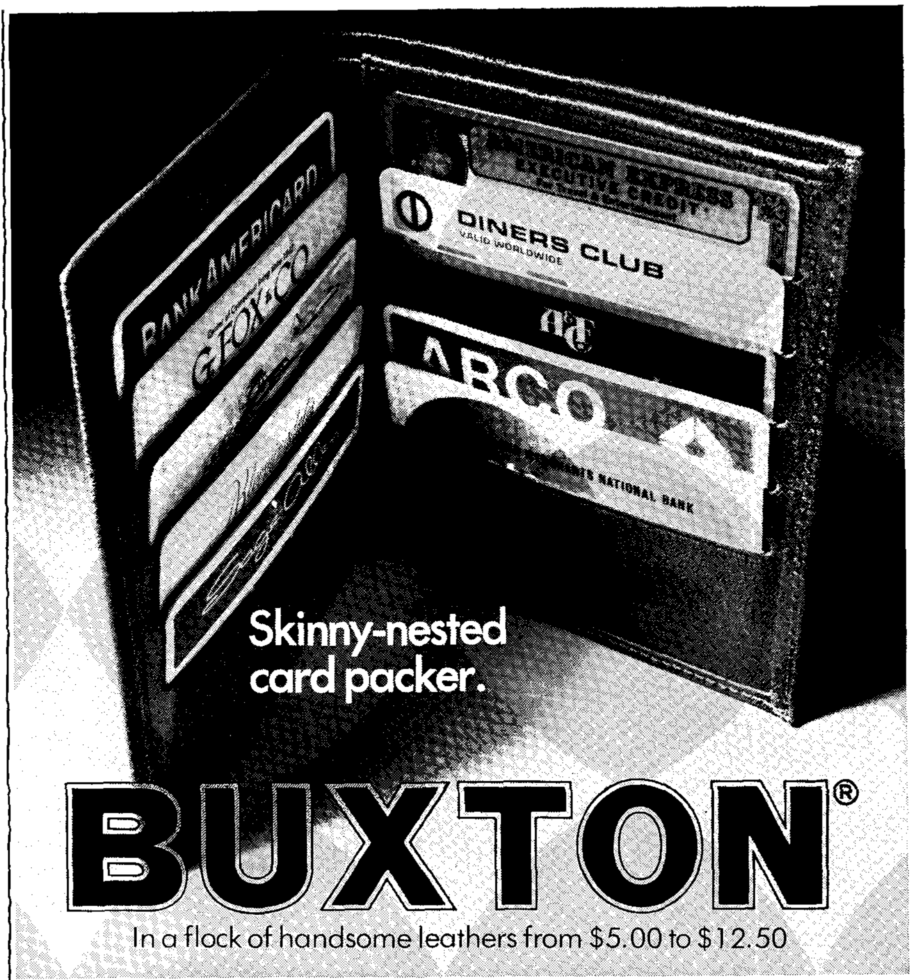
I asked the commandant what the trouble was.

"The ration has been delayed by a day. There is nothing I can do about it. They know that. But the Naxalites were here this morning, and they stir up trouble wherever they go." The Naxalites are an organization of Maoist terrorists. "Because of them, the refugees now think the daily ration is their right, not a gift that the government has to work hard to get to them."

"You actually allow political activists to come into the camp?"

"What can I do? My superior is a Naxalite sympathizer, and he has given me orders not to interfere with their activities. But I went out this morning to plead with them anyway and ask them to leave our camp alone. They fell upon me. They would have killed me if I hadn't got away. The police, the civil service, the entire West Bengal government have abdicated. They don't know which party is going to end up in power, so no one wants to risk taking sides or making any decisions. The Naxalites are now the biggest force in West Bengal, and all they believe in is terrorism and anarchy."

REFUGEES have been coming to India in waves since 1947, the time of Independence, when the country was partitioned to create the Muslim state of Pakistan. Muslims, fearing that they would be discriminated against as a minority in a predominantly Hindu independent India, had demanded a separate country, and they were given West Punjab and East Bengal—areas that were a thousand miles apart but in which they made up a majority. The religious riots and massacres that accompanied the partition not only resulted in the death of more than a million people but also brought into being, in effect, a third nation—a nation of displaced persons. During the first two or three years of the turmoil, about six million Hindus and Sikhs fled to India, and about the same number of Muslims fled to Pakistan. But this cross-migration, staggering though it was, still left ten million Hindus in Pakistan—almost all of them in East Pakistan—and several times as many Muslims in India. With the passing of the years, and the deepening of the enmity between India and Pakistan, the fate of these minorities became increasingly precarious. The original refugee populations were somehow partly dispersed through the two countries and partly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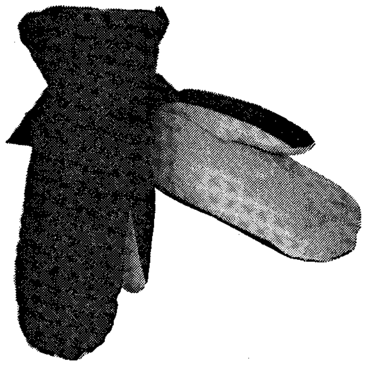

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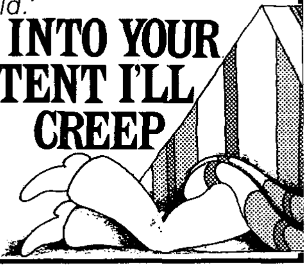

assimilated. The flow of refugees continued, at varying rates, through the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties—much of it in the direction of India. The additional refugees in India, all of them Hindus, have been estimated to total between three and four million, and they were still living in West Bengal—unemployed and unassimilated, managing to subsist with the help of relatives or in refugee camps—when West Bengal and the neighboring states were inundated by the new exodus of nine million. And refugees are still coming, twenty or thirty thousand of them a day. And there are between two and three million Hindus still holding out in East Pakistan, like hostages to fortune. There are no fewer than seventy million Muslims in India today, who might as well be so many return pledges, since they are sitting targets for the Hindu resentment that has been simmering all these years and has been stirred up anew by the latest tide of refugees—a resentment that the Indian government has so far been able to keep under control by the deflection of Hindu revanchists and by judicious management of the news. But the pressure of religious, or so-called "communal," tension is building all the time, and some people privately fear that the seventy million Indian Muslims may become innocent victims of Hindu retaliation. If that should ever happen, the burden of all the Hindu refugees that India is carrying would seem nothing compared to what Pakistan would have to bear.

Since, in the long run, Pakistan has so much more to lose than India has, many observers have been asking whether Pakistan might not have been able to prevent the latest exodus, especially since it was a consequence of what was essentially an internal quarrel between the two wings of Pakistan. The Punjabis of West Pakistan and the Bengalis of East Pakistan have much more in common with the Punjabis and Bengalis across the border in India than with each other; they are divided not only by geography but also by differences in language, in economic and social systems, in dress, and in diet. In fact, the only real bond between East Pakistan and West Pakistan is Islam, but, as other Muslim countries have discovered, religion alone cannot bind together politically disparate entities. From the start, the Punjabis, who were much more prosperous than the Bengalis, ran Pakistan's Army, civil service, and industry. They strengthened and extended their advantage through the years until the nation's

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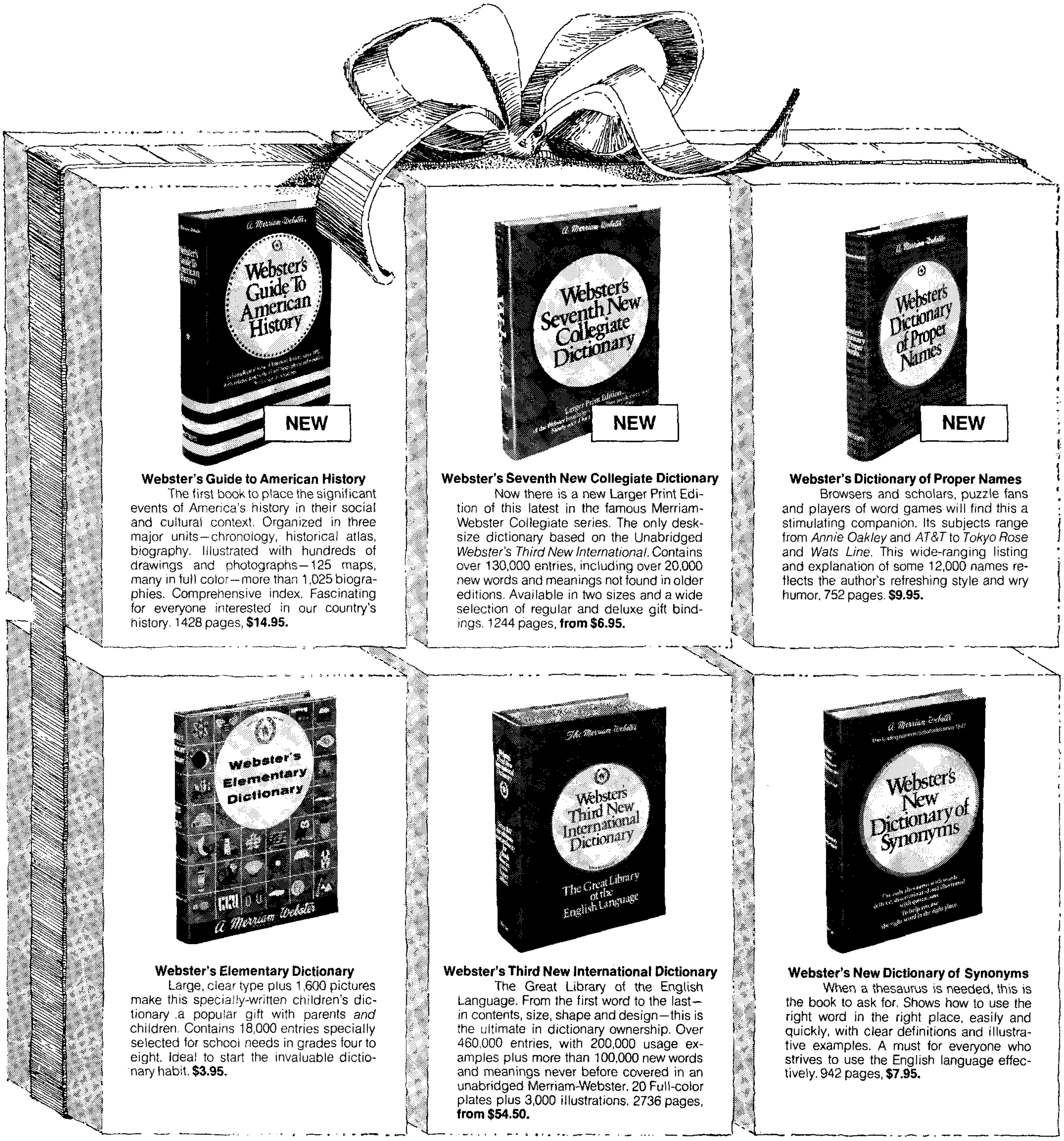
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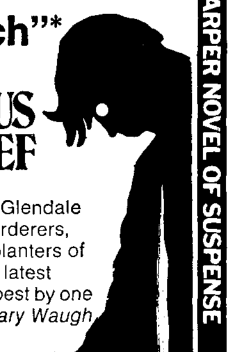

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power and wealth became concentrated almost entirely in the west. The enmity with India, which had a negligible influence on the economy of West Pakistan, all but crippled the economy of East Pakistan, which, unlike West Pakistan, depended on India for trade. The Bengalis, who had come to feel exploited and subjugated, grew more and more restive, their predicament being particularly galling because they constituted a majority of Pakistan's population. It was an attempt by the President, General Agha Muhammad Yahya Khan—who, of course, is from West Pakistan—to deal with some of these problems that precipitated the present calamity. Apparently hoping to mollify the majority and to defuse what he regarded as a threat to the union of Pakistan, he decided, in 1969, to hand over his military government to civilian control, and in December of 1970 he allowed Pakistanis, for the first time in their twenty-three-year history, to vote—on the basis of universal male suffrage—for representatives to a constituent assembly. In the election, the Awami League, led by the Bengali pacifist Sheikh Mujibur Rahman—or Mujib—campaigned openly for political and economic autonomy for East Pakistan, and won almost all the Bengali seats, while the Pakistan People's Party, led by the Punjabi militant Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, was returned with a bare majority in West Pakistan. Once the election results had made it clear that the Awami League would dominate the constituent assembly—and, no doubt, the civilian government that emerged from it—Bhutto let it be known that he would not participate in any assembly or government in which West Pakistan and the Pakistan People's Party were not equal partners with East Pakistan and the Awami League. Mujib saw in Bhutto's stand only a design for perpetuating the "colonial subjugation" of East Pakistan by West Pakistan. General Yahya seemed to be caught off guard by the strength of the democratic forces he had released. The election had unexpectedly turned into a referendum on East Pakistani autonomy, and now that General Yahya was actually confronted with the possibility that control might pass to the eager Bengali majority, he, like Bhutto, seemed unable to countenance any change in the relationship between East Pakistan and West Pakistan, which might be the beginning of the end of the union. He therefore tried to get Mujib to moderate his demands, and, when he failed, temporized by first delaying and then indefinitely postpon-

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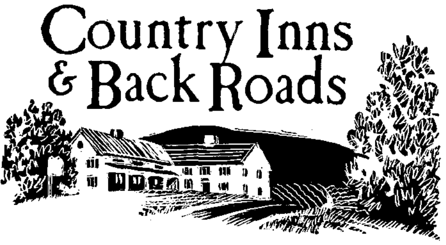

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ing the inaugural session of the constituent assembly. This tactic aroused protest in East Pakistan in early March of this year, and he ordered his troops to shoot demonstrators; the shooting, in turn, led to an all-out Bengali civil-disobedience movement later in the month, and he gave his troops free rein, thus causing the death of perhaps as many as two hundred thousand Muslims and Hindus in the space of a few months—and the flight of the refugees.

As I moved through the camps, I thought of all the discussion I had heard and read of how General Yahya came to choose a military solution to a political problem. Some people here condemn the truculence of Bhutto and his clamorous followers, who had wide support in the Army; others condemn the intransigence of Mujib and his impatient supporters, who, giddy with their new freedom and heedless of the examples made of the Hungarians in 1956 and the Czechs in 1968, dismissed the power of a modern state too lightly and assumed themselves to be immune from military action—partly because in their case the action would have to be sustained from a base a thousand miles away, across Indian territory. Some say it was unrealistic ever to suppose that West Pakistan would yield its preëminent position without a fight. Others say the history of Bengali grievances was so long that East Pakistan was in no mood to capitulate, especially since a cyclone that struck a month before the election had drowned two hundred and fifty thousand people. Still others blame General Yahya for completely misjudging the commitment of the Bengalis to their cause, and for not playing for more time by, for instance, drawing out the talks and blunting the issue of Bengali autonomy. Having lost political control, however, he perhaps had no choice but to fall back on his real constituency, which was, after all, the military. Whatever the reasons for the military action—and all the speculations are based on hearsay or on public statements put out by the various sides as propaganda—Indians now think that it made the eventual breakup of Pakistan inevitable, not only because it transformed a bid for autonomy into an outright demand for a separate, independent Bangla Desh (Bengal Nation) but also because the Bengali guerrillas are bound to win the war they have been waging for Bangla Desh ever since. The East Pakistan terrain, being a network of streams and rivers, with poor communications, provides excellent cover; General Yahya's military

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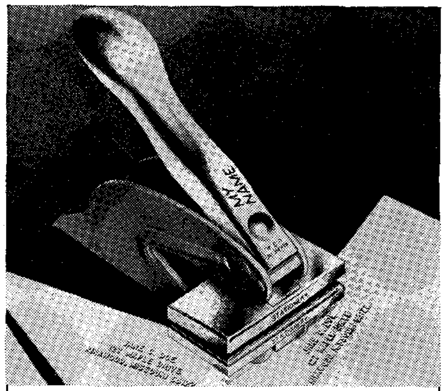

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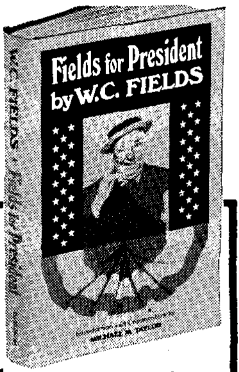

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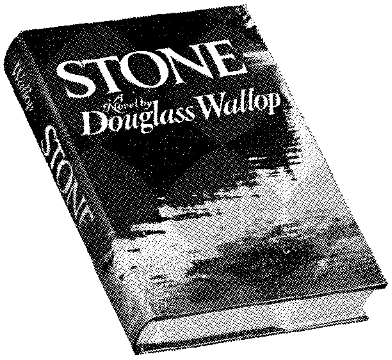
operation can therefore consist only of frequent punitive expeditions launched from fortified military strongholds—expeditions that may devastate the countryside and decimate the population but cannot conquer the one or subdue the other. Moreover, the guerrillas have easy access to India and can count on support from across the border for an indefinite period.

Clearly, it had always been only a matter of time before India would be officially involved, because the brunt of the Pakistan Army's initial attack fell, naturally, on the Hindus, turning what was originally a war between the two Muslim factions into a Muslim persecution of Hindus, and so foisting Pakistan's greatest internal problem upon India. About ninety per cent of the nine million refugees in India today are Hindus. (Hindus and Muslims in East Pakistan were often indistinguishable, and in those cases the only way the Army could tell them apart was by making them strip, for Muslims are circumcised and Hindus are not. A few of the Hindus, however, were easily identified; they were small-time businessmen or petty landowners, and were therefore natural scapegoats in their communities, much as Jews had been in Europe in the nineteen-thirties.) There was no dearth of escape points for the fleeing Hindus, since India shares a thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-mile border with East Pakistan. It has been seriously suggested in some quarters that India could have avoided the whole refugee problem by turning back the first onrush of fugitives at gunpoint, on the theory that the boundaries of a country are sacrosanct and no country is obliged to receive an alien population. In fact, some people here say that the Indian Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, should at once have made a lightning attack on Pakistan, for such an attack would certainly have stopped the refugees at the border, and, in the bargain, dismembered Pakistan—gains that would have offset any price she might have had to pay in western India, such as the loss of Kashmir. Some even deem her failure to go to war immediately—for in the eyes of the world the approaching blight of refugees, they think, would have been justification enough for an attack—to be not only her greatest mistake but also one of those historic moments, like Munich, on which the fate of nations turns. Mrs. Gandhi's government, however, instead of trying to stop the refugees, mobilized one of the smoothest bureaucratic reception organizations ever known, which registered and vac-



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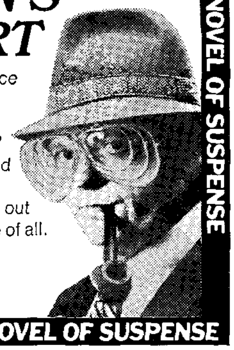

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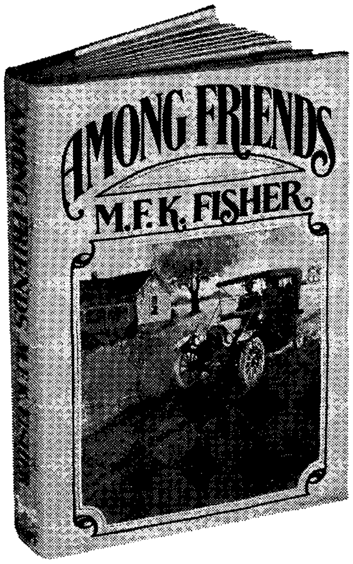
cinated them, supplied them with rations, settled them in campsites, and furnished them with blankets and tents. It is said that as word of this hospitality got about, it encouraged more refugees to flee, compounding the tragedy.

No doubt the impulse to help was humanitarian, but few believe that it had no other source; the urge to destroy Pakistan—perhaps even to unite India as it was before partition—must, it is thought, have played some part in Indian political calculations. According to this argument, the Hindus in Pakistan had been living on borrowed time, and, in a sense, the Indian government had always expected to be saddled with them sooner or later. Now the presence of the refugees, in destitution, gave India the opportunity to expose and dramatize to the world the theocratic nature of Pakistan—whose creation had been forced upon India, and whose existence the Indians had never accepted—and to place the blame for their exodus on the Pakistani military junta. (The Pakistanis, who claim that the Indians have inflated the figures on refugees, partly by misstatement and partly by adding to the camps' population the riffraff of the Indian streets, put the number of refugees at two and a half million, but all world relief organizations accept the Indian figures as accurate.)

Whatever India's motives, it certainly seems that concern for the welfare of the refugees, which should have been the primary consideration, has not had much to do with the policies adopted by the United States, the Soviet Union, or China—the big powers caught up in the situation. The American government, possibly taking its cue from the old State Department dictum that in the underdeveloped world the only reliable allies are military governments, not only has never publicly censured General Yahya's military government but had continued to supply arms to it until Mrs. Gandhi's state visit to the United States last month. The monetary value of this matériel was relatively insignificant, but, consisting, as it did, of spare parts for imported equipment, it must have been of considerable military value to Pakistan, and, being sent, as it was, in full knowledge of the effects of General Yahya's policy, it had an alienating effect on the Indians which cannot be underestimated. The State Department's view—even if it were plausible—that it is best to be on the right side of General Yahya so as to be better able to influence his policy has been maintained only at the expense of mor-



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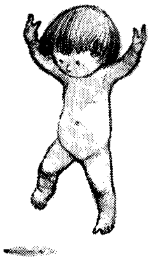

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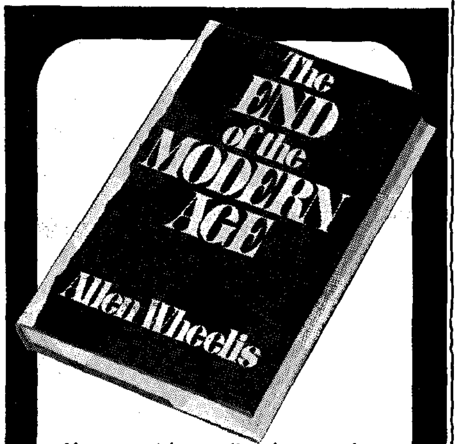
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al leadership, and, even so, has borne no visible fruit. The main significance of the much heralded Indo-Soviet friendship treaty of last summer—which was concluded at a time of rampant anti-Americanism in India—is also military. The Russians' real purpose must have been to tip Indian "neutrality" toward the Soviet Union, and to do so on the cheap, at that, because it is generally thought that India must have given assurances that it would not be the first to go to war and so drag the Soviet Union into the conflict. No one knows what the Chinese have promised the Pakistanis, because so far there have been only certain gestures to go on—Kissinger's flying from Pakistan to China last summer, China's playing host to Bhutto this autumn, China's issuing veiled warnings to India in the United Nations.

Although India, Pakistan, the United States, the Soviet Union, and China all profess solicitude for the refugees, the refugees, whose suffering increases each day, have become irrelevant to the political and diplomatic negotiations that are being carried on in their name, and, even in the debates in the Security Council, have received little attention. The Indian government has recently let it be known that the human aspect of the tragedy must be deëmphasized, declaring that an outpouring of sympathy, pity, and aid, however welcome, is no substitute for a political solution, which, in the government's view, involves the repatriation of the refugees—a solution that must ultimately lead to the establishment of Bangla Desh. The government insists that the disaffection in East Pakistan with General Yahya and the military is so deep and wide that the refugees could not feel safe if they returned home unless General Yahya released Mujib—who is thought to be in prison and to be undergoing a secret trial for treason—and negotiated the question of Bangla Desh with him. But even if Mujib were released, it is doubtful whether he could now be a moderating influence on the Bangla Desh issue without being repudiated by the East Pakistanis in favor of the extremist leaders who have emerged in the liberation struggle. In any event, some observers wonder whether Bangla Desh would ever welcome the refugees back, even if this new nation could somehow be brought into being. And even if the refugees were somehow repatriated to Bangla Desh (or to Pakistan as it is at present constituted, since General Yahya has repeatedly said they are welcome to return), could they ever hope to recover their old homes and old occupations, or would they simply be moving their campsites? In either case, they would remain a small, helpless Hindu minority within a Muslim state, living under the threat of a second exodus, or extermination. And, supposing that any fate for the refugees, after they returned to their homes, were preferable to their continued presence in India, wouldn't Bangla Desh one day serve as a magnet for West Bengal? After all, what would a Bengal nation be with more than a third of the Bengalis living outside it, in India? As for the use of force to achieve political ends, that may result in India's acquisition of territory that could be used to settle the refugees (or even in the reabsorption of East Pakistan by India), but it will also poison relations with a truncated Pakistan or with any future Bangla Desh. Some of these speculations must have entered into the thinking of the Indian government, and that only raises another question: Why has the Indian government made the establishment of Bangla Desh the crux of its refugee policy? The only answer anyone can come up with here is that the problems a poor country faces are so mind-boggling—they so often defeat all attempts at a political, not to mention a humane, solution—that the government sooner or later resorts to force to win it a temporary reprieve. In any case, the prospect of permanently supporting the nine million refugees is so inconceivable—according to the World Bank, the minimum cost would be seven hundred million dollars a year, or a sixth of India's total budget—that, in the absence of any real alternative, the government has taken shelter in the illusion that Bangla Desh would solve the refugee problem.

BEFORE going to the refugee camps, I had allowed myself to hope that the conditions there would not be worse than those to be found in Calcutta. I had imagined that there must be some limit to human suffering and to the ability to survive. I was wrong. The Calcutta poor still evince some hope that tomorrow will bring a slight improvement in their ration or their luck. The Calcutta lepers, even on their deathbeds, cry out in pain—which is at least a form of human expression—and the people found working among the poor and the lepers manage to feel and communicate some sense of purpose. But the refugees could convey only an abysmal, hopeless silence.

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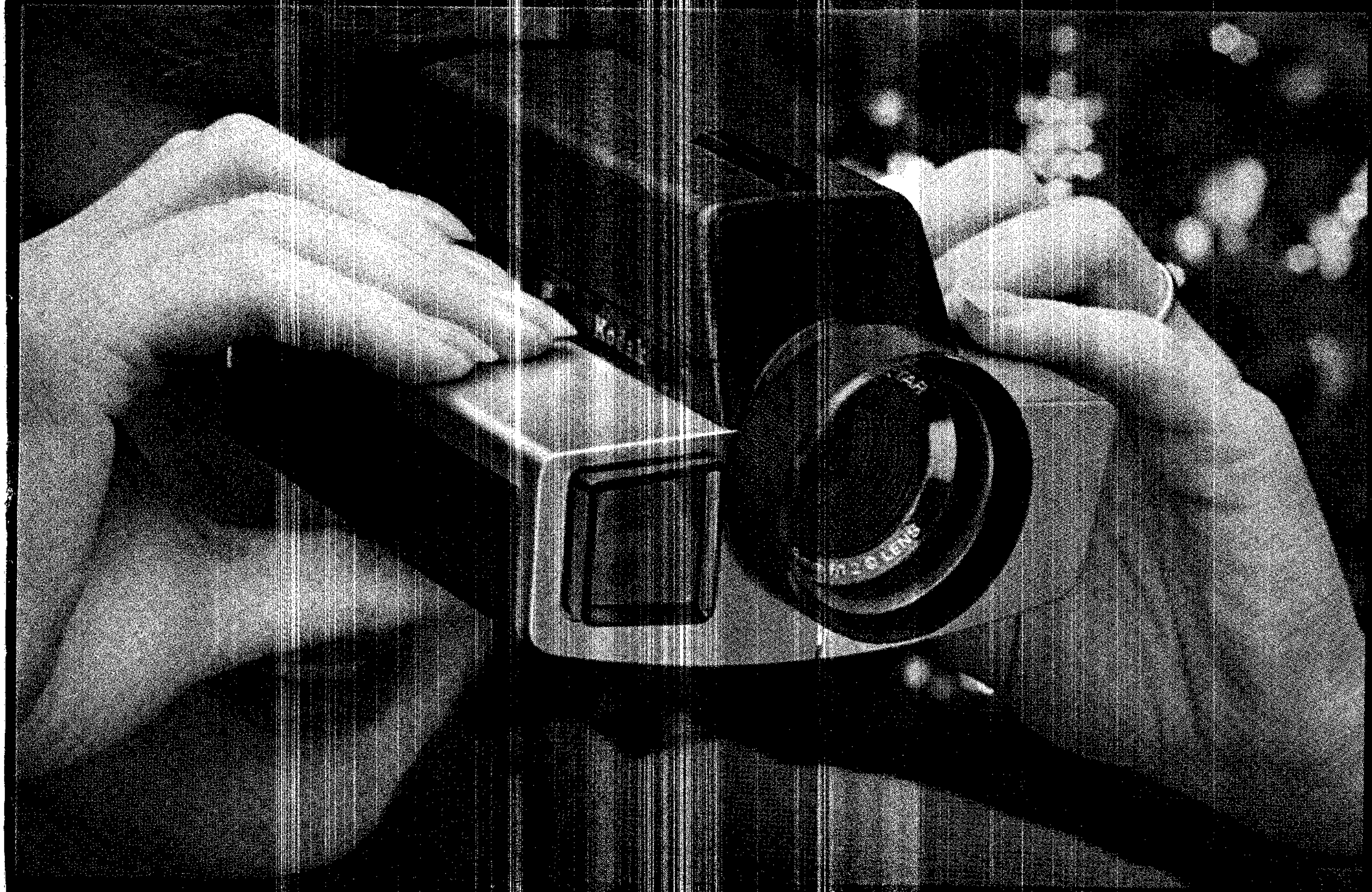

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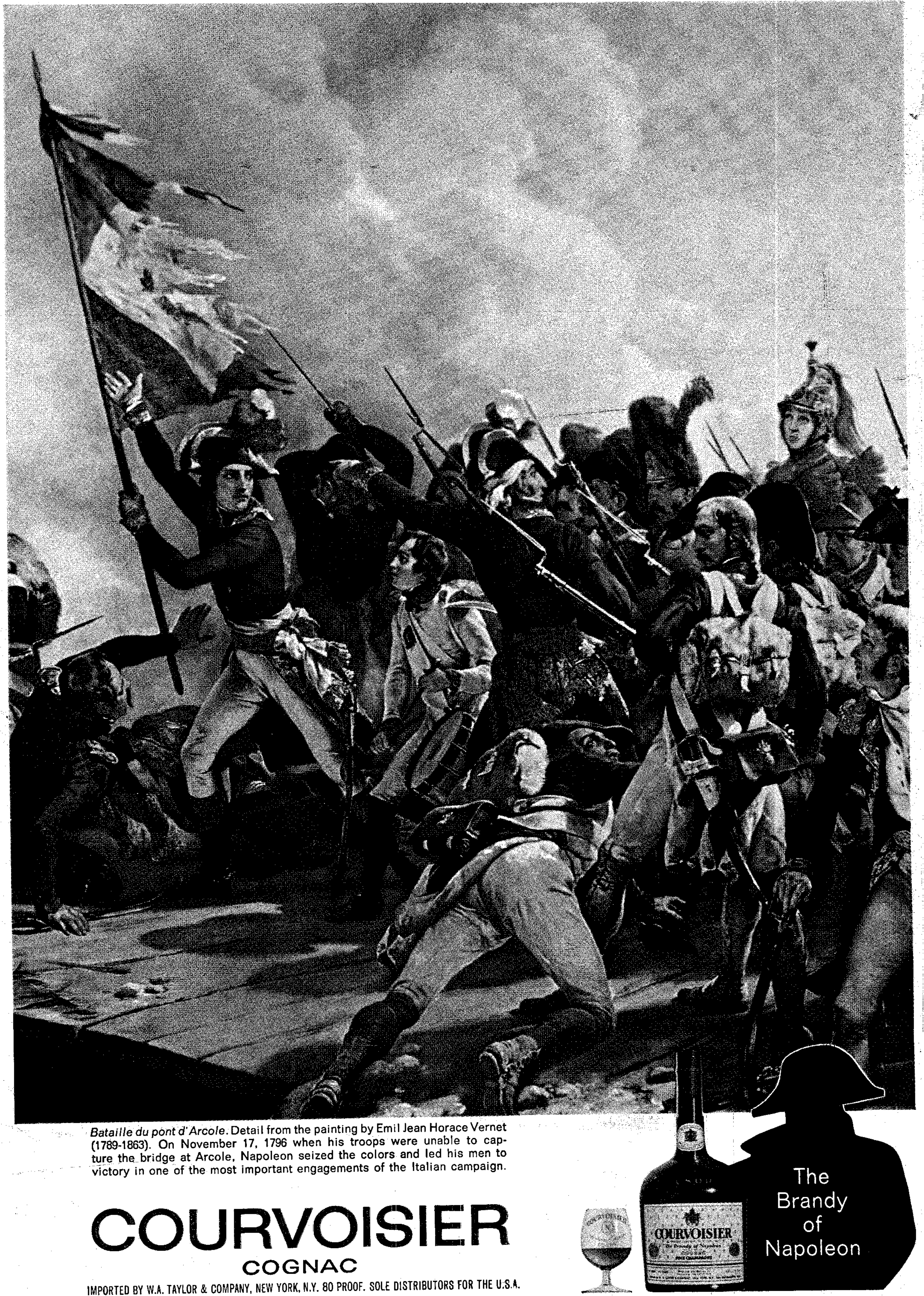

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

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